

Esham

"You Betta Ask Somebody"

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Detroit City!

This is for all them big money makin niggaz in detroit.

I know ya' ridin high boy, i know ya' ridin high.

I might skate through my city 500 dry, just gotta fresh
fade from the barber shop.

Gonna pick up my nigga we gonna hit the strip, got the
3-5-7 just incase we trip.

Might get a lil' drunk might smoke some weed, and
fuck with some hoes thats all we need.

I'ma' real ass nigga that neva' fake, if you feel like me
nigga pump yo' break.

See i made this shit fo' them niggaz who roll, like Tony
Montana out control.

From the D-E-R-T-R-O-I-T can't no nigga out there fuck
wit' me.

I'm gettin (mailed?) fuck a jail cell, post bail, Esham
gettin paid who you gonna tell.

Wit' cho' punk ass! I blast! Any muthafucka runnin' up
in the ski mask.

Never out done only out doin', titty bar bitches is the
hoes i'm screwin'.

Why? cause all my niggaz did they addicted ta' sellin
Yayo and yellin' hey hoe.

If you don't know i think you better go axe somebody
bout' a real nigga hoe YO!

Chours:

Bitch! you betta axe somebody! (bitch you betta' axe
somebody)

Cause i don't just talk! (i don't just talk baby, thats
right)

(repeat)

I don't just talk when it comes to makin' my (snouts?)

Cause i wuz slangin' rocks way before all them rappers.

On The coner sellin dimes, FUCK the rhyms young
nigga came up through them hard times.

I'ma' seven mile ride, beers glidin big bluntin' ain't no
picture in if ya' frame.

The fall of the best friends Robbey and I, now niggaz in
my city like do or die.

All i do is smoke weed and fuck these hoes, have em'
waitin by the phone hopin they get chose.

All you punk ass niggas be player hatin'.
Cause i'm makin this money strait regulatin'.
And you be ill legit all counterfeit.
Ain't about no buisnes you all about bullshit.
Get yo' shit together, stop ridin' on the next niggaz dick
and lovin these tricks.
It all started as a toddler, .45 bullet swallower to the
foot step follower.
Slang' an oz. niggaz wanna' know me bitches wanna
know my bidness cause ya' nosey.
I'm thinkin how can i come up on the 8 feet, i never let
the money get chance to get away from me.
Street polaticin', hood rat dick stickin, Call me Cernal
Sanders cause i got the fried chicken.
Ill life wicked ways make me real trife, i bring the
thought up it's all about "Reel Life"
Chours
Bitch! you betta axe somebody! (bitch you betta' axe
somebody)
Cause i don't just talk! (i don't just talk baby, thats
right)
(repeat)
Female Voice: You better ask somebody, if you talk.
(repeat 4x)

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