

Grab the Mic and Boo You

Ras Kass

Listen, listen

Now since the Wake-

Up Show, I've been handin rappers they ass on a silver platter

Its empty I'll & gray matter

I do a selectively crew

The type of brother that will go to ya album release party, grab the mic and
BOO you

Like how's how, F' how's how

I make a fool's do-rag do not want to

Nephew just a Brontosaurus with a sixth sense

Walking around not even knowing that he don't exist

The cardio by linguistics this shit be the hardest act to follow

I don't even spit I unswallow

I got so-called Hip-Hop purests that's hip-hop tourists

Tryna mandate that I replicate 1988

Fool its 2000 so get a life do u know what these

Rugged ghetto streets look like

Now to my b-boys & b'iches

Black be the best brutalized beats like Beebe Briches

I got Tourettes and when I finish snappin the black community gonna hate yo
u for real

Like you got on BET and screamed F' Lauren Hill

Like that, Canibus

Yeah, yeah pestilence! Pestilence!

Yeah, war the hardcore raw metaphor

Bout to blackout one time for y'all

I'm as dangerous as they come, dangerous with or without a gun

I've been dangerous from day one

Rhyme flows explode like pyro's

Stick to your ribs like chicken and thick gravy from Roscoe's

You get your head flown if you dumb in the dome

Or struck with some stone till you feel numb in the bones

You better keep your big mouth closed

'Fore I stick a muzzle of the chrome in that hole under your nose

Send a signal to my index and tell it to fold

In the direction of my wrist bones to release your soul

I told you to freeze, if I was you I wouldn't have froze

But you chose that other route and got blown full of holes

A pistol to ya mug cripple ya tongue, rip through ya lungs

Then write your name on your tombstone, scribbled in blood

C'mon give me a little love - is there anybody out there

That never felt one rhyme that Canibus bust?

You a liar liar ya pants on fire, watch the G.O.A.T

But the ghostwriter get slaughtered by a tiger

I saw him in the Pun video holdin' up his lighter

I smeared his career like doo-doo inside a diaper

My style is sicker than infected women and men

I'm so raw I could catch AIDS without stickin' it in

Flip and dip like scrimps and scampi

Switch my language up like a black kid raised by a Spanish nanny

You think you got big cahunas well I got bad news

After tonight you'll have a testicular tumor

Dirty Manhattan alley to Atlanta where niggas drive caddies

To Trick Daddy and Trina down in Miami

To Louisiana with Cash Money and Manny

To the Sky Bar at the Mondrian out in Cali
With a raspberry daiquiri, I'll assault and batter you badly
Words fire rapidly like heavily armed Apaches
Piloted by a trigger-happy Iraqi with extremely bad acne
I cause catastrophe to any nigga trying to battle me
Word yeah 2000 B.C