

## Find That

The Beatnuts

Step in my pride again balloons you're swallowin'  
Importin' it transportin' it  
Through metal detectors no one's followin'  
Coast is clear from the east coast to South America, MEDELLIN  
Known for doin dirt but my tracks clean  
As I whistle you get hit by a missile  
While you're eatin' dinner tryin' to reach for your pistol  
You's a beginner, at this  
You need practice  
My label put doe on the table  
For me to whack kids  
I whack 'em body bag 'em trunk 'em  
Daily routine my product bring new fiends  
From new areas my tunes start spreadin' like bacterias  
Yo fuck rubber glovin' it my peeps is lovin' it  
Niggas is tapin' it uh dubbin' it  
I give it to you raw out the speaker  
While you indoors like a fuckin' house keeper  
Dustin' I be outdoors hustlin'  
Track gamblin' scrabbalin' my doses like eggs  
Niggas don't pay (what you do?) I brake legs  
Snap necks shoot off techs do like the IRS  
And reposes your fuckin' Lex

Yo where the fuck my car? (Ah man you don't understand)  
What?! (T.N.T. rolled up) What? Aahhh I'm out.

Undoubtedly techniques shine through let it be known  
Mics torchin' MC's who intersect my zone  
It's the beer drinkin' cuban linkin' money thinker  
Lethal joy ride homicide body sticker  
Muder when I slip into hysteria mode  
As I rise to terrorize every area code  
Junkyard like a crook in the night  
I want mines I take mines dressed in black holdin' the mic  
Now give me my loot and no stories  
Excuses just bore me so nigga don't try to reassure me  
Here's the plan you need to have my money on hand  
If you don't then you gon die where you stand  
Surprise I'm never lettin' shit slide by  
Nigga either you gon come correct or you die  
So if you owe me money better find that shit  
Cause nigga will die quick behind that shit

If you owe me money better find that shit  
Cause niggas will die quick behind that shit

It's the hard little pistol packin'  
Money stackin' super down low never know  
Honey mackin'  
Scared, never catchin' cases yo whatever  
Cleverly we keepin' the block sewn together  
React like a cat always elude danger  
Cause I ain't never sold no drugs to no stranger  
The rearranger of beats and baselines  
It's hardcore keepin' it raw e'ry time

NYPD lookin' for me knockin' at 1G  
Nobody home ask my neighbor nobody know  
Where I'm at where I be what I'm doin'  
How I'm livin' limo drivin' women screwin'  
Up my stack comin' short I ain't havin' it  
See that fat link on your neck? I'm grabbin' it  
The clocks tickin' and I'm a time that shit  
You got 24 hours to find that shit  
If you owe money better find that shit  
Cause bitches is dyin' TOO behind that shit