

Beatnuts

"Off the Books"

Visit "[Off the Books](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey, yo, it's all love, but love's got a thin line
And Pun's got a big nine, respect crime but not when it
reflect mine
The shit I'm on is wrong but it lasts long
Pull a fast one, then Pun'll wake up with the stash gone

I'm mad strong and my cream is fast
Smoke the greenest grass, my bitch got the meanest
ass
And a taste legit, I don't have to waste a whole case of
Crist'
All it takes is my pretty face and my gangsta wit'

Lace the click 'cause we all share
It's all fair like love and war, thug galore with the long
hair
Big Pun, Pun the name that makes the kids run
Like spelling murder, reverse it, deliver redrum

Come one, come all, if you wanna brawl
I'm the mighty Thor, clotheslining motherfuckers like
Steven Segall
'Cause all you gonna get is your ass kicked or up in a
casket
That's it, that's it
(That's it?)

Punisher bash it, at last it's rappers that really blast shit
Cats getting Big Willie niggaz like Billy Bathgate
Up in Jimmy's Cafe havin' caviar
Crackin' Cristal at the bar smokin' cigars, livin' large

We rob and steal, run with the mob, doin' jobs for bills
I'm hard to kill for real nigga guard your grill
I like to chill, spark an L and get high
I'm one hell of a guy, fly pelican fly

Whattup Duke-o? You know, politickin' papi chuco
I'm out here, watching for Jake, getting this loot though

Shoot bro, I got a waterproof suit, yo
Swervin' like a AKA in Beirut, yo

Squeezin' out of automatic M3's
And please, you ain't seen no thugs like these
I can tell you lots of things that'll make you believe
In Corona, yo, it's better to take than to receive

Your career's on life support and I'ma pull the plug
And have every thug shootin' that Beatnut drug
In they blood, no escapin' this
Niggaz is goin' over their favorite shit to be tapin' this
(For what?)

World premier, loud and clear
Lye and beer, get the dough, blow up the show
Disappear, jump in the Cavalier
Feelin' marvelous, street pharmacist, twist arboles

For pleasure bring your territory sever
Keep my workers under pressure, got em sayin', fuck
lester
But that's aight Duke-o, my heart nowadays too cold
Don't give a fuck where you been, what you done

Where you go, you know, peep this favorite
In black shades like a secret agent
We're night thieves, roll up on you sleeves
We light trees, bust these and stack cheese

It's off the hook this year
Makin' mad money off the books this year, ain't nothin'
But crooks in here
Gettin' mad money off the books this year

It's off the hook this year
Makin' mad money off the books this year, ain't nothin'
But crooks in here
Gettin' mad money off the books this year

Go, go, go
Go, go, go
Go, go, go
...

Visit [Beatnuts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.