

The Beatnuts

"Off the Books"

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featuring Cuban Link, Big Punisher

[Big Punisher]

Hey yo it's all love, but love's got a thin line

and Pun's got a big nine, respect crime but not when it
reflect mine

The shit I'm on is wrong but it lasts long

Pull a fast one, then Pun'll wake up, with the stash gone

I'm mad strong, and my cream is fast

Smoke the greenest grass, my bitch got the meanest
ass

and the taste of gin, I don't have to waste a whole case
of grin

Cause all it takes is my pretty face and my gangsta win

Lace the click, cause we all sherry

So all's fair like love and war, thug galore with long hair

Big Pun, Pun the name that makes the kid run

Like spelling murder reverse it deliver redrum

Come one, come all, if you wanna brawl

I'm the mighty Thor clotheslining motherfuckers like
Steven Segall

Cause all you gonna get, is your ass kicked or up in a
casket

That's it (that's it?) That's it

[Cuban Link]

Punisher bash it, at last it's, rappers that really blast
shit

Cats getting Big Willie niggaz like Billy Bathgate

Up in Jimmy's Cafe, havin caviar

Crackin Cristal at the bar, smokin cigars, livin large

We rob and steal, run with the mob, doin jobs for real

I'm hard to kill for real nigga guard your grill

I like to chill, spark an L and get high

I'm one hell of a guy, fly pelican fly

[JuJu]

Whattup Duke-o, you know, politickin papi chuco

I'm out here, watchin for Jake, and this loot though

Shoot bro, I got a waterproof suit yo

Swervin like a A.K.A. in Beirut yo

squeezin, out of automatic M3's and

please, you ain't seen no thugs like these

I can tell you lots of things that'll make you believe

In Corona yo it's better to take than to receive

[Psycho Les]

Your career's on life support, and I'ma pull the plug

and have every thug shootin that Beatnut drug

in they blood, no escapin this

Niggaz is goin over their favorite shit (for what?) to be
tapin this

World premier, loud and clear

Lye and beer, get the dough, blow up the show

Dissapear, jump in the Cavalier

Feelin marvelous, street pharmacist, twist arboles

For pleasure, bring your territory sever

Keep my workers under pressure got em sayin "FUCK
LESTER"

But that's aight Duke-o, my heart nowadays too cold

Don't give a fuck where you been what you done

where you go, you know, peep this favorite

In black shades like a secret, agent

We're night thieves, roll up on you sleeves

We light trees, bust these and stack cheese

It's off the hook this year

Makin mad money off the books this year, ain't nothin

but crooks in here

Gettin mad money off the books this year

(repeat 2X)

Go! (64X)

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