

Beatnuts "Hellraiser"

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Intro:

Este hermano esta enloquecido, amigo!
Try to play me close and get loose
Try to play me close and get loose
(Damn, my ears are burning hot!)
Damn, damn, damn, damn my ears are burning hot!
Damn,goddamn,goddamn, damn my ears are burning
hot!
Yeah, yeah, yeah,

Verse One: Fashion

Damn my ears are burning hot
I think I got fakin the funk
Motherfucks up in my spot
They know I'm gonna blow
So they press up on
The crew like gets dissed
Like a fool when I'm gone
SO GET OUT, AND LEAVE ME ALONE,
CLOSE MY DOOR!
I gotta whisper cause I got
Some fuckin' ears on my floor
They're tryin' to catch on
To see who I'm givin' the hoot
There it is square biz
Don't say my kids
[Psycho Les]
All these phony motherfuckers wanna shake my hand
And behind my back talk shit to the next man
Click, bam, a hit to your block, you got beats, but stop!
Your shit is wack!
[Fashion]
Yeah, you better keep it subliminal
Cause I don't play, some say
My style's type criminal
And we can get down, yo for real
Yeah, so whatever kid, do what you feel, sucker!

Chorus: repeat 4X

[P. Les] Try to play me close and get ghost, sucker!
[Fashion] Beatnuts forever, die hard motherfuckers!
Verse Two: Psycho Les, Fashion

You see me and I see you
But you still want to act like
You don't see me, cool
Years ago an A&R dissed
Our fuckin' demos and said
That shit was scarred
BITCH, YOU BIG-TIME BITCH YOUR FOAMIN'
YOUR LABEL'S SHIT AND YOU'LL REGRET IT IN A
MOMENT
Now you eat pills, while I puff on the Phils
And still, you can't comprehend your skills

You remember the time, only after I performed
You called my hotel door, you want to blow me like a
storm
But Blue, no matter what you do
You can't trick this kid
Too cool, I thought you knew, fool!

Chorus

Verse Three: Fashion, Psycho Les

Now I got you trapped, feelin weak and nervous
Word up, cause I be strapped like the Secret Service
The cops they run me down for the guns I be wielding
I'll murder a force to get lost between buildings
Time to go to war, it's been a raiser, now I'ma flip
Rippin more niggaz than an axe in a horror flick
Doin mad crime, I remember the days well
The demon inside of me had invited me to raise hell

I don't want to have to snuff nobody
I just drink my twenties with coke with Bacardi
Try to play me close and get ghost, sucker!
Beatnuts forever, die hard motherfuckers!

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