

# Do You Believe

The Beatnuts

Ayo, its ill when i'm heated how my heart stay cold  
write a rhyme that make the gats around the world explode  
now behold the burning malice of a treacherous soul  
first time I shot a gun duke , I was 12 years old  
But since then , I've never put it down my friend  
she go to war when I tell her  
fuck a who , why , when , til the end  
indeed its good to have and not need  
even better when you can shoot back and not bleed  
take heed , poppin like an El full of seed  
my team is gettin bigger , got more mouths to feed  
Shorty let me tell you bout my only vice  
it got to do with lots of money and it aint nothin nice  
it aint nothin nice

(2x)

Ay, you believe in God?  
you do , tell him to save you  
cause me and these niggaz here  
we aint tryin to save you  
regardless of the fact that its close to home  
I gotta finish your life , so I can start my own

my own nigga

Ayo , my audios guaranteed to lift the audience  
it was that time again  
so we gathered up 40 men  
40 ounces , trees burning , heads bouncin  
dollars is the mission  
sittin in the yoga position  
isolate my mind from your bitchin  
pulp fiction  
lose you in the mix in  
lets get this poppin , lock down the top 10  
knockin pretty boy cats on they ass each time we drop kid  
yeah , you know how we comin  
raw grooves with the funky drum drummin  
and when my song goes off  
you'll still be hummin  
noddin your head , or singin my chorus  
the after midnight feen  
the 4 in the morning blunt feen  
peelin dutches  
fill em in like taco shells  
willing judges  
wheeling jake with half a cake in my coat  
pointin gats like remotes  
at cats with federal notes  
tossin bodies off boats

(2x)

our own nigga, our own