

Aceyalone

"Let Me Hear Sumn"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

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'?

[Verse 1: Aceyalone]

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?
[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Casual]

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'
[Chorus]
[Verse 3: Big Arch]

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'
Ha! You know you gon' get it if
I'ma give these niggaz a dose of they own medicine
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]

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