

## The Beatnuts

### "Hellraiser"

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Intro:

Es hermanos de lo que sido, amigo?

Try to play me close and get loose

Try to play me close and get loose

(Damn, my ears are burning hot!)

Damn, damn, damn, damn my ears are burning hot!

Damn, goddamn, goddamn, damn my ears are burning hot!

Yeah, yeah, yeah,

Verse One: Fashion

Damn my ears are burning hot

I think I got fakin the funk

Motherfucks up in my spot

They know I'm gonna blow

So they press up on

The crew like gets dissed

Like a fool when I'm gone

SO GET OUT, AND LEAVE ME ALONE,

CLOSE MY DOOR!

I gotta whisper cause I got

Some fuckin' ears on my floor

They're tryin' to catch on

To see who I'm givin' the hoot

There it is square biz

Don't say my kids

[Psycho Les]

All these phony motherfuckers wanna shake my hand

And behind my back talk shit to the next man

Click, bam, a hit to your block, you got beats, but stop!

Your shit is wack!

[Fashion]

Yeah, you better keep it subliminal

Cause I don't play, some say

My style's type criminal

And we can get down, yo for real

Yeah, so whatever kid, do what you feel, sucker!

Chorus: repeat 4X

[P. Les] Try to play me close and get ghost, sucker!

[Fashion] Beatnuts forever, die hard motherfuckers!

Verse Two: Psycho Les, Fashion

You see me and I see you

But you still want to act like

You don't see me, cool

Years ago an A&R dissed

Our fuckin' demos and said

That shit was scarred

**BITCH, YOU BIG-TIME BITCH YOUR FOAMIN'**

YOUR LABEL'S SHIT AND YOU'LL REGRET IT IN A  
MOMENT

Now you eat pills, while I puff on the Phils

And still, you can't comprehend your skills

You remember the time, only after I performed

You called my hotel door, you want to blow me like a  
storm

But Blue, no matter what you do

You can't trick this kid

Too cool, I thought you knew, fool!

Chorus

Verse Three: Fashion, Psycho Les

Now I got you trapped, feelin weak and nervous

Word up, cause I be strapped like the Secret Service

The cops they run me down for the guns I be wielding

I'll murder a force to get lost between buildings

Time to go to war, it's been a raiser, now I'ma flip

Rippin more niggaz than an axe in a horror flick

Doin mad crime, I remember the days well

The demon inside of me had invited me to raise hell

I don't want to have to snuff nobody

I just drink my twenties with coke with Bacardi

Try to play me close and get ghost, sucker!

Beatnuts forever, die hard motherfuckers

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