

The Beatnuts

"Props Over Here"

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Showing love, with the fucking bass in your face

New York City have mercy one time, introducing the crew

[Fashion]

Hey, you ain't really you and you ain't really down

Plus I'm tired of seeing you fucking for they face of ground

'Cause when I sit back and think back of how you found me

It make me react react my fucking yammy

Now I don't cock, though my mnd is in the sewer

I just kick back six pack and then I do 'er

But she gets stuck on crowing like a cat

'Cause the toes got sucked on she don't know how to act

Back in the days I am 237, used to rumble Kevin

Backing hoes was like heaven

Eleven, years later I tried to hide

And hoped they pass me by like I'm the pharycyde

Just let me puff and lounge with my niggas

Don't have no time to fake funk with triggers

Don't believe in kids with that puts cat say

Fuck around with Fasion get your whole shit bit

Spend crazy years with the blues pay dues

Before I met the Psycho is in the junk yard juice

But now the crew combined and we can't be stopped

Going around the globe to collect the props

When I'm in New York, you know what I wanna hear

[Yeah you get props over here]

Com' on, out in Cali, you know what I wanna hear

[Yeah you get props over here]

When I'm down in Detroit, you know what I wanna hear

[Yeah you get props over here]

Now when I'm out in Philly, you know what I wanna hear

[Yeah you get props over here]

[Psycho Les]

I get stoned everyday I gots nothing else to do

I'm getting drunk with my niggas 'til the night is thru

And when the night is thru, I won't have a fucking clue

Of what tomorrow will bring so I pay ten [true]

Yo life's kind of funny if you don't make money

Then your days ain't fuckin sunny

Excuse me for my language

But I'm trying to get my last thing together

And bought the crib to be in my damn bids so never

Acted like I deserve to have it

I whipped I stabbed it I whipped I grabbed it you silly

Rabbit, I'm coming at your door

Tracks behind the stacks better yo I'm brought showa
I'm showa, unlike others wanna pop u
Use a pistol drop dogging that shit you need to stop
'Cause when I approach and you can't back up
What you said [Toma]
Fly you fucking head like that
Now when I'm in Atlanta, you know what I wanna hear
[Yeah you get props over here]
Texax, uhh, you know what I wanna hear
[Yeah you get props over here]
When I'm out in Chicago, you know what I wanna hear
[Yeah you get props over here]
Out in DC, you know what I wanna hear
[Juju]
Real niggas do real things and that's a fact
And real niggas could lick their hoes in niggas backs
And your life's down like a heavy price to pay
For some bullshit that you ain't even had to say
But don't sweat that, 'cause I'm 'ma let you keep your
head
If I wanted to kill, you're already be dead
I gotta a lot of things to do, a lot of money to make
I got no time for you and all the moves you fake
Taking care of business yeah without a doubt
And I'm 'ma make a million dollars kid before I'm out
Yeah I gotta give a shout to my peeps in Corona

Going hand to hand gettin' loot on the corner

Life is full of stress and to rest my brain

So I puff the buddha bless and destroy the pain

I gotta a lot of things to do, a lot of money to make

I got no time for you and all the moves you fake

When I'm in Japan, you know what I wanna hear

[Yeah you get props over here]

When I'm out in London, you know what I wanna hear

[Yeah you get props over here]

Hey when I'm in Norway, you know what I wanna hear

[Yeah you get props over here]

And when I'm out in Paris, you know what I wanna hear

[Yeah you get props over here]

Beatnuts in the house

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