Beres Hammond "Are You That Somebody"

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[Danja Mowf]
Uhh, Danja Mowf
(WHAT? Y'all know)
North Side (aight) South Side
(I know what you thinking)
Danja Mowf
(Real MC's can rip over anything.. lesson A nigga)
East End, West End

See the flows that I come wit
Got y'all niggas talking dumb shit
About my crew, and the things I do
I'ma show you, another side of this game like Badu
Why do, you try to
test me, don't you know you'll die fool?
Told you that on Power 92, how many times I got to
remind you
Last time, when I blast my fast rhyme I'ma leave your
ass cryin
Better take your WIC to the check cash line
And buy something phat from VA and yes that's mine

Better take your WIC to the check cash line
And buy something phat from VA and yes that's mine
D-A, N-J-A, M-O-W-F, or should I say WWF
The way I'm slamming all these emcees
brother please don't trouble yourself
With that RA-RA, you Ca-bore me like Zsa-Zsa
Make me laugh like ha, ha
I got soul like (Chiggananah Chiggannah)
Who's that crew, starting with the Su to the pa, then
F to the R to the I-E-N, D-Z, off the heeezey

That's it classic like Reebok, so dope that folk need detox

I don't care if the beat knocks

I could rip it with your momma on the beatbox

Taking us out is hard B

so if you feel you wanna battle when you see us in the party

You better ask somebody, (word) you really better ask somebody

[Aaliyah]

Boy, I've been watching you like a hawk in the sky

that flies, and you were my prey (my prey)
Boy, I promise you if we keep bumpin heads
I know that one of these days (days)
We gon hook it up while we talk on the phone
But see, I don't know if that's good
I've been holding back this secret from you
I probably shouldn't tell it but

Chorus One: Aaliyah

If I, if I let you know
You can't tell nobody, I'm talkin bout nobody
Are you responsible?
Boy I gotta watch my back, cause I'm not just anybody
Is it my go? Is it your go?
Sometimes I'm goody-goody, right now naughtynaughty
Say yes or say no
Cause I really need somebody, tell me are you that
somebody?

[Aaliyah]

Boy, won't you pick me up at the park right now
Up the block, while everyone's sleep (sleeps, sleeps)
I'll be waiting there with my trucks, my locs, my hat
Just so I'm low key
If you tell the world
(Don't speak, you know that would be weak)
Oh boy, see I'm trusting you with my heart, my soul
I probably shouldn't let you but if I

Chorus Two: Aaliyah

If I, if I let this go
You can't tell nobody, I'm talkin bout nobody
Are you responsible?
Boy I gotta watch my back, cause I'm not just anybody
Is it my go? Is it your go?
Sometimes I'm goody-goody, right now naughtynaughty
Say yes or say no
Cause I really need somebody, tell me are you that
somebody?

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, Mad Skillz get sick wit it
What you got? Whip it out, on the block, get it out
On the real, flip it out don't stop
when this drop you gotta rip it out
I got you, I got to hachh-too, spit it out
Face facts how y'all rate that

see a brother with Aaliyah bet y'all hate that
Where the bass at, find the wack sound
Got y'all niggas crying like the baby in the background
Who the mack now, Loc charge the set
Got you thinking that I'm broke
cause you see me in the parking deck?
Nah! My dough stack right, y'all better act right
I hit chicks like cat fights, left wrist pack ice
While you working at Soul Train making sure the shoe
rack right?
Gimme that for the hype hit
I ripped this shit I don't even rap like this

[Lonnie B]

People think it's all about kickin bars Gimmie your mind and let it get lost in the sauce I be hittin y'all off yall lost My clique will never fall off, niggy naw, naw We done did it all, got people licking the ballz Chicks kicking the drawers, getting bent in the Boss My flow is so much quicker than yours My joint is so much bigger than yours The print in my drawers, think what I'm kicking is false? I'll rap buck-bald in floss, show my balls and all And do the Huck-a-Buck until you momma call the law she better call em off Cause I got shot guns and I sawed 'em off And my nine nickle-plated in the car with Marc My crew got Juice like Marley Marl This hot eff y'all remarks, wiggy what?

Chorus Two

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