

N.E.R.D.**"Slap Somebody"**Visit "[Slap Somebody](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

I need a blunt fore I slap the shit out somebody
Uhh come on, get it up y'all
Uhh come on, come on, come on, come on
come on get it up y'all
Uhh yeah yeah uhh
I know y'all like this one
Uhh, uhh, yeah, yeah, uhh come on

Yo, y'all niggas will never see my level
Raps so hot I slapbox with the devil
Tap a jaw, slap a bitch, do what I like
Gotta sociology of money like Reverend Ike
Yo here's a rapper fiction, get out the jurisdiction
before I hit that ass with a cross-addiction crucifixion
Editorial newsflash
Extra extra, let this blast wit your stank ass
Face the ultimate challenge, style's gotta lotta mileage
Come to violence, leave in silence
This beat's a beat so come on take a swim
If C's can't float don't worry about them
I'ma duke like Patty, ritz like Matty
Slick like a khaki, but not your baby daddy
Girls I got em locked, flavors come assorted
So pop that coochie girl like you're double-jointed,
come on

Chorus:

This is for my thugs in the clubs and the hotties in the party
who need a drink before you - SLAP SOMEBODY
All my cats on the corner who's packin a shotty
who need a blunt before you - SLAP SOMEBODY
Rewind this jam and let it rock the party
before, I - SLAP SOMEBODY
I speak with more technique, than karate
cos, I, will - SLAP SOMEBODY

Aiyo, strictly from the street that's why I get love

Erick darin niggas out in the back of the club
With the mic in my hand, just got paid
Take you suckers out til I get on stage
When the girls see my face and they all get excited
Thugs in the front row bout to start a riot
Too loud to be quiet, too wired to be tired
Yo E, crank this shit up and get it started
Get the crowd funky like the whole place parted
MC's rest in peace like dearly departed
Then it's all in together now, let me show you how
I do it rock 'n' roll style, then dive in the crowd
Murray ain't your average MC, I gotta lotta fame
but don't act conceited when you see me on the street
I hang with the rich, keep it real with the poor
Kick hard metaphor, cos that's what I'm here for
Catch me east of the sun or west of the moon
Lookin butta fly like a caterpillar just cocooned
Smooth like Thug Passion over-the-rocks
So sporty they need to put me on a Wheaties box

Chorus

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today
In a special way to play on, baby play
The way you shake that ass girl is something drastic
FABULOUS, and, fantastic
Fly like a B-52 hotstepper
Got latinos yellin "WEUPA!!!"
Ese loco, dolli toto
Beseve culo, papi chulo
Whatever, the more the merrier, the longer the weed
the scarier
My Squad is Def and we ain't hearin ya
Beat eaters think quick with the speed of a cheetah
Stripped down to my wife beater
Baby doll, shake what you got
I'm not a player hater, I just diss a lot
And don't slam the doors of da Mazzerati
because, I, will, slap somebody

Chorus

Outro:

Bring me up somethin nice cold to drink in this bitch
before, I - SLAP SOMEBODY
Fix me somethin hot to eat before I have to go out-
side, and - SLAP SOMEBODY
Throw your hands in the air from side-to-side
before, I - SLAP SOMEBODY
Doo, doo, slap slap

I, will slap - SLAP SOMEBODY
Slap me and I'ma slap you back.....

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