

Buying out the Bar

The Beatnuts

Sh-sh-shake it, Sh-sh-shake it

[Psycho Les]

I put my hand on my rhyme book and promise to say the truth

When I, enter the studio and blaze the booth

And make a joint to raise the roof

And leave the place roofless

Intoxicated Demons demonic like the group KISS

I gets wicked, we gon' make a bomb to wake up

The industry, so prepare for the three, like the musketeers

We paid dues, blood and tears

Waste the years, (blazin), and drinkin beers

Nah fuck that, better believe I'ma come back

And make my new shit heard, like a gun clap (BLOWW)

What I think you should do? Is just run back

To the lab, flip your music, and your drum track

Beatnuts, off the hook, like a telephone

Competition, shook and soft, like it's silicon

When we come through, hit y'all with the 1, 2...3, 4

Blow it up like it's C-4

[Hook x 2]

Buyin out the bar ain't nothin

Got the VIP on lock we thuggin

Shorty bouncin in them things wearin nothin

Lookin like she wanna give into somethin

[JuJu]

Eyes chinky man, lookin like Ho Chi Min

With a shorty tryin to get out, the clothes she in

The position I'm mostly in

Is ahead of the game, and they don't even come close even

Yo, you do it with such pizzazz

We do it over real beats with lyrics that'll bust ya ass

Ju always had a nose for cash

Always threw a punch like a maniac, I'm down to crash

Put the pressure, soundwave be on measure

Niggas don't just flip beats, we flip treasures

Classical shit, gotta have it in the party

The battery pack to start movin everybody

When you hear it, you know who it be

Then you hear it in the cars, and everywhere you go in the street

Tryin to bless you with just the heat

That's a word from the Be