

## The Beatnuts

### "Beatnuts Forever - feat. Triple Seis and Marlon "Perro" Manson"

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Psycho Les.. JuJu!

[JuJu]

East to West, even if you wearin a vest  
They gon' find you with a crowbar dug in your chest  
Look at the best, still only second or less  
And even he said he don't want it with me, figure the  
rest  
Bigger distress, whole crew avoidin the rest  
You know the name of my click, nigga it start wit a tres  
dog that'll reload and bark with the best  
Dark with a cold heart spittin darts through your flesh

[Psycho Les]

You know the street code, stash the kilo  
Jump on a speedboat, blowin weed smoke  
Countin G notes, I made off the Chino's  
But this one Chino wanna play Pacino  
So he standin in front of me lookin stupid like a moron  
Crept up on him (CREW) caught him with the forearm  
Called up Big Ju, M.A. nigga, the war's on  
(Fuckin with this bitch dog, let me put my drawers on)

Chorus: Beatnuts (repeat 2X)

Got my eyes on cheddar, as I strive to live live and  
better  
Cause all the shine will be mine forever  
So it's now or never, we get down whatever  
Four-pounds and leather, Beatnuts'll let off rounds  
forever

[JuJu]

Bite your face off, pull your heart out, flood it with  
steak sauce  
Chop you up, til there's no limbs for me to break off  
Kick your stupid ass it's just tragic nigga and take off  
Go kill everybody at work and take the day off

[Psycho Les]

And pay you a visit

And knock your door down, strongman with the four-  
pound  
Put the joint in your mouth and push your jaw down  
(Oh) You ready for war now, lacin your hightops?  
Doma, one in the head, now who's the cyclops?

[JuJu]

No peace, niggaz want beef, you know we love it  
Champagne under the arm, gun in the bucket  
Never seen it comin like that, you had a chance Pah  
Now you like, "Oh shit!" +Blood's on the Dancefloor+

[Psycho Les]

Corona Queens, where half of my crew be at  
You didn't expect this booby trap cause I'm such a  
groovy cat  
If you my dog then I got you with a Scooby Snack  
If you a ?, fakin a movie jack?

[JuJu]

I let the mac off, finish the act with the hats on  
The plan is you vanish, like you standin on a trapdoor  
I'm back for what is rightfully mine  
I spitefully rhyme, every word a trifle design

Chorus

[JuJu]

Yo it's the livest nigga you ever heard, that's my word  
like a demon spittin Hell at thirty-three and a third  
You wanna do it with Ju, you gotta find me  
And if you do FAGGOT, better sneak up behind me  
See that's the only way that you gon' get me  
And if you wet me I'ma turn around and laugh so you  
never forget me  
To my double-gat niggaz who talk shit and bubble  
crack  
This year, y'all niggaz gon' hear me on a couple tracks

[Psycho Les]

Spittin like a thirty-eight caliber  
Any challenger? One stands up, get handcuffed, to the  
banister  
Beat down your manager, now leave with my dough  
You can't be mad at the, hustler from the Queens  
borough  
It's Big Psych', we can go at it, like a pit fit  
Everything I spit tight, go out after midnight  
Like a vampire, call me your messiah  
"To burn my kingdom, you must use fire"

What, who the best nigga?  
Beatnuts!

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