

Let Me Hear Sumn

Aceyalone

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'?

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?

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'

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]