

Something Else

Jadakiss

(Uhh) Definitely what they been waitin for (you already KNOW, yeah)
At least a certain percentage of the world (uh-huh)
Anyway (hahahaha)
Can I talk my shit? (talk that shit)
Sure I can (talk that shit, talk that shit)
Cause ain't nobody gon' do nothin about it anyway... a-ha-HAHHHH!
(Talk that shit, talk that shit, Jada talk that SHIT, ohh!)

You could tell the way I stack my money (I'm somethin else!)
Nah, I ain't one of them dummies (I'm somethin else!)
Tre's, nick's, dimes and twenties (I'm somethin else!)
The way I get it in with the honeys (I'm somethin else!)

Yo, you know I love to style on ya, blue 40-caliber
Butterfly doors on the triple black challenger
And I'm still in and out, got it so I'm spendin out
Dope boy, so I never have a problem in a drought
Don't take, too much work if you can't manage that
Just in case you run out of empties, use sandwich bags
Play with the hand you was dealt
That's why I ride the track 'til it melt
I could care less how you feel, how you felt
I done spent niggaz rent money on belts
Threesomes in the trunk, I'm fuckin for the wealth
And the hood ask about me, I'm somethin else

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The way I get it in with the honeys (I'm somethin else!)
Still representin the block (I'm somethin else!)
And you ain't got to tell me I'm hot (I'm somethin else!)
I'm exactly what they not (I'm somethin else!)
Hahh (I'm somethin else!) AH-HAHHH! (I'm somethin else!)

C.T.E. nigga... yeah!
Yeah! Let's go

I ain't even did nothin, feelin like I'm traffickin
See these blood diamonds, sir, my chain African
Speakin of my chain, yeah it need to get a job
Get the fuck up off my neck, Senator Barack
Whatever that you do, look, don't get caught
That stash get low, ya ass might get bought
Okay I'm over it, let's talk about somethin else
I said I'm over it, I think I bought somethin else
That's why I live e'ry day (day) like a thug holiday
+Suffocate+ a nigga about mines - J. Holiday
Quick to make a movie 'bout my Doc Holiday
It's why I'm strapped 365, even holidays, yeah!

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Yeah... I'm somethin else with myself they say
WWF, push that featherweight
Big boy toys, of course the shoe's right
See the 22's reflect from the moonlight?
Barry White, or Walter Cronkite?
Couple cold words when you talk 'bout birds
You ain't talkin 'bout green, you ain't talkin 'bout me
Hold up, this your bitch on my caller ID

You could tell I'm somethin else, pussy nigga do the math
Just look at me nigga; you can't tell I got cash?
Got together so fruity, 26 inches
(Girl, ain't that Blood Raw?) You can't tell I got bitches?
I'm a three summer soul survivor
Tell me have you ever met a nigga that's real as the bible?
You could tell I'm addicted to paper
And if it ain't my clique I'm like Maino, FUCK YOU HATERS!

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Yo, aiyyo
Any situation involvin paper I'm all in
Pull up on your block, old school sittin on all rims
Still keep them semis on deck in case I'm tested
And gotta do a nigga dirty, turn him to a mess quick
Chest all hangin out, everybody screamin out
I grew up in a house, where damn near e'rybody fiendin
So don't ask, why I hold me the pen on my fuckin self
If I pop through and you come back I'ma hit you with somethin else

I'm somethin else the way I come off, bars that make 'em run off
Rippin up his back but the strap'll tear your front off
Neck slump and run through your boss, he tried to jump off
It's D-Block, we treat every town just like it's New York (D-Block!)
Cross the whole game like my verses do the track
Push the pen like a pack and let it work through the trap (Snyp!)
Get your roof cut, ace hit by shooter's that'll spray shit
And if it ain't the ruger shit'll melt you and your face split

Okay, Bully bitch!
Uhh, I'm somethin else, run through niggaz like Phelps
D-Block's next generation explains itself (D-Block!)
You don't wanna FUCK with Bully the don-dada
Name ring bells in the hood, a known shotter
You gets nada when it comes to my ricotta
Fresh Levi's, black V-necks and Pradas
I'm a problem for niggaz if nothin else
Control, substitute or police, I'm somethin else

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