

Jadakiss f/ AP, Blood Raw, Boo Rossini, Bully, Fiend, Snyp Life, Young Jeezy "Something Else"

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[Intro: Jadakiss] + (Fiend) (Uhh) Definitely what they been waitin for (you already KNOW, yeah) At least a certain percentage of the world (uh-huh) Anyway (hahahaha) Can I talk my shit? (talk that shit) Sure I can (talk that shit, talk that shit) Cause ain't nobody gon' do nothin about it anyway... a-ha-HAHHHH! (Talk that shit, talk that shit, Jada talk that SHIT, ohh!) You could tell the way I stack my money (I'm somethin else!) Nah, I ain't one of them dummies (I'm somethin else!) Tre's, nick's, dimes and twenties (I'm somethin else!) The way I get it in with the honeys (I'm somethin else!)

[Verse One: Jadakiss] Yo, you know I love to style on ya, blue 40-caliber Butterfly doors on the triple black challenger And I'm still in and out, got it so I'm spendin out Dope boy, so I never have a problem in a drought Don't take, too much work if you can't manage that Just in case you run out of empties, use sandwich bags Play with the hand you was dealt That's why I ride the track 'til it melt I could care less how you feel, how you felt I done spent niggaz rent money on belts Threesomes in the trunk, I'm fuckin for the wealth And the hood ask about me, I'm somethin else [Chorus: Jadakiss] + (Fiend) You could tell the way I stack my money (I'm somethin else!) Nah, I ain't one of them dummies (I'm somethin else!) Tre's, nick's, dimes and twenties (I'm somethin else!) The way I get it in with the honeys (I'm somethin else!) Still representin the block (I'm somethin else!) And you ain't got to tell me I'm hot (I'm somethin else!) I'm exactly what they not (I'm somethin else!) Hahh (I'm somethin else!) AH-HAHHHH! (I'm somethin else!) [Young Jeezy - over Chorus] C.T.E. nigga... yeah! Yeah! Let's go [Verse Two: Young Jeezy] I ain't even did nothin, feelin like I'm traffickin See these blood diamonds, sir, my chain African Speakin of my chain, yeah it need to get a job Get the fuck up off my neck, Senator Barack Whatever that you do, look, don't get caught That stash get low, ya ass might get bought Okay I'm over it, let's talk about somethin else I said I'm over it, I think I bought somethin else That's

why I live e'ry day (day) like a thug holiday
+Suffocate+ a nigga about mines - J. Holiday Quick to
make a movie 'bout my Doc Holiday It's why I'm
strapped 365, even holidays, yeah! [Chorus] [Verse
Three: AP] Yeah... I'm somethin else with myself they
say WWF, push that featherweight Big boy toys, of
course the shoe's right See the 22's reflect from the
moonlight? Barry White, or Walter Cronkite? Couple
cold words when you talk 'bout birds You ain't talkin
'bout green, you ain't talkin 'bout me {*phone rings*}
Hold up, this your bitch on my caller ID [Verse Four:
Blood Raw] You could tell I'm somethin else, pussy
nigga do the math Just look at me nigga; you can't tell I
got cash? Got together so fruity, 26 inches (Girl, ain't
that Blood Raw?) You can't tell I got bitches? I'm a three
summer soul survivor Tell me have you ever met a
nigga that's real as the bible? You could tell I'm
addicted to paper And if it ain't my clique I'm like
Maino, FUCK YOU HATERS! [Chorus] [Verse Five: Boo
Rossini] Yo, ayyo Any situation involvin paper I'm all in
Pull up on your block, old school sittin on all rims Still
keep them semis on deck in case I'm tested And gotta
do a nigga dirty, turn him to a mess quick Chest all
hangin out, everybody screamin out I grew up in a
house, where damn near e'rybody fiendin So don't ask,
why I hold me the pen on my fuckin self If I pop through
and you come back I'ma hit you with somethin else
[Verse Six: Snyp Life] I'm somethin else the way I come
off, bars that make 'em run off Rippin up his back but
the strap'll tear your front off Neck slump and run
through your boss, he tried to jump off It's D-Block, we
treat every town just like it's New York (D-Block!) Cross
the whole game like my verses do the track Push the
pen like a pack and let it work through the trap (Snyp!)
Get your roof cut, ace hit by shooter's that'll spray shit
And if it ain't the ruger shit'll melt you and your face
split [Verse Seven: Bully] Okay, Bully bitch! Uhh, I'm
somethin else, run through niggaz like Phelps D-Block's
next generation explains itself (D-Block!) You don't
wanna FUCK with Bully the don-dada Name ring bells in
the hood, a known shotter You gets nada when it
comes to my ricotta Fresh Levi's, black V-necks and
Pradas I'm a problem for niggaz if nothin else Control,
substitute or police, I'm somethin else [Chorus]

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