

## Beatnuts "Props Over Here"

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Showing love, with the fucking bass in your face  
New York City have mercy one time, introducing the  
crew

[Fashion]

Hey, you ain't really you and you ain't really down  
Plus I'm tired of seeing you fucking for they face of  
ground  
'Cause when I sit back and think back of how you found  
me  
It make me react react my fucking yammy  
Now I don't cock, though my mind is in the sewer  
I just kick back six pack and then I do 'er  
But she gets stuck on crowing like a cat  
'Cause the toes got sucked on she don't know how to  
act  
Back in the days I am 237, used to rumble Kevin  
Backing hoes was like heaven  
Eleven, years later I tried to hide  
And hoped they pass me by like I'm the pharycyde  
Just let me puff and lounge with my niggas  
Don't have no time to fake funk with triggers  
Don't believe in kids with that puts cat say  
Fuck around with Fashion get your whole shit bit  
Spend crazy years with the blues pay dues  
Before I met the Psycho is in the junk yard juice  
But now the crew combined and we can't be stopped  
Going around the globe to collect the props

When I'm in New York, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]  
Com' on, out in Cali, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]  
When I'm down in Detroit, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]  
Now when I'm out in Philly, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]

[Psycho Les]

I get stoned everyday I got nothing else to do  
I'm getting drunk with my niggas 'til the night is thru  
And when the night is thru, I won't have a fucking clue

Of what tomorrow will bring so I pay ten [true]  
Yo life's kind of funny if you don't make money  
Then your days ain't fuckin sunny  
Excuse me for my language  
But I'm trying to get my last thing together  
And bought the crib to be in my damn bids so never  
CLICK ABOVE TO VISIT OUR SPONSORS  
Acted like I deserve to have it  
I whipped I stabbed it I whipped I grabbed it you silly  
Rabbit, I'm coming at your door  
Tracks behind the stacks better yo I'm brought showa  
I'm showa, unlike others wanna pop u  
Use a pistol drop dogging that shit you need to stop  
'Cause when I approach and you can't back up  
What you said [Toma]  
Fly you fucking head like that

Now when I'm in Atlanta, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]  
Texax, uhh, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]  
When I'm out in Chicago, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]  
Out in DC, you know what I wanna hear

[Juju]  
Real niggas do real things and that's a fact  
And real niggas could lick their hoes in niggas backs  
And your life's down like a heavy price to pay  
For some bullshit that you ain't even had to say  
But don't sweat that, 'cause I'm 'ma let you keep your  
head  
If I wanted to kill, you're already be dead  
I gotta a lot of things to do, a lot of money to make  
I got no time for you and all the moves you fake  
Taking care of business yeah without a doubt  
And I'm 'ma make a million dollars kid before I'm out  
Yeah I gotta give a shout to my peeps in Corona  
Going hand to hand gettin' loot on the corner  
Life is full of stress and to rest my brain  
So I puff the buddha bless and destroy the pain  
I gotta a lot of things to do, a lot of money to make  
I got no time for you and all the moves you fake

When I'm in Japan, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]  
When I'm out in London, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]  
Hey when I'm in Norway, you know what I wanna hear  
[Yeah you get props over here]  
And when I'm out in Paris, you know what I wanna hear

[Yeah you get props over here]  
Beatnuts in the house

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