

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud "Beatem to Da Floor"

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[DJ Paul]

So this is what I'm a do man, you know what I'm sayin'
I'm a get each of you niggaz, you know what I'm sayin'
From the bay by the b-ball piece, when you see this
nigga
You know what I'm sayin', I want y'all to whoop his bitch
ass
Man you know what I'm sayin, beat his motha fuckin ass
To the ground like a motherfucker man fuck this bitch
ass

[Juicy J]

See this how ass kickin' get down, your boys get
(Beat down!)
Your bitches get
(Beat down!)
Your brothers get
(Beat down!)
Your mothers get
(Beat down!)
Your cousins get
(Beat down!)
And any nigga that try to clown we leavin' em on the
ground
'Cuz we stomp a hole, until his ass throw up, and after
that
Them signs is gettin' thrown up, I'm answer to the right
I'm answer to the left, we snatchin' your chain and
check
Your pockets 'till nothin' left

[Crunchy Black]

I'm a crunk this nigga though, treat 'em like a hoe
Ask these lil' bitches what the fuck they hittin' for
Crunchy ain't a hoe, and Crunchy can't go, and
Crunchy ain't a nigga that you wanna fuck with low
If you didn't know, then nigga you can know, then meet
me
Down foo in the middle of the floor, I'ma break it down
slow
And fill you up with dro, and smoke a little that 'till I

Can't smoke no more

I'm gon' whoop this nigga
I'm gon' whoop this nigga
I'm gon' take it outside click click (Boom!) with the trigger
I'm gon' rob this boy, I'm gon' mob this boy
I'm gon' call the fuckin killers do a job on this boy

[Chorus]

We gon' beat em to the floor, we gon' beat em to the floor
We gon' beat em to the floor, we gon' beat em to the floor
We gon' beat em to the floor, we gon' beat em to the floor
We gon' beat em to the floor, we gon' beat em to the floor

[Lord Infamous]

You don't know what just happened
You suffering from a fracture
You rebel let me catch you, I'll beat you belly bastard
You have a bad concussion, from tripple six bone rushin'
You all beat up and busted, you shouldn't have pressed that button
You all bloody and bumpy, you yellin' for you mommy
And people think its funny, quit tryin' to out run me
Your eyes are blue and black and, your clothes are ripped and tackin'
You thought that you could hack it, you shouldn't have wore that jacket
'Cuz I wreck it, smith and west and my weapon, we steppin'
To let the still meet your chest and, don't play with these killers
They come from those parts, the north where niggaz be pullin'
The whole cart, so mista big playa mista big time playa
You got the shit on lock why you on my dick
Like a bitch walkin' around like you stone high
Hollow tip bullets don't die, nigga they multiply

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[Chorus]

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