

Canibus

"Lemme Hear Somethin Else"

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[Chorus]

Aiyyo my wrist stay froze (Lemme hear somethin else)
Aiyyo I fuck mad hoes (Yo lemme hear somethin else)
I'm a big dog with big dough (Won't you say somethin else)
Yo man you fuckin up my flow (You ain't got nothin else)
Man I got somethin else (So lemme hear somethin else)
My chain got bagette diamonds (Won't you do somethin else)
I spit rhymes with perfect timing (You could try somethin else)
Yeah you can't stop me from shinin (I'll spit it myself)

[Killer P]

I'm on my way to ASCAP so I can pick up my dough
I ran into a Jacker nigga tryna hit me with flows
He didn't know I had a mind to just bloody his nose
And let the blood pour down on his white clothes

[Pakman]

Chhhh..
Nigga! You don't wanna cipher with me
My name ain't Pakman for nothin, I'm goblin emcees
Chhhh..

[Killer P]

Damn yo, I wasn't even tryna take it there
Lemme hear somethin in the ear nigga, make it clear
He started goin on about pushin a big Benz
How he stayed jig, and smoked chronic up with his friends
He doin it big and got unlimited ends
I just met the nigga, I seen him walkin up with his mens
Stop frontin shorty, lemme tell you somethin 'bout the game
It's a thin line, from being wack to spittin flames
You gotta represent when you be writin them lines
Don't be a FUCKIN millionaire in every one of ya rhymes
I'ma let you walk in but yo you gotta be quick
I gotta go, and the shit you spittin nigga, better be slick
He started gettin busy, I was noddin my head

Then he fucked it all up and said some shit that I said
Stopped rhymin 'cause he knew he shouldn't have said
that verse
Lookin stupid as fuck, for that nigga it was the worst
Yo, how you gonna bite and try to be top shelf
Better get ya act together, lemme hear somethin else

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

I give you more grievance than a nigga possessed by
demons

Walkin on ceilings, chasin white lot speedin

Like Tony Soprano, takin meetings

With a psychologist about his emotional feelings
and his crime dealings

He even talked about how to make alcohol out of
orange peelings

Pink cookies in a plastic bag gettin crushed by a buildin
was cool until Canibus puked it

With ill cannibalistic, animal instincts

Instant lyrical fitness, could you handle the distance?

You don't have enough wisdom

The man who gives quicksand resistance,

sinks the quickest, it's simple physics

I get "Southernplayalistic" and pimp chicks

Put my big dick in they mouth and smear they lipstick

Come here you stank bitch!

Tell ya man if he don't spit a hundred bars

I'ma bust him in his big lips

Spit quick, like 6B tip-tronic stick-shift

Bitch is equipped with a nitrous-oxide flipswitch

If you hate me, why would you recreate me

With those that imitate me and emulate me?

They talk about me so distastefully lately

But that never break me, they underestimate me

Me and the Killer P, and P-A-C get crazy with G-A-T's

I'm a B-E-A-S-T, you don't wanna race me

I do Mach 1 over a A-F-B

No if's, A-N-D's, or B-U-T's

A hundred bars ain't SHIT for a true emcee

SHUT THE FUCK UP! You should be ashamed of
yourself

I ain't heard nothin I felt, lemme hear somethin else

[Chorus]

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