

## Carrapicho

### "Rock the Beat"

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( \*DJ Supreme One cuts up\* )  
(Rock the Beat) --> L.L. Cool J

[ VERSE 1: Krumb Snatcha ]

Your ghostwriter can't write, read from material  
Black King Lear, Shakespeare, skill imperial  
Lose when I spread throughout crews, venereal  
V.D. leakin out your CD and stereo  
Cell block rap, chew out your backpacks  
Nickel to the dime, host a battle, bring it online  
Cockin on a nine and blow out your whole mind  
Be the same effect you get when you step to Snatcha  
rhymes  
Every verse a scripture, spirits'll hit ya  
Start shakin like I'm earthquakin on the Richter  
Plus-sized beats completes the whole mixture  
Imagine that like a Kodak, the perfect picture  
Tourin nights, floorin mics, reachin for a satellite  
Vigils and candle lights, in the words of Frank White  
I'm fightin you and your bitin crew to pen your dopest  
rhymes  
We get up in that ass everytime

[ Krumb Snatcha ]

This is raw gangsta  
It's that hip-hop shit thugs can bang ta  
In the streets where heat is no stranger  
And my peeps behind, they might shank ya  
No piece of mind when cops chase us  
Livin life stressed in cell spaces (say what)  
It's the nine or the shotie that makes a new patient  
Riders, gangbangers, OG's and chain-takers

[ VERSE 3: Jaysaun ]

You loud-mouth niggas lock your traps  
We'll cock these raps and put some AC units in your  
stocking caps  
We understand you're mad cause you're stuck in your  
place  
You out of shape and overweight, nigga, suck in your  
waist

Without Snoop Dogg 'murder's the case'  
We carryin a portable volcano, soon erupt in your face  
Jaysaun, Edo.G and Krumb Snatcha at it  
As you french-kiss a full-metal jacket, faggot  
This is East Coast gangsta music, somethin to kill to  
Pop pills to, the purple haze fills you  
Creators appear courtesy of Hennessy and me  
OG's before BET's Marie was Free  
So when you see us three on 2-3's  
In a '04 M3, in the back playin PS3  
'Wear your glasses' like DMC  
Before your brain matter scattered on your GMC

[ Jaysaun ]

This is extra gangsta  
It's that gun-bust shit filled with anger  
Startin beef in streets, we not strangers  
If you don't close your mouth we might blaze ya  
It's a five to nine that I'm facin  
Livin life with mad aggravation (say what)  
It's mind tellin body about to lose patience  
And leave you brainless courtesy of the stainless

[ VERSE 3: Edo.G ]

Yo, stop talkin bullshit like pastors in religion  
No vision, I live and die by my decision  
Confess to killin MC's by my own admission  
Ghetto niggas pay a high price for a low cost of livin  
Thug rappers been to jail, ain't never been to prison  
If it's money or gettin bloody, then my hand and my  
trigger finger itchin  
I'ma spit to this shit  
You can't improvise with actin hard, stick to the script  
Edo.G bang with the best, even corny-ass crews  
With the same chain and piece that hang from they  
chest  
I know most niggas on a first name basis  
A tropical oasis, runnin from old cases  
Y'all can't put all the names with the faces  
Depends on the game if the king's higher than the aces  
Takin shots, no chasers  
You're past your prime, bow out gracious  
Before you have to face it

[ Edo.G ]

This is far from gangsta  
It's that hip-hop shit filled with anger  
It's the streets, to beef it's no stranger  
It's these beats and rhymes that might change ya  
It's the peace of mind that I'm chasin  
Livin life with less aggravation

It's mind tellin body about to lose patience  
Writers, DJ's, MC's, and breakers

(Rock the Beat)

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