

# Somebody Told Me

Das EFX

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

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

Guns with banana clips, two Rolexes to master whips  
A point four-five under my armpit  
Another one in the glove compartment  
Money startin' shit, brand new shoes on spank shit  
Tek nines, 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 'cause

Higgity-hardcore, sewer rats keep it raw  
Beach houses and more, puffin weed on Seymour  
Pliggity-plush carpets cover floors, on bus tours  
Chrome point forty-fours, 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 villain, Das EFX'll make a killin'  
And grab the cheese up like Sicilians cos

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