Bis Vs. Rip

Yo, you fuckin' hate me, you fuckin' lock me in the basement And you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make since Can-I-Bitch. I supported you like a weight bench Without me you're defenseless you better face it You ain't show me love when you was at your apex Getting paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex Catching wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath I had to keep the situation in check Look at the vericose veins in my neck, Jermaine is the best The industry fucked you, I'm just paying 'em back What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin' Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em They just mad cuz when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

Calm down

Who you telling to calm down nigga, I'm a ripper remember? I told you not to do "Gone Til November." But you wouldn't listen. I always had your best interests in mind I wrote all your best lyrical lines If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride But I'm getting tired of having to remind you Bis If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

What?! Man, why you trippin', you know it's a crazy business You a lying ass bitch and you know it Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it If its one thing I learned in show biz Stay focused and don't quit Rip Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream You should just call out names The industry's all about game I shit on 'em all the same And I leave spit stains on their brain Like liquid chocolate spilling over their new white trainers Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan Canibus is amazing, I don't know what the fuck Germain is I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience I don't give a fuck about a beat, I've been rhyming for ages Rippers are dangerous. All jackers are afraid of us You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

That's ridiculous

A'ight then, listen to mine I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils Bury you next to shark fossils Make it impossible to find you

Canibus

Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole Suck the power out of your soul You're nothing but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go Watching my Casio stop watch, counting it slow Like drug lords checking to see if it's talcum or coke I can kill you by drowning the globe Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat In battles I'm a thousand to no. I silenced the Pope Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed? No? I thought so Neither do I Its a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit, in the business And probably in existence. What's your consensus? Study my own syntax statistics since '96 With CPA certified assistance I made a decision that my standards are above precision The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women Are dope writtens. If it ain't dope then don't spit it Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive Just practice your penmanship If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fucking with Rip Got millions of blueprints on zip disk Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip You never experienced work like this, Bitch! Welcome to the serpentine world where I spit The world where I twist, the world that I rip, the world where I live Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too A lot of these rappers is jealous that's why they attack you They think you the best, that's why they wanna battle you At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos You are the illest alive. That's a fact that you proved Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you Raggin' on you like battling is all you can do You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you Nobody knows the truth, you got talent out the gazoo When niggas first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon" You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true? Look what it's running into I don't feel like having this discussion with you I'm tired of fucking with you Niggas in the game don't wanna do nothing with you Bussin' with you. Going one on one with who? They wanna get rid of you. Shit is too lyrical

Headhunters out to get you. That's why I had to protect you I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual Without you I'm unsuccessful

God bless you What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to? Ever since my third album I've been mentioning you I got your name on my arm, I'm representing you You Rip the Jacker. I would never question you I respect your opinion as a professional nigga I just want you to listen to what I'm telling you What happened between L and you, forget it People know you won the battle, they will give you the credit A lot of people don't want to admit it But I consider it a real privilege To bear witness to your lyrics and be involved in sharing the merits I'm forever indebted I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message Like Tupac before he left us The author of the work ethic Genesis Has inspired me to write the ExeBis scripts As a constant reminder not to forget Bis But I've reached a precipice Remember Rip You can't rhyme forever, there's always somebody with better shit I keep you out the public eye for a reason You're a commodity Rip. Ain't that how you wanna keep it? I keep your whereabouts secret I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'? Ayo, stop patronizing me You despise me All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie If I was a priority You'd acknowledge me You ain't shit neither, you ain't got no college degree You can't rhyme without me Stop smiling at me Give me the keys to the garage, I need to borrow the Jeep Get the fuck out my face Bis!