

U Don't Cee

Canibus

It's the capital C, little A-N-I, capital B, U-S, whattup G
Even from a distance I got a front row seat
And I'm watchin what y'all don't see
Listen up kids
Your favorite artists are mafia bosses
From the streets to the corporate office of they lawyers
Niggaz got money and then they got hungry
Got friends in powerful places just like Bugsy, but more ugly
It's gon' get bloody, niggaz don't know
the side of the street shit the TV don't show
Tour buses full of weed and coke, gettin a hundred G's a show
These niggaz got cheese to blow
On the phone, governor hits, gotta hide they mothers and kids
Talkin in code, watchin out for the feds
Every day they address change
Hoppin out of bombproof automobiles, from real jet planes
The mainstream think they just rappin
They don't have the eyes or ears to see or hear what's happenin
I'm from an island where the skinny niggaz ride
It's an island where the real skinny niggaz die
Ask my nigga Spragga Benz, he'll tell you why
We represent Jamaican pride
It's a war bein fought on all levels, let me paint the picture
It's the straights against the gays, but the gays is richer
There's a lot of sexy beasts in the system that like men more than women
Cause they spent so much time in the prison
I can tell you what it is and what it isn't, this shit is subliminal
Can't see it without the criminal vision
Motherfuckers is livin a life nobody ain't filmin
Thug TV, and it ain't for children
Guns, sex, money and drugs, fuck your feelings
Feds puttin smoke detectors with bugs in ceilings
Niggaz hirin they own law enforcement
Goin to court bent, dollars be talkin, drop the charges
Don't forget, that nigga Shyne comin home soon
And I +KNOW+ he hungry, I wonder what he gon' do
If you can hear me cousin, I got my money on you
What niggaz sayin in the streets is true, see you soon
We can do somethin with Spragga B or Elephant Man
When you come home, you see my shit is militant man
I just came back from Belize, my uncle got married
to this drug lord's niece, and bought a 36 karat marquis
I'll holla at you, we'll discuss the plan
I'm a soldier but I squeeze with a delicate hand
The 50 cal cost fifteen thou'
And I ain't stupid enough to say I got one, you figure it out
It's a lot of nosy niggaz around
That's why I moved the fuck out of New York to a less busier town
With a 9 to 5, I still experience life on the finer side
Hollerin ride or die
Man of flesh with the eyes of God
A concrete bunker protects my mind so I cry inside
While I watch how the media designed the lies
But real niggaz see eye to eye
While fake niggaz run around lookin for another ride to buy
With they lawyers co-signin the crime, I rhyme like
there's a hundred million dollars on the line every time

I'm ready to place a bet any time
Empty a whole nine into any shield you hide behind
to breach your contract with Father Time
Just an old problem in the modern world, you see how these niggaz
is thorough from borough to borough, I'll give you referrals
7-1-8, 3-6-0, 2-5-1
Send the last digit on a bullet through a barrel
My hundred pound rucksack full of ammo and army apparel
If a nigga REALLY wanna battle