Lemme Hear Somethin Else

Canibus

[Chorus]Aiyyo my wrist stay froze (Lemme hear somethin else)
Aiyyo I fuck mad hoes (Yo lemme hear somethin else)
I'm a big dog with big dough (Won't you say somethin else)
Yo man you fuckin up my flow (You ain't got nothin else)
Man I got somethin else (So lemme hear somethin else)
My chain got bagette diamonds (Won't you do somethin else)
I spit rhymes with perfect timing (You could try somethin else)
Yeah you can't stop me from shinin (I'll spit it myself)
[Killer P]I'm on my way to ASCAP so I can pick up my dough
I ran into a Jacker nigga tryna hit me with flows
He didn't know I had a mind to just bloody his nose
And let the blood pour down on his white clothes
[Pakman]Chhhh..
Nigga! You don't wanna cipher with me
My name ain't Pakman for nothin, I'm gobblin emcees
Chhhh..
[Killer P]Damn yo, I wasn't even tryna take it there
Lemme hear somethin in the ear nigga, make it clear
He started goin on about pushin a big Benz
How he stayed jig, and smoked chronic up with his friends
He doin it big and got unlimited ends
I just met the nigga, I seen him walkin up with his mens
Stop frontin shorty, lemme tell you somethin 'bout the game
It's a thin line, from being wack to spittin flames
You gotta represent when you be writin them lines
Don't be a FUCKIN millionaire in every one of ya rhymes
I'ma let you walk in but yo you gotta be quick
I gotta go, and the shit you spittin nigga, better be slick
He started gettin busy, I was noddin my head
Then he fucked it all up and said some shit that I said
Stopped rhymin 'cause he knew he shouldn't have said that verse
Lookin stupid as fuck, for that nigga it was the worst
Yo, how you gonna bite and try to be top shelf
Better get ya act together, lemme hear somethin else

[Chorus][Canibus]I give you more grievance than a nigga possessed by demons
Walkin on ceilings, chasin white lot speedin
Like Tony Soprano, takin meetings
With a psychologist about his emotional feelings

and his crime dealings
He even talked about how to make alcohol out of orange peelings
Pink cookies in a plastic bag gettin crushed by a buildin
was cool until Canibus puked it
With ill cannibalistic, animal instincts
Instant lyrical fitness, could you handle the distance?
You don't have enough wisdom
The man who gives quicksand resistance,
sinks the quickest, it's simple physics
I get "Southernplayalistic" and pimp chicks
Put my big dick in they mouth and smear they lipstick
Come here you stank bitch!
Tell ya man if he don't spit a hundred bars
I'ma bust him in his big lips
Spit quick, like 6B tip-tronic stick-shift
Bitch is equipped with a nitrous-oxide flipswitch
If you hate me, why would you recreate me
With those that imitate me and emulate me?
They talk about me so distastefully lately
But that never break me, they underestimate me
Me and the Killer P, and P-A-C get crazy with G-A-T's
I'm a B-E-A-S-T, you don't wanna race me
I do Mach 1 over a A-F-B
No if's, A-N-D's, or B-U-T's
A hundred bars ain't SHIT for a true emcee
SHUT THE FUCK UP! You should be ashamed of yourself
I ain't heard nothin I felt, lemme hear somethin else
[Chorus]

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