

Canibus, Lemmie Hear Sumthin' Else

Artist: Canibus f/ Pakman

Album: 'C' True Hollywood Stories

Song: Lemmie Hear Sumthin' Else

Producer: Nir Even

Time: 3.51

(Chorus)

Aiyo my wrist stay froze (Lemme hear something else)
Aiyo I fuck mad hoes (Yo lemme hear something else)
I'm a big dog with big dough (Won't you say something else)
Yo man you fucking up my flow (You ain't got nothing else)
Man I got something else (So lemme hear something else)
My chain got baguette diamonds (Won't you do something else)
I spit rhymes with perfect timing (You could try something else)
Yeah you can't stop me from shining (I'll spit it myself)

(Pakman)

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..

(Pakman)

Damn yo, I wasn't even tryna take it there
Lemme hear something in the ear nigga, make it clear
He started going on about pushing a big Benz
How he stayed jig, and smoked chronic up with his friends
He doing it big and got unlimited ends
I just met the nigga, I seen him walking up with his mens
Stop fronting shorty, lemme tell you something 'bout the game
It's a thin line, from being wack to spitting flames
You gotta represent when you be writing them lines
Don't be a fucking millionaire in every one of your rhymes
I'ma let you walk in but yo you gotta be quick
I gotta go, and the shit you spitting nigga, better be slick
He started getting busy, I was nodding my head
Then he fucked it all up and said some shit that I said
Stopped rhyming 'cause he knew he shouldn't have said that verse
Looking 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 something else

(Chorus)

(Canibus)

I'll give you more grievance than a nigga possessed by demons
Walking on ceilings, chasing white lines
Speeding, like Tony Soprano taking meetings
With a psychologist about his emotional feelings
And his criminal dealings
He even talked about how to make alcohol out of orange peelings
Pink Cookies in a Plastic Bag Getting Crushed By a Building'
Was cool until Canibus killed 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 Southernplayaistic' and pimp chicks
Put my big dick in their mouth and smear their lipstick
Come here you stank bitch
Tell your man if he don't spit a hundred bars I'ma bust him in his big lips
Spit quick like 6-B tip-tronic stick shift
Bis is equipped with a nitrous-oxide flip switch
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 they'll never break me, they underestimate me
Me and the Killer P and the P-A-C
Get crazy with G-A-T's
I'm a B-E-A-S-T
You don't want to race me
I do mach 1 over an A-F-B
No ifs, A-N-D's or B-U-T's
A hundred bars ain't shit for a true M-C
Shut the fuck up! You should be ashamed of yourself
I ain't heard nothing I felt. Lemmie Hear Sumthin' Else! //

(Chorus)