

## Kursner Rich

### "Somethin' I Would Do"

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(SPM)

I ain't got the last two sentences to this verse

(Grimm)

Then just freestyle it

(SPM)

Alright, I can do that

First Verse (SPM):

Bring it back, drop the top on the 'Lac  
Screw put the tap on the wet Fatback  
Got the black gat, can't come wack  
'Member when clubs wouldn't let me rap  
Now they call me up, all on nuts  
Get 'em for about ten thousand bucks  
Sippin' on Dom Perigion  
Five, six songs and my ass is gone  
Made a wrong catch or tone, grab my phone  
See if my boy Baby Beesh is home  
From San Anton to the Astrodome  
Smoke weed with Cheech, and hash with Chong  
Two A.M. sunglasses on  
"Twice last night", that's my nastiest song  
Now it's on, ask my T. Jones  
Seem like the whole World on my ding-dong

Chorus (Baby Beesh & SPM):

(Baby Beesh)

Take two hits and pass it on to you...

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)

Fill my swimmin' pool up with some brew

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

Second Verse (SPM):

Well I'm S-P-Mex in the place to be  
And I went to Bedrock University  
I hang with the poor, and steal from the rich  
I chill with the real and I won't never switch  
Jump out the bed, come from the head  
Last name Flintstone, first name Fred  
My low-low, hop like a pogo  
Walkin' down the yellow brick road with a dog named  
Toto  
Run from no one cuz I might get a cramp  
Ten dollar stone for bout twenty food stamps  
Money ain't happiness, y'all some fools  
Your baby's brown eyes in some diamonds and jewels

Chorus (Baby Beesh & SPM):

(Baby Beesh)  
Smokin', chokin' on PePe LePew...

(SPM)  
Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)  
Make a dollar bill turn into two....

(SPM)  
Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

Third Verse (SPM):

You wanna play with the S, ha?  
Twenty-five on my dresser  
White tank-top, Dickie's from fiesta  
Slow and low, here we go  
Doin' the impossible  
Jam rock & roll  
Exotic cold  
I done lost my high a lil' while ago  
Put away your gun, have some fun  
Not no star, but I'm stabbin' one  
A stallion, saddle up the horses  
My Gal gorgeous, I bought a fortress  
Two divorces and only lost a Corvette  
My third wife, STILL ain't born yet  
No sweat, I relax in Houston  
I'm the one that went gold, with no distribution  
Rhymin', now them hoes mine and  
Your boy went from muthafuckin' dimes to diamonds

Chorus (Baby Beesh & SPM):

(Baby Beesh)  
Drop my top and pick up DJ Screw

(SPM)  
Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)  
Show my love, I'll show it back to you...

(SPM)  
Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)  
Tell your kid to stay his ass in school...

(SPM)  
Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)  
Step on stage and act just like a fool...

(SPM)  
Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)  
Make my girl sneak in my twenty-two

(SPM)  
Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)  
Say Homeboy you stepped in Doggy-Doo  
Go outside and please wash off your shoe

(SPM)  
Say Grimm, roll another Baby dick and let's get high, fa  
sho!

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