

Canibus, Gotta Get That Doe!

Yo whattup Pakman
(Aiyo whattup Bis, I'm waiting for the Rip Off man)
Yo I just wanna know one thing (What's that?)
You ready to get that dough (No doubt)
Aight!!

(Chorus: Canibus + Pakman)
We be the Rippers that'll bring it to Wack Shady
After we fry you we puff a blunt and then it's gravy
And you can keep her cause we don't care about your lady
IIII Gotta Get That Doe!

(Canibus)
There's only just a handful of rap critics
That ever had a close encounter with this rap wizard
You wack rappers can't rip it
In other words your lyrics are too primitive
You need to be more descriptive
Look at the way I flipped it
A True Hollywood Story
I manipulated this miserable music business
Then I caked off too by going independent
How much you make an album? About ten cents
I make about ten cents every sentence
It's my third album and I'm working on my tenth Benz
I don't brag I keep it modest, I ain't hot, I'm the hottest
I'm not being pompous, I went through a process
I used to be a profit, now I make profits
You sound like garbage
One of these days you're going to end up jobless
Pushing a shopping cart with the same Crystal bottles
You was drinking out of when shit was popping
I seen an episode on VH1 documents
They talked about your drug addiction and what was behind it
The bottom line is how much you sold
No one gives a fuck if you flow
You Gotta Get That Doe
I'm tired of niggas talking about it
But I can't live without it
I'm stuck if I ain't got it so what's the logic?
Should I talk about material objects
And get on some, How you like me now bitch?
Wearing a shiny outfit?
*Nah Bis, don't do that. It's wrong!*Yeah, I know, I know
But no matter what I do I'mma Get That Doe!, for sho'!

(Chorus) 2x

(Pakman)
When I get at you niggaz, ain't nothing personal I gotta
Everything you spit, I'm predicting it's double copper
You the type of nigga to force a nigga to rock ya
Always got yourself up in the middle of the drama
Fronting for nothing cuz your niggaz told me you pussy
Need to get smarter and try to holler at the rookies
Fuck with Canibus and Pak and get that ass a coffin
FUCK what you thinking faggot, we rippin niggaz open
Now is a new day and we be focused on the paper
Still'll get in you but the feeling for dough is greater
Piling with hate and you need to holler at the maker
If you don't do it now, then you gotta face it later
Don't even think about tryna dim a nigga shining
You gon' fuck around and get slapped up with the iron

Everything we do is connected with getting paper
And you ain't talk about it, so nigga I'll see you later

(Chorus) 2x

(Canibus)

If you now where you're coming from you now where you're going
I wouldn't doubt myself, not even for a moment
I'm proud of my music cause it's dope and I wrote it
True Hollywood Stories' opens in October
Directed by none other that Canibus Ford Coppola
There's no stopping me, my commodity is growing
I'll fly anywhere on this planet to promote it
Maybe I should come out with my own line of clothing
I printed up some Canibus shirts and I sold them
I jump on stage and I prove I'm a showman
Can-I-Bus is a microphone omen
I slam it when I'm done and make sure that it's broken
The industry's sick man, I'm already knowing
Never had the luxury to choose, I was chosen
Where I come from opportunity is golden
Platinum? I already sold it. No Shit! //

(Chorus) 2x