

Beatnuts

"Beatnuts Forever - Feat. Triple Seis And Marlon "Perro" Manson"

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Psycho Les.. JuJu!

[JuJu]

East to West, even if you wearin a vest
They gon' find you with a crowbar dug in your chest
Look at the best, still only second or less
And even he said he don't want it with me, figure the rest
Bigger distress, whole crew avoidin the rest
You know the name of my click, nigga it start wit a tres
Dog that'll reload and bark with the best
Dark with a cold heart spittin darts through your flesh

[Psycho Les]

You know the street code, stash the kilo
Jump on a speedboat, blowin weed smoke
Countin G notes, I made off the Chino's
But this one Chino wanna play Pacino
So he standin in front of me lookin stupid like a moron
Crept up on him (CREW) caught him with the forearm
Called up Big Ju, M.A. nigga, the war's on
(Fuckin with this bitch dog, let me put my drawers on)

Chorus: Beatnuts (repeat 2X)

Got my eyes on cheddar, as I strive to live live and better
Cause all the shine will be mine forever
So it's now or never, we get down whatever
Four-pounds and leather, Beatnuts'll let off rounds forever

[JuJu]

Bite your face off, pull your heart out, flood it with steak sauce
Chop you up, til there's no limbs for me to break off
Kick your stupid ass it's just tragic nigga and take off
Go kill everybody at work and take the day off

[Psycho Les]

And pay you a visit

And knock your door down, strongman with the four-
pound
Put the joint in your mouth and push your jaw down
(Oh) You ready for war now, lacin your hightops?
Doma, one in the head, now who's the cyclops?

[JuJu]

No peace, niggaz want beef, you know we love it
Champagne under the arm, gun in the bucket
Never seen it comin like that, you had a chance Pah
Now you like, "Oh shit!" +Blood's on the Dancefloor+

[Psycho Les]

Corona Queens, where half of my crew be at
You didn't expect this booby trap cause I'm such a
groovy cat
If you my dog then I got you with a Scooby Snack
If you a ?, fakin a movie jack?

[JuJu]

I let the mac off, finish the act with the hats on
The plan is you vanish, like you standin on a trapdoor
I'm back for what is rightfully mine
I spitefully rhyme, every word a trifle design

Chorus

[JuJu]

Yo it's the livest nigga you ever heard, that's my word
Like a demon spittin Hell at thirty-three and a third
You wanna do it with Ju, you gotta find me
And if you do FAGGOT, better sneak up behind me
See that's the only way that you gon' get me
And if you wet me I'ma turn around and laugh so you
never forget me
To my double-gat niggaz who talk shit and bubble
crack
This year, y'all niggaz gon' hear me on a couple tracks

[Psycho Les]

Spittin like a thirty-eight caliber
Any challenger? One stands up, get handcuffed, to the
banister
Beat down your manager, now leave with my dough
You can't be mad at the, hustler from the Queens
borough
It's Big Psych', we can go at it, like a pit fit
Everything I spit tight, go out after midnight
Like a vampire, call me your messiah
"To burn my kingdom, you must use fire"

What, who the best nigga?
Beatnuts!

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