

Let Me Hear Sumn

Aceyalone

[Chorus: repeat 2X] Lemme hear somethin' Lemme hold somethin' Roll somethin' Lemme show you somethin' What'chu know good What's poppin' wit'chu What's happenin' What's crackalackin'? How you mackin'? You still bad actin'? [Verse 1: Aceyalone] I'll be in the back rappin' Clownin' and laughin' Jumped up

When I heard somebody was cappin' I'm usually kickin' it and coolin' and lampin' Then I heard wackass rappers was runnin' rampant They always wanna sample it Take it for they own And take it home But they eventually break a bone But I'ma take 'em on To the break a dawn I'll take your girl and make her moan Shit I'm in the zone Sorry for fuckin' up your little tea party My bad, just wanna show you how we party Losers night out, hit the club like a champ Find me a spot on the floor and set up my camp Cuttin' up the amps and dancin' with some ladies

Been livin' shady since the late eighties A date maybe, in a purple moon I was dippin' so hard that I broke the spoon I like to float about five feet off the floor Offa brown rum, green bud and off tour Off the head, offa the pacific shore Rhymes galore, what more could you ask for? [Chorus] [Verse 2: Casual] It's like the buddha bomb brothers we gutter I let 'em shine now I close the shutters On the others so let's begin The way I finesse the pen Keep me runnin' through women Like estrogen Little mama with the sexy skin Still lets me in In the bay jet skiin'

With two lesbians I leans gangsta Whatever you catch me in Even a Harley lookin' out for pedestrians Cats remember the rap The center is action packed Adrenaline Raw raps will hinder them With more momentum than a pendulum shift Bear witness to the synthesis I'm hittin' em with Casual and Aceyalone

You crazy? Imagine your brains being blown Nigga burn somethin', learn somethin' Blow somethin' like you want something If not, lemme hold somethin' [Chorus] [Verse 3: Big Arch] I'm living large like a fresh white 3-X You give me respect And if you don't like it get the eject I detect a gang of haters in the 380 Your innovator Beat creators Keep thinkin' you gon' be major O say ya got me gone off doja

The rap composer The shit I just told ya Should hold ya Wanna dose of ya nigga? Hold your composure I'll be back in another twenty-four When I get sober Lo and behold A nigga flowin' so cold I grab the microphone And turn it into a sno-cone Ha! Big nigga gettin' my smoke on When I leave I'll still be bumpin' up on the system in your home Uh! While you willin' to get it on I'll be killin' this song Got you feelin' it in your bones The chrome steady driven it in your dome Makin' sure you niggaz get it and then I'm gone I'm through your zone like I'm

Jerome Bettis n'Tma give these niggaz a dose of they own medicine

Ha! You know you gon' get it if You come off in this nigga's home Showin' the wrong ettequitte C'mon killa Mind your manners my gorilla There's plenty of scrilla And bananas for a nigga But you gotta be a go getta Get you a good girl Don't get you no gold digga [Chorus]