

## **Beatnuts "Superbad"**

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Intro:

Where we at where we at? (superbad)

Psycho Les:

Hold shit Jack got the house jam packed  
World famous Beatnuts makin' moves that's alike  
Black 24 track EQ the fuckin' bump  
You stare too long and your ass will get jumped  
Chump smack you with my elbow  
Watch the el flow takin' crews down to hell hole  
Mak the dead become active, 40 ounce  
so I could pronounce every as it is  
Right pass the light so I can spark it  
But you wanna puff? Bring on the chocolate bag  
Your tail wag where the lighto  
I bust at your ass trying to shoplife my item (superbad)  
Shame on you fuckin' boo, but I don't sweat it I deep my  
cool  
Pump yous a straight maraclia  
"With the diabolical sounds coming through your  
speaker"

Talking:

Ha yeah that shit sound right word up yo Fash run that  
shit!

Fashion aka Al Tariq:

My name is Fashion you want to cut it short take the  
cool ass blast  
And to the back and make it cool ass Fash cause I be  
blastin'  
Wettin' niggas up and shit  
That pussy good so I'm a be all up in it, fuckin' it  
I dive in sluts on the reg  
Got one for your head punk even if your lead cause I'm  
cool  
And you can be cool if you tried  
Just hate it when them dumb motherfuckers act fly  
Well I went down pulled nut my fuckin' jamma  
But shit started gettin' thick so I had to cock the  
hammer

Like Boow! There you go on the floor  
Now you can't fuck around with these nuts no more  
See niggas fakin' just hangin' with the funk  
But in old eyed junk can always swant with the funk  
Check it, trunks get popped in the nick of time  
SO you suckers back off cause you can't fuck with mine

Hook:

"Yo we the Nuts that make you sream nuts"  
"With the diabolical sound comin' through your  
speaker"  
"When you need the funk in your trunk bump the Nuts"  
"With the diabolical sound comin' through your  
speaker"

JuJu:

Yo I'm comin' out my face like a mad scar  
I'm all about the money the bitches and drive around in  
a bad car  
Cause I ain't takin' no shorts I play for keeps  
I stay strapped cause I ain't got no time to roll deep  
Roughed and raw kid my heart pumps acid  
Through my veins watch your brains get blasted, What?  
I came to freak the funk on the real tip  
The junkyard niggas like still I don't feel shit  
And all the hoes out here just be frontin'  
So I proceed to hold my own and maintain  
And get mines those that try to front can catch pain  
You know my style so prepare for the slaughter  
Your shit is underground my shit is underwater  
Cause I was crazy yo even before I started rappin'  
And I'm a pull your card if you think it can't happen

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