

## The Beatnuts

### "Intro"

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Intro:

We got that funk on lock "Ya, ya better, ask somebody"

Hook:

HARDCORE comin' with the beats and rhymes  
GOT YOU HUMMIN' now you wanna press rewind  
BEATNUTS COMBINE goin' line for line  
A-YO JUJU "Hit me with that shit one time" - Method man

Juju:

It's the hardcore funk come get your fill  
From the pistol packin' punk raisin' hell with the dug  
grill  
Nobody cares what I think so I drink  
Causin' mad trouble pullin' guns in an eyeblink  
From the depths of hell I make it known son  
My mind frame makes MC's swallow they own tongue  
I dismantle competition it's a sick shame  
When I lose my composition and inflict pain  
Doin' what I gotta do to obtain cash  
Accountable for more dead bodies than a plane crash  
I make it clear I'm a never be forgotten  
And you couldn't find another MC that's more rotten  
It's the junkyard nigga get your shit straight  
Peace to all my niggas in Queens pushin' big weight  
Rick Jan always takin' care of buisness  
A shout to Coronna and I'm out with the quickness

Hook

A-yo Fash

Fashion aka Al Tariq:

I got so much of this and ah so much of that  
And so much just fuckin' cool in my act  
That niggas be stressin' me trying to mock my steelo  
Me though, born just one smooth negro  
I got it like that I make a bitch wanna dress up  
Watch me slide in and see your fuckin' hoes press up  
on me  
Fox like a oribious crazy they swarm me  
But me jut cut my ballin' baby

I see like my section and ah, wanna perfect and ah  
And slide my shit up in her motherfuckin' rectum bro  
Erupt let off nuts just like a cannon  
I'm standin' in the same damn spot I fuckin' Shannon in  
Laid that ass hoes a wanta break want a drink  
Did that 6-9 shit I'm suckin' clits she suckin' dick  
But stickin' back and lay way back don't try to fester  
Who possess more chicks then fuckin' P.M.S.

Hook  
A-Yo Short Jive A-yo Psycho

Psycho Les:  
Splash wet that ass just like a jacuzzi  
Niggas all say "Who's he, the nigga with the uzi?"  
The hardrockin' up the block state of mind  
Just finished puffin' bout to sniff my second line of  
coke  
Frequencies float like a fag see blunts  
and six packs enjoy the fuckin' track  
Blastin' for your listenin' pleasure attitude ? in the  
funky measures  
I can rock it even if it ain't for the pocket  
You need to wake up bro and smell the fuckin'  
chocolate  
Hocus pocus you can try to focus  
But you won't see me I see you like fuckin' Oprah's  
Fat ass upon a fatass screen  
Slice your Adams apple, kiwi strawberry snapple

Hook

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