

Hot

The Beatnuts

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Big Ju, nigga, the host with the Moses
Find a nigga up with the dough, with the toasters
Hoes say I keep it up like posters
Slap the first nigga that plays me the closest

Still drunk, still grabbing cloches
Dark and sneaky like the rats and the roaches
Careful in the way you cats approach us
'Cause playa, you more out of shape than the coach is

Junkyard nigga, collect yourself
You're letting that persona effect yourself
That's not enough armor to protect yourself
If we catch you coming through the projects of Delph

So be smart, duke and spread the wealth
We've got cannons here, looking for a head to melt
Hit you with 8 shots 'for the first one's felt
That's how we do it around here situation dealt

It's the Indiana Jones, funky stone city, cabrones
Names ring like cellular phones
Look back, fall back, catch a heart attack
'Cause there ain't nothing in the world, the nuts will ever lack

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I ain't got time to be playin' games with the same jokers
This wine don't stop, baby I stay focused
You're whole gangsta's bogus
Your the type to draw a weapon, just to draw attention

I pull your heart out, and leave you with your chest flaming
With no special effects by Wes Craven
This Psych Les reigning, tech and the mack spraying
Duck, before you be on your back laying

Know I'm saying? You asked for war
I'ma take my gloves off and smack your jaw
I just got back from tour, niggas running their mouth
Like their gurillas took the guns in their mouth

Now their not killas they not mad at me
Now they just screaming, "Don't kill me, I have a family"

It's big psych I push it down like gravity
And bring the pain to your brain like a cavity

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Beatnuts rock on, rock on
A Greg an' a, an' a, an' a, rock on, rock on
Beatnuts rock on, rock on
A Greg an' a, an' a, an' a, rock on, rock on

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A Greg, an' a, an' a, an' a rock on, rock on
Beatnuts rock on, rock on
A Greg ana, ana, ana rock on, rock on

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