

## Beatnuts "Fried Chicken"

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[Psycho Les]

Here I come, to the rhythm of the drum  
Hook you up on some of that shit that got you numb  
Open up hon, I just want to see in  
The shoot my semen, the intoxicated fucking demon  
Shoots the low at home on the roll  
David dollar plus a style to put you in the morgue  
Tanqueray with the lemon, ice with the tonic  
Want to place an order for a samwich bag of chronic

[V.I.C.]

It's the mad Puerto Rican with the beats in command  
Hold the 40 with my left and keep the blunt in my right  
hand  
My game is tight, I got the flow  
And my style's a mystery that niggas will never know  
Rolling in my jeep mad deep  
With a live crew, of crazy motherfuckers that don't  
sleep  
(So don't try and sweat his route)  
V.I.C. yo, p-p-p-presto

[Fashion]

Another Kool Whip with the magic, so tragic  
I'll beat your little ass, fucking faggot  
It's the season of the hunt, fucking runt, I get buck and  
Blast when I buck your ass sittin duck  
So back up, how the hell you ever get gassed  
Break fool, and I'm a kick some Kool in your ass  
Puff up your chest, inhale, you're dreaming  
Now whip out your brains we're intoxicated demons

[JuJu]

Yo niggas try to pull my card and disrespect  
Get blown the fuck up cause I ain't playing with a full  
deck  
I ain't the one, kid, you wanna fuck around  
I got 50 niggas in here now holding me down  
Never be running outta ammo, got more so  
I may just empty the clip into your torso  
Step back, watch the body drop, ain't it funny  
Now you said all that to say what, money?

"I keep flowing to the beat of the sure shot  
My favorite jam of all time is 'The Body Rock'" - Bobbito  
(Repeat 4x)

[Fashion]

So fucking lay back and I thought you knew  
Shit get cold when the Kool come through  
Hey but only with my style cause only Fash can do it  
Through it, yeah, catch on bake you blew it  
Blow me, or shut the fuck up, you can't hang  
See the slang, drips from my lips with the bang  
Boom, got a box of lead for a nigga  
Cause before you lick off \*bang bang\* I pull the trigga

[JuJu]

Yo I came to get mines, straight up, fuck the game  
I'm all about guns, mad loot, and fat chains  
Act like you want, don't front or feel the fury  
I catch a homicide charge and see the jury  
Quick to put a head out, kid, let me remind you  
Bury that ass where God can't even find you  
Fucking with the Junkyard nigga's like a bad move  
I keep my finger on the trigga I can't lose

[Psycho Les]

You know that I know who's a friend, who's a foe  
Best believe I know who's my girl, who's a hoe  
It's the klepto, dropping verses while you dance  
Blow! Blast you, call the ambulance  
Owww, bitches all say while I'm steppin  
What happened? You forgot to load your little weapon  
Oh no, now you lay on the floor  
While I puff endo and order beer to go

"I keep flowing to the beat of the sure shot  
My favorite jam of all time is 'The Body Rock'" - Bobbito  
(Repeat

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