

Beatnuts "Muchachacha"

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[Willie Stubz]

Can I hit that?

It's Willie Stubz and Beatnuts, Beatnuts and Willie Stubz

What up, real pimp niggas on the cut, what up

Uh huh, let's blaze it

Yo check it out yo

I hit the world unexpected like a meteor shower

Twist L's, Hennesey sour, pass on the powder

Make an entrance like a vigilante wit a vengeance

Fight for independence, like my descendants

Write a whole chapter, compressed in one sentence

I blast in an instance, America's most makin a toast

Fine women playin us close

Underground to the street level

Money and jewels we embezzle

Never play the fool for the devil

The temptation is there to hug you like a grizzly bear

Fuckin wit the wild life, beware

Willie Stubz the underboss and I move wit force

When po-po take a loss I have no remorse

You know the deal, only blazin shit that could feel

Beatnuts be movin the crowd like blue steel

Cho-cha-cha, that's the three course meal

"Cha cha cha, forward back

Cha cha cha cha, back forward"

[Swinger]

Yo I pop up like sicles

When you ain't on point like hard nipples

I flow, y'all clowns merely trickle

Like hot sweat down a fat bitch ass cheek

I'm so nice that I'm not, call me nasty

I bite my toenails and spit em at wack niggas

I used to sell crack, now I'm gettin rap figgas

Too Hype to be Unsigned, so I unwind, puffin on vines,
baby and nines

Till the spotlight is mine, pullin up in the Lex truck

Wit four chrome rims, ha for the best buck

Three TV's and twelve-changer cd's

Bumpin everything from Beatnuts to the Bee Gee's

Ain't nuttin funny like Missy wit her hee-hee's

MC's get popped but not wit no bibi's
Swing calhoun and styles like Sassoon
Vidal, fuck a trial give me hundreds for miles

"Cha cha cha, forward back
Cha cha cha cha, ?put it on me?"

[Psycho Les]

You don't know the half so
Sit down fatso, watch me blast boats like gas blows
Outta assholes, I'm on a roll
So butter me, bitches wanna mother me
Take they bras off and smother me
Irkin me, for an appointment
'cause they love jerkin me off the ointment
It's Pyscho, the new pimp, the new pimp
Dead all the bullshit, get wit this new hit
As I hit the bong so, stay Puff like Sean Combs
Bang heads like bongos, you get the *gong sound* like
The Gong Show
Catch you comin out the tree spot
Cripple you wit a knee drop
Now you struttin real cute like a peacock
Personal injuries when faces run into these
Y'all niggas need more treats, fuck them keyboard
beats
Hip hop hippy, jump in my whippy
Light up the clippy and let the vibes hit me, c'mon

"Cha cha cha, forward back
Cha cha cha cha, back forward"

[Ju Ju]

Yo I used to spit outta anger, now I just spit out a
banger
Flip and pull your lungs out wit a hanger
I'm not a trouble-making nigga, but I handle my beef
You on some Eric B. shit like "What happened to
peace?"
Got no problem wit smashin teeth, fuckin your wife
Robbin you nigga, kidnappin your niece
Bless your cheek wit a permanent crease
I'm a problem you don't need
Y'all probably go run for police
Y'all could sell all the drugs in the world
Hang wit all the thugs in the world
Won't be the first hole that I dug in the world
Taste dick when you kissin your girl?
Well you should 'cause she swallow more nut than a
squirrel nigga

"Cha cha cha, forward back
Cha cha cha cha, back forward
Cha cha cha, forward back
Cha cha cha cha, back foward"

Swinger talking shit to the end

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