

The Beatnuts feat Cuban Link and Big Punisher

"OFF THE BOOKS"

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Big Punisher]

Hey yo it's all love, but love's got a thin line
and Pun's got a big nine, respect crime but not when it
reflect mine

The shit I'm on is wrong but it lasts long
Pull a fast one, then Pun'll wake up, with the stash gone
I'm mad strong, and my cream is fast
Smoke the greenest grass, my bitch got the meanest
ass

and the taste of gin, I don't have to waste a whole case
of grin

Cause all it takes is my pretty face and my gangsta win
Lace the click, cause we all sherry

So all's fair like love and war, thug galore with long hair

Big Pun, Pun the name that makes the kid run

Like spelling murder reverse it deliver redrum

Come one, come all, if you wanna brawl

I'm the mighty Thor clotheslining motherfuckers like

Steven Segall

Cause all you gonna get, is your ass kicked or up in a
casket

That's it (that's it?) That's it

[Cuban Link]

Punisher bash it, at last it's, rappers that really blast
shit

Cats getting Big Willie niggaz like Billy Bathgate

Up in Jimmy's Cafe, havin caviar

Crackin Cristal at the bar, smokin cigars, livin large

We rob and steal, run with the mob, doin jobs for real

I'm hard to kill for real nigga guard your grill

I like to chill, spark an L and get high

I'm one hell of a guy, fly pelican fly

[JuJu]

Whattup Duke-o, you know, politickin papi chuco

I'm out here, watchin for Jake, and this loot though

Shoot bro, I got a waterproof suit yo

Swervin like a A.K.A. in Beirut yo

squeezin, out of automatic M3's and

please, you ain't seen no thugs like these

I can tell you lots of things that'll make you believe
In Corona yo it's better to take than to receive

[Psycho Les]

Your career's on life support, and I'ma pull the plug
and have every thug shootin that Beatnut drug
in they blood, no escapin this
Niggaz is goin over their favorite shit (for what?) to be
tapin this
World premier, loud and clear
Lye and beer, get the dough, blow up the show
Dissapear, jump in the Cavalier
Feelin marvelous, street pharmacist, twist arboles
For pleasure, bring your territory sever
Keep my workers under pressure got em sayin "FUCK
LESTER"
But that's aight Duke-o, my heart nowadays too cold
Don't give a fuck where you been what you done
where you go, you know, peep this favorite
In black shades like a secret, agent
We're night thieves, roll up on you sleeves
We light trees, bust these and stack cheese

It's off the hook this year
Makin mad money off the books this year, ain't nothin
but crooks in here
Gettin mad money off the books this year
(repeat 2x)

Go! (64x

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