

# Let Me Hear Sumn

## Aceyalone; Big Arch; Casual

[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'I'ma 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]

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