

**Beatnuts****"Who's Comin' Wit Tha Shit Now"**

Visit "[Who's Comin' Wit Tha Shit Now](http://MotoLyrics.com)" on MotoLyrics.com

Magnum!

[Juju]

My glock will make the whole fucking block rumble  
Y'all niggaz need to watch who you approach in this  
jungle  
See I ain't even got a pot to piss, watchin you homo  
niggaz pop that Crys  
Drop by me hangin out that rich  
See if a nigga don't chop it off  
Y'all niggaz talk too much shit, y'all need to knock it off  
Catch your mom comin off of the train  
Put an ice-pick in the back of her brain, its that plain  
I want everything or nothing at all  
Give your (smash) a whatcha-ma-call  
I give love when I shop at the mall  
They always at your throat or down at your feet  
Always actin like something is sweet  
You don't know me homey  
I'm lifeless, always gettin caught in a crisis  
The only way out now is to write this  
Everybody kiss my ass, cause I'm only flying business  
class  
So if you can't afford it nigga, don't ask

If it ain't Psycho, its Juju, and if it ain't Juju it's Psycho  
Who's comin' wit tha shit now!  
If it ain't Juju, its Psycho, and if it ain't Psycho it's Juju  
Who's comin' wit tha shit now!

[Psycho Les]

Ayo, niggaz wanna ban me like dice play  
So I grab my nuts and tell 'em have a nice day  
They wanna hate on me all day, talk shit like its okay  
And my reply is no way Jose  
You poppin so much 'dro I'm bout to say olay  
We drop the illest joints, that gets no play  
All these industry cats, can't stop the funk  
So hit the deck when I turn this up and pop the trunk  
And circulate, the state, like a trolley-car  
And peep the party, people's hands up like volley-ball

It's Big Psych, makin big money stacks  
Retaliate on you funny cats wit murder tracks

Like if it ain't Psycho, its Juju, and if it ain't Juju it's  
Psycho  
Who's comin' wit tha shit now!  
If it ain't Juju, its Psycho, and if it ain't Psycho it's Juju  
Who's comin' wit tha shit now!

[Willie Stubz]  
Head bob to the beat, put some rocks at your feet  
On the block with a fleet, bass rattles the concrete  
Spit heat like the summer, let it clap like thunder  
I'm always in and out of the hood, politician what's good  
Let my pen write on paper, party in the skyscraper  
Who's the amazing, Willie Stubz blazin the hazin  
Hot like the mutha fuckin hell that I be raising  
Pimp shorty short be like please don't deport me  
My life story's well, I'm just out to get the glory  
Three heavy-weights, on the tripple-beam  
Its seems don't every pre-judge  
They finally decompose in the mud  
Willie Stubz and Beatnuts, Beatnuts and Willie Stubz  
Hoping for the new shit, exclusive we bombin  
Killer instincts alarming now who the fuck you harming  
We form in like the five boroughs, this joints thorough  
Officials that's why we gonna shine like crystal (bling)

You requested it, so we rewind

Who's comin' wit tha shit now! (repeated)

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