

Gute Zeiten, Schlechte Zeiten

"Whyla Beneen"

Visit "[Whyla Beneen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Crunch Lo]

Take two and hold that, I control that flow
The Wild West kid by the name of Crunch Lo
With my F.A.M. to the O, got mad styles fo' sho'
Huntin' for the dough, on our way we blaze ho's
You know's the routine, hold weight like three beams
Do it for them niggaz that's locked in State Green
Hand-to-hand niggaz that's out to make CREAM
Thugged out bitches not scared to serve fiends
It's the project hospilities, enhanced abilities
to make it through this jungle of life, yo is you feelin'
me?
From Barrack to Barrack, weed habits and big ratchets
Baggy jeans, big shines and hats on backwards
For all y'all cowards, get devoured in my sight
Bound to lose stripes if ya shit ain't tight
To the Capi-tan who devise the plan
If ya cross one of us then ya forced to hand
of my heat holders, justifiable bulldozers
I told ya, got a few hundred to make ya run it

[C-Wiggs]

Eh-yo I spawned from the circle of life
I got special technique with the mic
We ultra-light sound sight
It's Beneen, rap extreme, we intervene
through the mainline, flash ya cords, show time
for crime, 'merica's most divine rhyme terrorists
Studio darts, crash ya sound vocalist
Marble text, verbal intellects, broken tape decks
Two sets of cassettes, with rugged street dialect
Bionic, twelve stray bars of slang chronic
Break glass with the Armaretta, Scotch with tonic

[Cheesy Rat]

We plan to make the world stop with this
Lockin' this, range long, flame on mic's
Minus the ice, non-theatric
Match this with wits, don't think sick
Don't sip, only dismiss ya battered attempts
And in the same breath you claim to represent

nonsense

We back bombs, ya best respect threats, protect ya torso

With no remorse, verbal crossbows get let go

Leavin' ya frame touched, no stoppin' my daily cut

Wild niggaz holdin' their buildings up, what will deliver us?

Livin' is terrible, prints illegible

Really they can't afford to come back

Pull it to raps, wraps raps in tracks

Wild Beneen on, peep the scene, strong, lean on

on ho's who choose to oppose, label the foes

Step on ya Lug covered toes, look how they rose

Dickin' ya farm, my niggaz involved

Feelin' ya whole job, memory jog

With lyrical bombs, lyrical bars

What?

[Chorus x4: Lounge Mode]

We whyla Beneenian, styla Beneenian

"We Wild Beneen on ya whole scene, whole team" ->
Crunch Lo

[Molly-Q]

The verse serial killa, real killa, plot dealers, smoke illa

Realest Fortune Wheelers, PaperMate, villians feel us

Strangle five-oh, gamble, time to pioneer

Leave studio in shambles, swing off the chandeleer

Stare down the barrel, narrow bow points with no trace

Based upon the facts, you'll change into a screwface

Move weight, my chronic laced, find a place

Private Session, microphone molestin'

Big boy with no Wesson

Gats the way to talk, gun-Tommy, break the sidewalk

Pager on short, crank my vision on to night hawk

Stalk Empire State, the verbal saturate, rape

Deserve breaks, from out-of-state, son, you're just a victim

Since the rhyme infliction, Othorized diction fiction

[Lounge Mode]

It's twelve bars a pass, my staff be Gun Ho

You know we tug boat on Wild Beneen kids with dumb flows

In a smash, then I crash, smoke grass and drink Dash

You know I think fast, creep, then I sneak in ya ass

With the kids from the Body and Jungle, Pillage and bumble

I rumble in so humble, in jelly tracks with the Cisco

It's real disco, and go and ask even Trisco

Been doin' this with peers since thirteen with Richie

Fisco

But now I got squads and mobs and honor rods
Convoy with fifty cars, a hundred niggaz with steel bars
Splash a nigga wig, for real, it's all Camille
On to Cheesy Rat, Othorized real, so what the deal?
Big guns take the streets in the summer
and little shorties runnin' wild, holdin' stacks and
dealin' crack to the top runner
who's in town, ain't nuttin' changed from the get-down
The same shit now, I called my Barracks up in mid-town
You know the one that shine that want to antagonize
faggot ones
Drop dead maggot one, West Barrack twenty-one
Cherry heads to Paris, want some? So come and taste
mine
We erased from danger, ya hold face and skip the
gates mine
I Wild Beneen on ya whole scene, whole scene
And rest in peace to my whole team, whole team

[Cappadonna]

Whyla Beneeni, styła Beneeni

I won't surrender, no I won't never ever forget
It's real in the Hill, times is bad like credit
Fuck what you heard, kid, I don't wanna splurge
I be tryin' to merge, and live life, outside of the picture
One time for ya mind, plus two times, I be comin' back
to get'cha
Nevertheless, fuck the rest of y'all, I got the vest for
y'all
Still the best for y'all, come one, come all
I flood y'all out, my welcome is war out
At the crossroads, 'Donna must come tear and explode
out of your zip code, fuck a chart, see me lampin' on
heart
I'm electric, my level is way beyond generic
Deep in you like spirit, these Barracks become epic
Three ways deeper than regular contraceptive

[Chorus x7.5]

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