

Beatnuts "Straight Jacket"

Visit "[Straight Jacket](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro)

BOOM!

Hah, yeah

Turn my mic up a little bit

Here we come now, uh, uh, uh

Turn my mic up, yeah, hah

Here we go

You know when to bring them drums in, right?

He got it....

JuJu-

Check it out, with that sauerkrautt

Get the flava that's nasty, that's what I'm about

I said I'm top like a cherry, yo it gets no harder

Straight from the cemetery, with bass like Ron Carter

What's up cus, you forgot who I was

Slept on THE BEATNUTS, now you're shocked from the
buzz

A crazy hispanic, no need to panic

Drop words over beats, clear, no static

Backflips, pullin' honies with the hips

After a show, you say yo he really

Ripped shit up, people all get up

Treat your girl like a puppet, stick my fingers in up

But, naw, I'm joking, Buddha smokin',

Never chicken chokin', just donkey strokin'

(DDDDRRRRROPPPPPPPP!)

And, bring me back in

So I can do my thing, with a Beatnuts ring

I go yeah, it's like that and uh

I fucked aaah, and I'm plus fat and uh

Then lit up a blunt, crack the 40 and

What, you try to play me out like an accordion

I'm here to drop bombs and snap on your moms

And call the bitch a dirty custodian

It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all

Beatnuts comin' out fat y'all

Chorus-

You know that

Rappening is what's happening, keep your pockets

flappening, hands

clapping
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets
flapping, hands
clapping
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets
flapping, hands
clapping
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets
flapping....

Yo, I be THE MACK
Strapped to a chair, so I can't react
When I close my eyes I don't see black
I'm off to a desert where I'm free jack
Mentally asleep

Listen to this(Group shout)

Fashion-
I freakin' hard with your moms & your sister
I hit her hard from the back, then I dissed her
Foul and rude, that's my style
I hate to smile, I like to drink
Bust shots and act wild(Boom, boom, boom, boom...)

Now's my time, I'm gettin' paid
Drive around in a nice car, gettin' laid
Havin' mad fun, cause you know it don't matter
It may sound bugged, but I'd like to live fatter
Feel the vibe, check the flava
You caught in a trance, now nothin' can save ya
You lose your mind, then you lose your soul
If it get's wild, then you lose control
Yeah you can run, but you can't go far
Everywhere you look, right there's where you are
You hoped and dreamed to be a big rap star
You dreamed your drivin' and you crashin' a car

Chorus-
You know that
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets
flapping, hands
clapping
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets
flapping, hands
clapping
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets
flapping, hands
clapping
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets
flapping, hands

clapping

I swing up on the scene like ming
Smoke out and hittin' skins, just my type of thing
Drain out your brains with the fuckin' double barrel
Cool makin' moves with hips like a sparrow
Electrify tricks with my hi-volt dick
Still be rolling thick on that beef type shit
My moves they do the switch like Jim Hendrix
Bass lines they got you hooked now you want to fix
Check it, licked 'em in Bombay, laid 'em in Bermuda
Fucken thought you knew the time to pay the buddha
Sparked by desire, you know what I mean
Forever will I puff, but I hate to fiend
Pull the chocolate thai stick get off the brick
Makin' crazy moves with this Beatnuts click
Junkyard, Psycho and cool-ass Fash
We combine & intertwine for the hits and cash
Shucks I got the nuts fingerfucks like a mani-
Ac i got the knack with a track like a slaney, black
So beat this chy'all
Beat this y'all
Beatnuts with the funky hits, y'all
You know that

Rappening, keep your pockets flapping
Rappening, keep your pockets flapping

Hands clapping, keep your pockets flapping.....

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