

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