

The Beatnuts

"World Famous"

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[VERSE 1: Psycho Les]

The wiggedy-wicked
Les starts to rip shit
Beatnuts makin crazy noise with some hip shit
24-track, e.q.-ed to attack
Pump mo' watts than any Radio Shack
Black, I stick to bein ruff and rugged
Anti-pop, I guess I'll stay broke (Fuck it!)
A crazy hispanic, Psycho Les panic
Nah, not me, I just pull the automatic
Out the knapsack, and cold point it
Blast ya, and leave your punk-ass disjointed
Yo, I ain't goin out like a punk
Nothin but fat rhymes and beats for your trunk to pump
I make you wanna jump like Kris Kross
(Beatnuts gonna blow up!) Slow down on that Crazy
Horse
My hand's tied from the mic it holdes
I'ma jet up the block before the record shop closes

[VERSE 2: V.I.C.]

V.I.C., droppin styles you ain't used to
Nice with the lyrics, when I produce I get looser
Beats I got plenty, they come a dime a dozen
I got more beats than Puertoricans got cousins
Diggin every day, I'm the breakbeat doodle
I got the funky shit, ask my main man Ju-Ju
Jump in the trunk, we Audi on a mission
(Guess where we're goin?) Philadelphia, beat-fishin
There's always one store niggas always get stuck on
I know a lotta spots that are ain't puttin ya up on
Find your own beats, you're a real snuffalafagus
Lazy muthafucka, you're always bummin off of us
You know there's no one finer
Diggin for shit from here to North Carolina
The name is V.I.C., it's time to dilly-dally
First I hit Texas, then I'm 'goin back to Cali'

[VERSE 3: Ju-Ju]

Ju-Ju, the true blue funk nigga
I'll with the grooves, it's the real beat-digger

(Buyin old records is a habit) --> Diamond D
But if I can't afford to pay, I'll bag it
You can laugh and joke, but you'll never see me smile
Ruff and rugged, kickin the hardcore freestyle
Flavor-filled funk, bust the way I word it
Punks who pop junk, kid, tend to get murdered
Not a violent kid, though
Prefer to freak the flow, check it
Loop a funky 45, and I'll wreck it
Face it, here's somethin to make you jump around
(Jump around!) And 'get down, get down'
Honeys always sock me tryin to get my attention
Flexin, schemin on the carmel complexion
Ju-Ju, the beat man, under God's protection
Beatnuts makin moves like a mob connection

[Les]
Yeah, yeah
Gonna send this one out
To cool-ass Fash
My man Daddy Rich
Can't forget Lucien
[Name]
Constipated Monkeys
[Name] in the house
My man Johnny
Word up

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