

# 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 gobblin 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)