

Ambros - Prokopetz - Tauchen**"Let's Git Doe"**

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[Fatman Scoop]

cough, cough

Ya ya, ya

Fatman Scoop, Beatnuts

Yo, yo, yo yo

Fatman Scoop, Crooklyn Clan

Fatman Scoop, Crooklyn Clan

Fatman Scoop, Crooklyn Clan

Beatnuts, Beanuts, Beatnuts *echo out*

(x2)

[Psycho Les]

Let's rock and roll

Put some real hip hop in your soul

Over this track there's no stoppin the flow

Let's blast off in a ridiculous way

Face off, like Nicolas Cage

Slam pit, you get crushed, you should know better

And now you stuck, like you don't know where to (go
go)

Make you a believer

Chop you in the neck with a mothafuckin meat cleaver

It's cool, you can fool the kids

But you can't fool niggas that live

The lifestyle, the lifestyle, the lifestyle, the lifestyle

[Fatman Scoop] [CHORUS]

Everybody let's get doe (get doe)

VIP in the disco (disco)

What you drinkin on cris mo (cris mo)

Light it up and get twisto (twisto)

(x2)

[Juju]

Yo, don't think about work, don't think about shit

Don't drink just two shots, drink about six

It's a party baby get that right

Lotta ladies in the house tonight

I'm fuckin drunk and the music is tight

It's the nuts and we at it again

Fuck this shit, either you or your friends better believe
it
Cuz the fun never ends, you know a live nigga never
pretends
Never cry about the money he spends
Vacation mami, let that go, whatever happens here
stay here, ain't that so?
You sexy, better let that show
Come over here and light that droe
About love, we can make that slow

[Fatman Scoop]

You gotta bottle of Cris, throw it up, throw it up
You got a bottle of Mo, throw it up, throw it up
(x2)

CHORUS (x2)

[Psycho Les]

Ain't nothin but crooks in here
Everyone's high in here
Beatnuts is pioneers
Masters of the ceremony, takin it there
Look at me, I'm a monster y'all created
You met me once, now we related
You goin' round town sayin Psych's my cousin
Bitches see me on TV and scream 'That's my husband!'
You want me to go down, down like Nelly
But the dugout's smelly, so give me head and get the
smell out the telly
Get the smell outta here

[Fatman Scoop]

Go, go, go, go, go, go

CHORUS (x2)

All my ladies say uh oh *uh ohhhh*
All my niggas say ay yo *ay yoooo*
(x2)

ay yoo, ay yoo, ay yoo, Beatnuts wild out
(x4)

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, now keep your hands up
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, now keep your hands up
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, now keep your hands up
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, now keep your hands up

