

## Beatnuts

### "2-3 Break"

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[Psycho Les]

People call me the drunk, off the thick funk  
Just to prove I'm ?luida? bag your whole start like ?  
meshuda?  
Click back, put a hollow point cap in your temple  
We get caught, it's strictly mental  
A stone crook, I don't go by the book  
You can't fool me with your gangsta look  
I've truncated ??? on my turf for wet pay  
When I roll a blunt, they'd better roll away  
Out, and don't try talking bold  
Cause I'll smack you with a bat just like "Walking Tall"  
What? You punk, who's gonna defend you?  
When I bumrush your ass and stick an icepick in you  
Quick, your bitch caught a splinter from my dick  
Cause she gave me a woodie in the parking lot behind  
Mc-  
Donald's, the bed slammer again stick 'em both  
With my king-size dick, and Donna King sized hand  
again

\*gunshot\* "2, 3, Break!"

[Fashion]

I go so much of this style coming from my lips while  
Washed-up ducks get dumped in motherfucking shit  
piles  
Bang, I got my own thang, gang ain't a proper  
Drop a, hollow-point shelly on a copper  
Let 'em fucking know who's Kool where I'm coming  
from  
Slept for a while on my style now I'm stunning 'em  
Bagging 'em, plus I hit their hoes in the mean  
Cause all I ever want is fame, bitches, and the green  
Seen crazy niggas get lost in the shuffle  
With dreams turned to rubble then bust like a bubble  
Ta-dow, now, that's how it's falling  
Whether I'm hitting skins or motherfucking ballin  
Hanging with my crew on the Peakskill plain  
I throw my shit when laying a bitch so get off my dick  
Trick, you know my style, no it ain't no use

Cause I keep your hoes wet like a fucking douche

\*gunshot\* "2, 3, Break!"

[JuJu]

Taking 'em out, no hass, I be the owner of my rhymes  
Will make niggas collapse into a coma  
Product of a concrete hell, I'm on a mission  
Deadly with intent to shell the opposition  
Fucking with this flow, come on, yo that's treason  
Niggas fuck around and get shot for no reason  
Junkyard nigga, represent everytime  
Corona's in the house and yo Gab!  
(Bust and rip the skills!)

[Gab]

My rhymes wake up to a 9.4, ready for war  
Come up, I false my fronts with your spinal chord  
Before I got the drive, I possess and tox  
And I'm trying to survive under a cyanide landslide  
But that ain't nothing like a penny anymore  
Cause I assault niggas who couldn't launch shit with  
catapults  
So if you ever hear the name Gab One  
Don't even sweat it, the worst hasn't even begun

[JuJu]

Word up, it's like that, Beatnuts, Triflicts in the house,  
kid  
19, and one, you know what I'm saying? Word

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