

# Rip The Jacker, Carribean Connection (Layzie1999)

## BIG PUN:Verse 1

Yo, wanna rumble with the Pun hah?  
{\*loud farting noise\*} Shit on the whole industry  
Yo who puff more Owls than Pun? Rhyme with more styles than Pun?  
Who the only one with over a thousand guns?  
Runnin up in niggaz cribs like I paid the bill  
Make you squeal the combination to the safe for wealth  
I lace your grill with the firestarter  
Hit your wife with the sawed off, in the shower, pile drive your daughter  
I'm all about the fundamentals, a gun a pencil  
A piece of paper, a decent caper and someone to strafe you  
My mental's compatible with the radicals  
My oddessey type, qualities allow me to poli' with animals  
Niggaz is canibals and the ghetto's a jungle  
where you either bet all your bundles or struggle to live civil and humble  
My niggaz'll rumble with any man for a Benny Fran'  
Try to imagine what they can fathom for twenty grand  
Niggaz'll slice you and dice you into a thousand pieces  
We pound out weak shit into the ground Uptown  
Up in the Boogie Down, we just wallow in jean, pile on the green  
Surrounded in green like flowers in Spring  
For now I'm a King, so it's more than money, all the honeys  
used to call me Punny cause my fam was always hungry  
But now we rollin lovely, and you feel worse, want my money  
Let your steel burst, cause I'd rather see you in hell first

## HOOK:

WYCLEF: Mucho trabajo poquito dinero(Spanish 'Lots of work, little money')

PUN: I'm selling perigo

WYCLEF: Yo what's the deally yo?

PUN: I'm Uptown making moves just like Castro

## CANIBUS:Verse 2

My father is Jamaican, my mother is British  
Raised to be civic, in the household we spoke Yiddish  
"Watch me wet up your weed, then bust up your teeth  
Make you run for your life like as I bust up the street"  
You have become acquainted with my cryptic language  
And my mystic manners, Rip spits bananas  
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloviates  
Into a spiritual shape and co-creates rap  
The art of rhyming, I've mastered it certainly, surely  
I celebrate capturing it for my taxidermy  
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany  
To the jungles of Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me  
From the shores of Normandy, to the Turkish streets  
Most MC's try to clone me lyrically  
They can't battle me, so they'd rather embarrass me  
By being mad at me, they create microphone heresy  
I cannot lose or win, I would only like to be remembered as the dark skinned Lizard King  
RIP THE JACKER, hot but cold-blooded  
Many utter the name but very few love him  
If I am not myself, then how would I be?  
If I do not look tell me will I see?  
I do what I wanna do, I have always been that way  
Because I have always think that way  
Into the bottomless pool of poetry I plunge  
Let it be said, let it be written, let it be done