

Blow Lyrics by Rhino Bucket

"Somebody Told Me"

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Intro/Chorus:

Somebody told me that this rap shit was fun
You get to smoke weed and hold big guns
Stand on stage rockin your Timbs wit your sons
That's bullshit, yo I'm out to get these funds

Verse One: 8-Off Aguilar

Yo, yo, somebody told me that threw a hotter joint dies
Could he see it? EPMD, Aguilar, recognise
Niggas was stuck on Diggy before Biggie and Nas
Test guy reported in The Source, even thought about
"Best Buys"
My 12-bar Count Dracula wit lyrics spectacular
Sippin out of Coke and he's drinkin *?terror dacquras?*
and chrome
backwards
Challenge any woman, balls nothing, rock the hardest
Racoons rap with your soloists if ??? ??? artist
Puttin it down on the day 9000, that's a cell with stories
to tell
Off those cells we're livin well
In the '9-8-Off, country club plink off
While you're way off, check all systems, it's time we
take off

Chorus (x2)

Verse Two: Nocturnal

Guns with banana clips, two Rolexes to master whips
A .45 under my armpit
Another one in the glove compartment
Money startin shit, brand new shoes on spank shit
Tek 9's, after parties with mad dimes
Bitches twist the vine, I'm high and the moon's mine
We're out to get mines, on a regular
On the south, probably took the dreaded predator's
pirate treasure
In the crib I bought the leather, plus a movie screen

so my team can play Sega plus *?the gods in Vegas?*
An ounce of weed in every type of flavor
Bank accounts wit fat paper, a major player cos....

Chorus

Verse Three: Das EFX

HIGGITY-HARDCORE, sewer rats keep it raw
Beach houses and more, puffin weed on Seymour
Pliggity-plush carpets cover floors, on bus tours
Chrome .44's, diggity-diamonds on paws
All my slick cats above the laws, higgity-hide records in stores
HIT SQUAD, second world tour
Kiggity-cameras compass on doors, signin autographs
After, ???? ???? , where?, In corridors
Figgity-fuck walls, I'm buildin, splittin Dutches spillin
Chillin until these pilgrims start ice grillin
Figgity-frontin hard like a villian, Das EFX'll make a killin
and grab the cheese up like Sicilians cos.....

Chorus (x2)

Outro: Skoob

Got the funds
This rap shit was fun, kid
We hold big guns, diamond gyms and Timbs and all that

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