

My Music

The Beatnuts

(Whats that)

[Psycho Les]

Some incredible shit, some incredible shit uhh
Twist that baby up in here

[Armaretta]

'Ey yo Big Psych

[Psycho Les]

What up, what up Mami

[Armaretta]

Get on the mic and rock the M.I.C.

[Psycho Les]

Light a hell up, puff to my eyes swell up
When it comes to the green we got hell up
(My music bang, from here to releswelup (?))
Bang you with the music, or bang you accapella
Like my shorty ran up, said get the cheddar
I'm making to much I'm getting hated by the tela
I'm making so much I'm getting customized leather
Brand new shoes, twenty-twos and better
So I pass those talking birds like berreta
Heavy rotation like a propeller
Every station saying this is something you never
Never heard before
So crank it up and hit the art-core
(art-core) (art-core) (art-core) (art-core)
Yo, yo next up

[Armaretta]

Yo I believe that's me

[Psycho Les]

Armaretta, Rock the M.I.C.

[Armaretta]

Invisible being gangster on the game
If this about hottest bitch then you know my name
See me in the street better bring the theme
Brooklyn representitive, the road to fame
I sit back, laid back thinking 'bout all my gats spittin'
Host to your cat man, as long being tapped man
In the club my niggaz never left me
Go be getting out with knives 'cause security ain't checking
Thread me stupid better think twice
He don't know how I get when I'm in the bar nice
Hot licks no ice, everything look right
Here dun hold tight I dig hopping ass hoes man as
Build and see life's about getting paid
About getting laid, at the hard getting sprayed
BK build up, white fox silled up
You expect us to live
Six hundred a crib
Now who's next

[Problemz]
Yo I believe that's me
Passing the tree to Armaretta ripping it constantly
I specialize in distributing raw sixteens, tokem faries
Sending emcees out the frame
Like pigeons of my x-game
Intoxicated demon over skeemon
Only hit the key to club jumping
Niggaz in there trucks dumping
Mammis look that jump and then they truck humping
Jumping in my whip
All on my dick
It's flash booties like watertheme amusement
Jump on her producers
Hit the exit, the tunes is dumb soft
My lungs cough
Opens allergies and metaphoric
Parafurnelly or lyrically taking care of you
Who else could it be, but that nigga named Problemz
Alias capping camons with the flif up in your feelings
Be easy and fall back like an extra
And don't be extra, or catch extras
And see your extra large fitted
Whenever I spit it automaticly
And quit it problemo, fowl pass me the demo's
Next up

(Work that shit, that shit baby
Problemoz, Armaretta, Big Psych
Bounce, just bounce, come on bounce
That's my music, that's my music
Come on that's my music
Hip hop ? that's my music)