

# Canibus, Rip Iz Alive

[22 second intro]

[Canibus]

I'm the real king of my kingdom  
I make my women practice isolationism as soon as I get 'em  
Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars  
Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner  
Shielded behind firewalls and water doors  
Down the gaseous corridor, welcome to my world of horror!  
A coroner with an immortal aura  
The rhyme slang and holla at a Ripper, rip you to live longer  
Get stronger every record that I record  
Morph my arms into a sword and clotheslines you running forward  
You can't ignore 'Bis, motherfucker I started this!  
As far as artists that spit, Canibus is dominant  
Hot shit from a lava pit studied by oceanographers  
At the ocean's bottom, with rocketship sound effects  
A Ripper in the flesh, signed in ink, nigga  
You ain't ill if you need to time to think  
You talk shit, my personality split, you get ripped and that's it  
A "True Hollywood Story" bitch  
In my world Jermaine's gone, Canibus is just a moniker  
Stay behind the follower, I'm fin' to demolish you fucks  
Can-I-bust? (YEAH!) Now that's what I'm talkin 'bout  
Call me Mr. Spit Shit, also known as Toilet Mouth  
Y'all been warned about a million times  
I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85  
When I'm writin I'm impervious to fraud  
My fine art's verbal collage is worthy of the Gods  
When I'm 30 years old, I'ma quit rhymin  
Collect my own catalogue and open up a library  
Lock myself in solitary six months at a time  
Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme  
NOBODY'S SAFE, NOBODY can say that they great  
I put a jacker's cold body in a crate  
Trap his soul in an electromagnetic vase  
Put the crate on a wide lowrider and drive it in a lake  
Look in my eyes, then look in my face  
Nobody's here to arbitrate, realize it's time for your FATE!  
HA HA HA! (HA HA, HA, HA HA HA..)