

Beatnuts "Slam Pit"

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Featuring: Common, Cuban Link

I'm hard to kill, for real, nigga guard your grill
Yo, yo, yo Flipmode is how this nigga roll
Finger on the trigger low
Quick to lick a shot for that bigger pot of gold

Lock and load, my heavy metal rock and rolls
If you gotta go you gotta go, that's part of the show
My heart is cold like a Nautica nailin' niggaz like
carpenters
Stalkin' the hardest squadrons, spark 'em from New
York to Arkansas

Watchin' the projects is how I got my logic
Economics is pickin' pockets then we split the profit
The only shit I pop is what my glock spit
Watch for the cops since we spark the chocolate

'Cause the blocks are hotter than the fuckin' tropics
In topless bars, college girls with no bras
My whole squad got blow jobs smokin' Godfather
cigars
Live large like Scarface, parlayin' to far place

No car chasin', she's watchin' all the stars in space
Safe and sound in my playground with my tre pound
Got eighty rounds just in case clowns wanna play
around
I lay it down for them non-believers

Them non-achievin' niggaz that wanna be leaders but
can never beat us
Y'all better greet us if you ever see us
(Word up)
TS, Beatnuts, double up, but grab your motherfuckin'
heaters

Slammin' MC's on cement
The beats, the nuts
Got you froze like gun point

It's the hard-little pistol packin'
It's the control freak, leave you with a whole in your
cheek
Worst attitude in rap, Ju stay in the streets
I gotta eat, the only thing I'm playin' is keeps
Your beats cost a lotta money but they sound real
cheap
You sound weak, anemic, like you get no sleep
Fuckin' with me, you outta your mind? Get outta your
Jeep
Ya know I'm gonna beat you till the police come
And tell niggaz who the fuck I got that Roly from

Psycho Les
Yeah, ugh, what, jump out the Rover and let you know
its over
And grab you with a crowbar and snap you in a coma
Drug you with my music son, you'll never sober

While your chicks on my boing on a leather soafer
Chillin' there, iced out billionaire
In war clothes blastin' as I blast led through your
Versace wardrobe
What motherfuckers

Slammin' MC's on cement

Common Sense, Common's tellin' ya
Picture a king, with heater, holy book, and big rings
Real nigga doin' big things interpreting dreams
Off the Jim Bean, ain't shit sweet for sixteens

My God's got the block sewn to the inseam
I'm on the other side, trying to get green
So I flash and trash that ass at least a day
Warrin' with self I battle, the Middle Eastern way

Bring heat like the months, that's east of May
Casket in the road and saw a new school that knows the
old
This memory I hold the scroll, my flow is a road less
traveled
You rock, but been through less gravel

My mystique suggest battle and what have you
Rip a nigga from New York to west coast, Chicago
Don't give a fuck where he from he'll get beat like a
drum
Till this rap goes numb, seekin' the hot Medusa from
circulation

I strangle this string music, and suffocate a drum
Wanted to be a star till I seen I was the [unverified]
Got my weight up like Pun
Improvise to get ass, emphasize to get passed
Fuck a mic check, I bring my flow in cash

[Unverified]

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