

Hellraiser

The Beatnuts

Intro:

We got that funk on lock "Ya, ya better, ask somebody"

Hook:

HARDCORE comin' with the beats and rhymes
GOT YOU HUMMIN' now you wanna press rewind
BEATNUTS COMBINE goin' line for line
A-YO JUJU "Hit me with that shit one time" - Method man

JuJu:

It's the hardcore funk come get your fill
From the pistol packin' punk raisin' hell with the dug grill
Nobody cares what I think so I drink
Causin' mad trouble pullin' guns in an eyeblink
From the depths of hell I make it known son
My mind frame makes MC's swallow they own tongue
I dismantle competition it's a sick shame
When I lose my composition and inflict pain
Doin' what I gotta do to obtain cash
Accountable for more dead bodies than a plane crash
I make it clear I'm a never be forgotten
And you couldn't find another MC that's more rotten
It's the junkyard nigga get your shit straight
Peace to all my niggas in Queens pushin' big weight
Rick Jan always takin' care of buisness
A shout to Coronna and I'm out with the quickness

Hook

A-yo Fash

Fashion aka Al Tariq:

I got so much of this and ah so much of that
And so much just fuckin' cool in my act
That niggas be stressin' me trying to mock my steelo
Me though, born just one smooth negro
I got it like that I make a bitch wanna dress up
Watch me slide in and see your fuckin' hoes press up on me
Fox like a oribious crazy they swarm me
But me jut cut my ballin' baby
I see like my section and ah, wanna perfect and ah
And slide my shit up in her motherfuckin' rectum bro
Erupt let off nuts just like a cannon
I'm standin' in the same damn spot I fuckin' Shannon in
Laid that ass hoes a wanta break want a drink
Did that 6-9 shit I'm suckin' clits she suckin' dick
But stickin' back and lay way back don't try to fester
Who posess more chicks then fuckin' P.M.S.

Hook

A-Yo Short Jive A-yo Psycho

Psycho Les:

Splash wet that ass just like a jacuzzi
Niggas all say "Who's he, the nigga with the uzi?"
The hardrockin' up the block state of mind
Just finished puffin' bout to sniff my second line of coke
Frequencies float like a fag see blunts

and six packs enjoy the fuckin' track
Blastin' for your listenin' pleasure attitude ? in the funky measures
I can rock it even if it ain't for the pocket
You need to wake up bro and smell the fuckin' chocolate
Hocus pocus you can try to focus
But you won't see me I see you like fuckin' Oprah's
Fat ass upon a fatass screen
Slice your Adams apple, kiwi strawberry snapple

Hook