

## Billy Ocean

### "Someone to Hate"

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Born Allah..  
Sweet Daddy Grace..  
The Supreme Being..  
Love Allah..  
Ill Boogie.. (\*echoes\*)

[ Verse One ]

Rap is my bitch, but right now she got me pissed  
Let these niggaz fuck for a buck  
Damn I mischocked, you platinum plus but it still sucks  
Westcoast stuff without a kakis and a ??  
But I ain't giving up, the chronic and hennesey on my  
pistol rip paw  
You fools bustin' cats in they rapz  
But can't take it when they raps bust back  
So I be like "Yo fuck these emcees"  
I'm in a recordstore spitting on emcees, these  
My attitude rock is L's with a golden nameplate and a  
Kango  
That's why rappers is gettin' strangled  
They call me, Jack The Ripper when I'm off the liquor  
I smoke chronic, is raw spitting in ebonics  
If you want it, you got it  
But you gotta call me 'Your Highness'  
Cause me and my niggaz we's gon' to bring the ruckus,  
so fuck it  
Born Allah is out for them duckets  
With niggaz with straps hit rats rollin' in them buckets

[ Chorus ]

Born Allah, can't hide y'all, Chief Big Balls  
Sweet Daddy Amazin' Grace came to blaze the place  
Raise the states, keep the hotness in your milkcrates  
And you can come to me if you're looking for someone  
to hate

"Next time we bring it to these faggots we ain't playin" -  
> Jadakiss  
"You and your squad better praise the real God"  
"I was born" "The A-L-L-A-H"

[ Verse Two ]

Yo, lyrically I don't even see you fools is rappers  
Bitch ass niggaz saggin' smilin' for the cameras  
Wannabe gangsters, O.D.'ed on mafia-movies  
Dreamsy you smoking cigars, rollin' with uzi's  
You tutsi, wear in wardrobe for the movie  
You really not the ill nigga that you claim to be (You're  
a phoney)  
All gassed up by ya people, before comin' to me have a  
Pholie and a Primo  
Deathwish, cause this a fist-fight to music  
I'm closin' on rappers and make 'em feel  
claustrophobic  
I wait in the den for you to come out the closet  
It be the fourth of July, but ain't nothing hoppin'  
Shockin', I found out about your lil' girl Robin  
Fucking a neighbourhood felon with no protection  
My erection is hard, cause I'm guard on the rap  
Arm, leg, leg, arm, arm, head, 'nuff said

[ Chorus ]

[ Verse Three ]

I spit refusely, my pin abused losely  
Who got beef? Fool we all court in the street  
I keep a p-noid, watching from across the room  
standin' like a b-boy  
Fool you ain't the one, you just a decoy  
Kneeled before me like Sallah  
Starvin' like Ramadan, lyrical phenomenon  
Born, watch out, strike like lightning  
Should I be writing, get motherfuckers in the fighting  
It's on, my lyrics come in the form of a foetus  
Thirty bars on labor, now you giving birth for dope shit  
Every track I rip is like a birth-certificate  
Floor the mothership with these dibs, puffin' canibus  
Can you stand this, righteous man from Los Angeles  
Notorious lyricist, tryna overcome and gimmick shit  
Most of 'em just mimmick it, bitin' a little bit  
But don't trip, we gon' squash that shit

[ Chorus ] [ Samples cut 'n scratches 'til fade ]

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