

# Aceyalone, Let Me Hear Sumn

[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 f\*\*kin' 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]