

[in a high falsetto voice]  
Uncle Marshall!  
Will you tell us a bedtime story?  
[regular voice]  
Here we go...

Now once upon a time not long ago  
There was a little rapper about to blow  
But his album came and it was not good  
I think it went lead or double copper wood  
So the silly little fans they were mislead  
By a nerdy internet computer hip-hop head  
"Me and you, 'Clef, we're gonna make some cash  
Grab the silver paint and let's paint my ass"  
Hey mister, would ya care to bare witness to  
The ass-whippin' I'm about to administer  
To this ass-kissin' little vaginal blister  
Stanabis, little Marshall Mathers' sister  
And in this corner, we have the mister  
Not havin' it, it's the mad sinister  
Dr. Evil with his bag of tricks for  
this little antagonist faggot dick-suckin'  
Ex-LL Cool J fan from Windsor  
I'm 'bout to murder little Kenny fag Keniff-sta  
You bastard I ain't wanna have to diss ya  
Canibus, where the fuck you at? I miss ya!

[Chorus]  
Cannibitch, oh Cannibitch  
Wherefore art thou Cannibitch?  
Please tell me what happened with  
That style that you were rappin' with  
Cannibitch, oh Cannibitch  
Are you from Los Angeles  
New York or just a janitor  
From Canada? Oh Cannibitch

Now at first I ain't really understand the shit  
Picture me for a second and imagine it  
Chillin' in the Bat-Mansion and relaxin'  
When all a sudden some bullshit comes across the scanners  
It's Can-a-bitch on some "Stan Lives" shit  
It creeped me out at first, Man this is sick  
But me, being just as sick, this conflict  
Gets my dick harder than arithmetic  
And I know how you jealous ones envy  
I shoulda knew better from the first few letters you sent me  
The first two letters you were tellin' me shit  
Like you respect me, like any other regular MC  
The third letter you ask how come I ain't return  
None of the messages at Shady Records you left me  
The fourth letter: "Slim, you really startin' to upset me!"  
The fifth letter told me you were comin' to get me  
The sixth letter there's a bomb threat in our building  
This crazy motherfucker's really tryin' to kill me!  
So I went back and read the first few letters that said  
Some shit about a message you left  
Oh shit, that's not an "E" that's an "A"  
This dude wants to leave me a "massage," he's gay!!  
Right away I'm on the phone with Dr. Dre  
We got a bogey! (Marshall I'm on the way)

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So in two seconds flat Dre's at my crib  
Only thing is we both know where this kid lives  
And neither one of us have Canadian citizenship  
Shit. Oh Dre, wait a minute that's it  
All we gotta do is use a bit of turbo boost  
We can fly over the border "Let's go" [WOOSH!]  
So we're off to Toronto and we're gainin' speed  
[BOOSH!] (What was that? Oh) Jermaine Dupri  
Fuck it, keep goin' no time to waste  
Wait, back up, hit him one more time in case  
Okay .. fuck, now he's draggin' under the car

Oh well, only 30 more thousand miles,  
Meanwhile me and Dre are tryin' to conversate  
Just tryin' to find a reason for the constant hate  
And tryin' to figure out what happened to 'Germaine Propaine'  
"He couldn't have fell off that hard" Ain't no way  
"What happened to the way you was rappin' when you was scandalous  
That Cannibus turned into a television evangelist"  
Plus he raps with his regular voice [BOOSH! BOOSH!]  
[BOOSH! BOOSH!] (What was that?) Pet Shop Boys  
So we pull up to the bridge where he last was spotted  
His corpse was still movin' but his ass was rotted  
He kinda smelled a little like Courtney Love  
I figure if I stick him with a fork he's done  
So I stabbed him twice, kept jabbin', Christ  
He won't die, this guy's like a battered wife  
He's like Kim, he keeps comin' back for more  
But he won't fight back, I cracked his jaw  
Hold up, 'Bis quit foldin' up!  
Punch me in the chest! Make my shoulders touch!  
Do somethin'! At least one punchline  
C'mon till the meter reads 9-9-9-  
ty-nine percent of my fans are blonde  
'Bis c'mon answer me man responde!  
Tell me 'bout the sun rain moon and stars  
Intergalactical metaphors from Mars!  
Raw to the floor, raw like Reservoir Dogs  
Bite another line from Redman's song!  
Suddenly the stub of a dead man's arm  
From a midget, reaches out from under the car  
It's JD, this motherfucker won't die neither  
Dre starts sprayin' him with cans of ether  
We stomped the bitch and then stomped the bitch again  
(Compton!) Detroit bitch! Talk some shit again!  
Stomp him! (switch feet) Stomp him! (switch again!)  
Dre alright he's dead dog, quit kickin him!  
I think Stanabis jumped off the bridge again (Damn)  
He disappeared yo he's gone he did it again

[Chorus]

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