

The Beatnuts

"No Equal"

Visit "[No Equal](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Number One
Competition is none) --> Rakim

[VERSE 1: Ju-Ju]

Niggas got me steamin, bout to flip my lid
Fuck around, and I proceed to blow your back out, kid
(Boom!) Not to say I'm on a violent tip
But my hand stays on my gun, in case you start some
shit
Cause I been rhymin since way back when
Straight up and from the heart is how it's always been
Now punk niggas wanna test me
But all that tiggedy-tiggedy tongue-twistin shit don't
impress me
It's just a phase, and you know damn well
That you'll fall off in a minute, cause that shit don't sell
Funny how you think you could surpass me, or outlast
me
With that bullshit style, you're fallin fast, gee
See, I suggest you go back where you came from
(Your mic, and my mic) Come on, don't play, son
See, the days of payin dues is over
I'm a little fed up, and it's time that I show ya
We battle one time, you're dead, no sequel
(Your mic, and my mic - come on yo, no equal) --> Q-
Tip

You know we're number one
Competition is none

[VERSE 2: Psycho Les]

The wiggedy-wicked Psycho Les drops it like a lunatic
Steady back-breakin bitches with my super dick
Hat's on the jim, sometimes I nut in em
St. Ides fucks up their eyes, and I bend em
Down, while I'm flowin to this nutty sound
Open up the knapsack, check out what we found
H-h-horns, bass, lines
Beats get chopped in the Nut Shop, we don't waste
time
Yo, I'm 'cold lampin' like Flavor

Floatin at the top while you're sick, and 'nothin can save ya'
Just like the Biz said
Remember - uugh! - styles I drop to be, what is it?
(The shizzit) Word to your mama
I bend your girl like a comma
Due to Lambada, I think I gotta
Stop, because the bitch said, "(???)"
So I nutted, and I got out
(Boom!) No matter how hot you claim to be, you can't roast this
Nut, what's up? You wanna get eaten up like a hostess?
'Cup', 'cake', you know my words are lethal
(Your mic, and my mic - come on yo, no equal)

[VERSE 3: Fashion (Al' Tariq)]

Every line I connect, my literature's perfect
Per minute, per second, and yo, you gotta reckon
On with Fashion, cause by the way I'm rippin things
Whoever thinks I take a loss has hamstrings
Young dames, I shoot em and Jimmy aims to knock her
Sex with this flex, best thing tends to lock up
Yeah, really bad ass, smokin past you niggas
The chicks I stick shit with, I love your figures
Triggers, I pull em with no remorse for bodies
Fash pumps the hotties, chumps pump with shoties
Shoot em up, bang-bang! Miss targets rarely
Mics I touch up, I fucks em daily
Barely another who can test the cool Fash
Asses I kick in the ashes, dumpin trashes
So don't riff, cause I flow swift like the Nile, son
Tame is for plain Jane fame, I'm a wild one
Auto-matic-ly I let loose the
Fierce MC-i-n-g force in me
Cool Fash, sendin a blast to rap people
(Your mic, and my mic - come on yo, no equal)

Visit [The Beatnuts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.