

Muchachacha

The Beatnuts

Can I hit that?
It's Willie Stubz and Beatnuts, Beatnuts and Willie Stubz
What up, real pimp niggas on the cut, what up
Uh huh, let's blaze it
Yo check it out yo
I hit the world unexpected like a meteor shower
Twist L's, Hennesey sour, pass on the powder
Make an entrance like a vigilante wit a vengeance
Fight for independence, like my descendants
Write a whole chapter, compressed in one sentence
I blast in an instance, America's most makin' a toast
Fine women playin us close
Underground to the street level
Money and jewels we embezzle
Never play the fool for the devil
The temptation is there to hug you like a grizzly bear
Fuckin' wit the wild life, beware
Willie Stubz the under boss and I move wit force
When po-po take a loss I have no remorse
You know the deal, only blazin' shit that could feel
Beat nuts be movin' the crowd like blue steel
Cho-cha-cha, that's the three course meal

"Cha cha cha, forward back
Cha cha cha cha, back forward"

Yo I pop up like sicles
When you ain't on point like hard nipples
I flow, y'all clowns merely trickle
Like hot sweat down a fat bitch ass cheek
I'm so nice that I'm not, call me nasty
I bite my toenails and spit em at wack niggas
I used to sell crack, now I'm gettin' rap figgas
Too Hype to be Unsigned, so I unwind, puffin on vines, baby and nines
Till the spotlight is mine, pullin' up in the Lex truck
Wit four chrome rims, ha for the best buck
Three TV's and twelve-changer cd's
Bumpin' everything from Beatnuts to the Bee Gee's
Ain't nothin' funny like Missy wit her hee-hee's
M-C's get popped but not wit no Bibi's
Swing Calhoun and styles like Sassoon
Vidal, fuck a trial give me hundreds for miles

"Cha cha cha, forward back
Cha cha cha cha, ?put it on me?"

You don't know the half so
Sit down fatso, watch me blast boats like gas blows
Outta assholes, I'm on a roll
So butter me, bitches want to mother me
Take they bras off and smother me
Irkin' me, for an appointment
'cause they love jerkin me off the ointment
It's Psycho, the new pimp, the new pimp
Dead all the bullshit, get wit this new hit
As I hit the bong so, stay Puff like Sean Combs
Bang heads like bongos, you get the like The Gong Show

Catch you comin' out the tree spot
Cripple you wit a knee drop

Now you struttin' real cute like a peacock
Personal injuries when faces run into these
Y'all niggas need more treats, fuck them keyboard beats
Hip hop hippy, jump in my whippy
Light up the clippy and let the vibes hit me, c'mon

"Cha cha cha, forward back
Cha cha cha cha, back forward"

Yo I used to spit outta anger, now I just spit out a banger
Flip and pull your lungs out wit a hanger
I'm not a trouble-making nigga, but I handle my beef
You on some Eric B. shit like "What happened to peace?"
Got no problem wit smashin' teeth, fuckin' your wife
Robbin you nigga, kidnappin' your niece
Bless your cheek wit a permanent crease
I'm a problem you don't need
Y'all probably go run for police
Y'all could sell all the drugs in the world
Hang wit all the thugs in the world
Won't be the first hole that I dug in the world
Taste dick when you kissin your girl?
Well you should 'cause she swallow more nut than a squirrel nigga

"Cha cha cha, forward back"
Cha cha cha cha, back forward
Cha cha cha, forward back
Cha cha cha cha, back foward"