

Buffy

"Slam Pit"

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Marlon: "Yo it's, yo B"
("Chill chill Marlon, chill")
Marlon: "Nah, yo, it's...I don't know this nigga B" ("Chill Marlon")
Marlon: "Why yo yo, put that down B, I don't know you son!
I DON'T KNOW YOU SON! HOLD UP HOLD UP!"

gunshots and screams

"I Links with the Cuban"
"I'm hard to kill, for real nigga, guard your grill"
[Cuban Link]

[Cuban Link]
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 Antarctica, nailin niggas like
carpenters
Stalkin the hardest squadrons
Spark them from New York to Arkansas
Watchin the projects how I got my logic
Economics is pickin pockets then we split the profit
The only shit I pop is when my glock spit
Watch for the cops since we spark the chocolate
Cuz the blocks are hotter than the fuckin tropics
In topless bars, college girls with no bras
My whole squad got blowjobs smokin Godfather cigars
Live large like Scarface
Parlay in a far place
No car chasin, she's watchin all the stars in space
Safe in sound in my playground with my trey-pound
Got eighty rounds just in case clowns wanna play
around
I lay it down for them non-believers
Them non-achievein niggas that wanna be leaders but
can never beat us

Ya'll better greet us if you ever see us
TS, Beatnuts, knuckle up but grab your mothafuckin
heaters, word up

"Slammin MC's on cement" [Nas]
"The Beats and Nuts"
"Got you froze like gunpoint" [Psycho Les]
"It's the hard little pistol packin" [JuJu]

[JuJu]
It's the control freak, leave you wit a hole in your cheek
Worst attitude in rap, Ju stay on the streets
I gotta eat, the only thing I'm playin is keeps
You beats cost a lot of 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!
Know I'm gonna beat you till the police come
And tell niggas who the fuck I got that Rollie from (The
Beats)

[Psycho Les]
Jump in the Pit
Beatnuts fuckin up shit
Ju hold my gun and the clip
As I smoke one and spit
Ammo over the piano
For a man's show, you don't understand bro!
You do, don't make me laugh at your ass
Cuz you don't even know the HALF of the HALF!
When I crash on the scene
You know it's me and a bunch of crazy cats outta
Queens
So hide your shine, hold your bitch and stop smiling
Beatnuts will never stop wildin
Pit Fighting and rockwilding!

"Common Sense gonna tell ya!"

[Common]
Picture a king
Wit heater, holy book, and big rings
Real niggas doin big things
Interpreting dreams off of Jim Beam
Ain't shit Sweet but Sixteens
My gods got the block sewn to the inseem
I'm on the other side tryin to get green
So I fast at grass and ass at least a day
War with self I battle the Middle Eastern way
Bring heat like the months that's east of May

Casted in the role and saw a new school nigga that
knows the old
G memory I hold the scroll, my flow is a Road
Less Travelled, 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 producer for
circu-lation
I strangled his string music and suffocate his drum
Wanted to be a star until I seen I was the sun
Got my weight up like Pun
Improvise to get ass, emphasize to get past
Fuck a mic check, I bring my flow in cash

"Slammin MC's on cement"

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