

Canibus, Phuk U (Original)

(Canibus)

Yo, yo

Ayo, nobody can flow with Bis, rock a show with Bis
Or go toe to toe with Bis, none of y'all can coexist
We living in an Ice Age, and it's cold as shit
A hundred-thousand dollar price range; niggas is frozen stiff
All I know is this, my felt tip, hotter than Hell get
A hundred eighty six thousand miles per sec can melt flesh
Give a nigga a tan, aerosol cans expand and explode in my hand
While I promote that new Canibus jam
Niggas feel it underground with stalactites hanging from the ceiling
I'm out on tour with thirty city trips
Every state is like bitches be bulimic for dicks
Screaming the chorus, half unconscious, I hold my cordless
Smoke the most enormous trees in the rain forest
While the people go insane for us
I pierce a cloud and make it rain on us
Break the equipment and tell the engineer that I ain't paying for it
I freestyle the whole set
Kicking a hundred bars, nigga fuck who's on next
Phuk U

(Canibus)

Fuck them extra niggas that's always around you
Fuck niggas that talk about you and try to clown you
Fuck niggas you run into that never did nothing for you
Fuck niggas that's lying telling people they discovered you
Fuck niggas that's jealous cause you nicer than them
Don't give a fuck who you offend you got to fight til the end
If you fuck a groupie chicken when you out on tour
Smoke a little bit of weed with her then fuck her some more
Tell her to bring three friends so you can fuck all four
Menage-a-trois, what the fuck she expect, you a dog
Almighty God blessed you with a dick and two balls
So if you like to fuck pussy that don't mean that you wrong
Unless you fuck it raw dog, I fuck a nappy dug out
Bust in her mouth, kick her the fuck out
She'll cuss me out, like //

(Canibus)

Yo, yo

Your superstar status don't mean shit to me
Lyrically sucker emcees still get frequency
Try to diss me now, how you sound?
Yo, whoever signed you, must be running the circus cause you a clown
You a rapper with a drug habit, hiding the truth
Camouflaging your needle tracks with some colorful tattoos
You was never equipped for this, never equipped to spit with Bis
I'm swift as shit, let me point out the main differences
You magnificent, I'm Mic-Nificent
Yo, I'd even go out on a limb with it, say you write a little bit
That don't make you a tight lyricist, cause you don't practice or stick with it
Look at the sixty hour shifts I spend with this
I never quit, I got a gift for the art
A low maintenance cost, no physical moving parts
In ninety-eight, niggas thought I was God
How the fuck did that change, I'm still one of the illest niggas in the game
So look inside yourself and tell me what you see
If you see a hungry nigga then you looking at me
And its aight if you don't trust me, cause I don't trust you
As a matter of fact I'll probably bust you, mother fucker, fuck you //

