

# Canibus, Let's Ride

[Canibus]

Yo, yo

If you just listen to my lyrics every day for a couple of weeks  
My techniques will eventually kill you just like red meat  
The Bhagavad Gita beliefs I speak be so deep  
Most critics get mad because there's nothin to critique  
Whenever I'm rappin or rhymin  
with irrefutably remarkable timin  
I'm like, Charlie Chaplin pantomimin  
If you John Blaze, or you James Flames  
or you Jack Cremation, I'm Jermaine Propane (Jermaine Propane)  
No pain no gain in this rap game  
For the fortune and fame in order to remain  
Most real MC's, learn to adapt to the change  
or get washed away like tears in the rain, in the rain y'all

[Chorus: Wyclef, Product, Pras]

[Clef] Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride

Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride

[Pro] When you in the streets and you're drivin in your V  
if you can see what I see, you're prepared for the jackers

[Can] Old school, old school

[Pras] Everybody got to pack a mac now

[Canibus]

Yo, if you wanna know, how I kick a flow  
when I rip a show, with my lyric-al, I'ma let you know  
It's difficult, cause I'm a part spiritual, part para-physical miracle  
And I'ma blackout in a minute too  
Spittin like Bone-Thugs like  
"Nigga-what? I'm-fin-to-get-a-gun and stick-em-up"  
then crush a Thug's Bones with a chrome slug  
The black Cyrano DeBergerac of rap  
with the ghetto Anglo-Sax' poetic syntax  
In fact, nigga don't even give me dap when I see you  
Just don't give me no ice grill eye contact either  
When you see me, whylin like Beenie on the speakers  
"Zim zimma -- who got the fire for my reefa?"

[Chorus: Product, Pras, Wyclef]

[Pro] You came home from a bid a nigga was in your crib  
And the whole time you thought your girl was celebrate

[Can] Old school old school

[Pras] You locked up and she need some di-ick

[Clef] Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride

Just ride in the hood, just ride, all my .. uh, ah just ride

[Canibus]

Yo physically I move at a velocity  
that'll break your stopwatch if you clockin me  
My concrete jungle is like Jumanji  
Iller than what you seen in the cinema  
A five foot eight, nigga with more horsepower than eight cylinders  
My brain consists of twin Pentium chips  
Double the clock speeds of a 586  
And nothin about my physical matrix is BASIC  
I kick flavor beyond what your tongue is capable of tastin  
You'll be so surprised you won't believe your own eyes  
It's like a Jamaican seein the snow for the first time  
Rhymes of a sort, that distort space and time  
It's like explainin color to a man that was born blind

[Chorus: Product]

[Pro] Crimes on the street, come from a lack of eatin  
It's not my cup of tea, but I'll give them the BEST  
Motherfuckin BEST

And if you still out here I kick yo' ass tomorrow

[Can] Old school, old school (c'mon!)

[Pro] And if you still out here, I kick yo' ass tomorrow

[Can] Old school, old school (c'mon y'all)

[Pro] Frontin like you buyin food but you buyin crack bottles

[Wyclef]

Ah just ride, ah just ride

Everybody in the East just ride

Ah just ride, ah just ride

Everybody in the West just ride

Ah to the South, down South

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Ah just ride