

Props Over Here

The Beatnuts

Showing love, with the fucking bass in your face
New York City have mercy one time, introducing the crew

Hey, you ain't really you and you ain't really down
Plus I'm tired of seeing you fucking for they face of ground
'Cause when I sit back and think back of how you found me
It make me react react my fucking yammy
Now I don't cock, though my mind is in the sewer
I just kick back six pack and then I do 'er
But she gets stuck on crowing like a cat
'Cause the toes got sucked on she don't know how to act
Back in the days I am 237, used to rumble Kevin
Backing hoes was like heaven
Eleven, years later I tried to hide
And hoped they pass me by like I'm the pharycyde
Just let me puff and lounge with my niggas
Don't have no time to fake funk with triggers
Don't believe in kids with that puts cat say
Fuck around with Fasion get your whole shit bit
Spend crazy years with the blues pay dues
Before I met the Psycho is in the junk yard juice
But now the crew combined and we can't be stopped
Going around the globe to collect the props
When I'm in New York, you know what I want to hear
Com' on, out in Cali, you know what I want to hear
When I'm down in Detroit, you know what I want to hear
Now when I'm out in Philly, you know what I want to hear
I get stoned everyday I gots nothing else to do
I'm getting drunk with my niggas 'til the night is through
And when the night is through, I won't have a fucking clue
Of what tomorrow will bring so I pay ten
Yo life's kind of funny if you don't make money
Then your days ain't fuckin sunny
Excuse me for my language
But I'm trying to get my last thing together
And bought the crib to be in my damn bids so never
Acted like I deserve to have it
I whipped I stabbed it I whipped I grabbed it you silly
Rabbit, I'm coming at your door
Tracks behind the stacks better yo I'm brought showa
I'm showa, unlike others want to pop you
Use a pistol drop dogging that shit you need to stop
'Cause when I approach and you can't back up
What you said
Fly you fucking head like that
Now when I'm in Atlanta, you know what I want to hear
Texax, uhh, you know what I want to hear
When I'm out in Chicago, you know what I want to hear
Out in DC, you know what I want to hear
Real niggas do real things and that's a fact
And real niggas could lick their hoes in niggas backs
And your life's down like a heavy price to pay
For some bullshit that you ain't even had to say
But don't sweat that, 'cause I'm 'ma let you keep your head
If I wanted to kill, you're already be dead
I gotta a lot of things to do, a lot of money to make
I got no time for you and all the moves you fake

Taking care of business yeah without a doubt
And I'm 'ma make a million dollars kid before I'm out
Yeah I gotta give a shout to my peeps in Corona
Going hand to hand gettin' loot on the corner
Life is full of stress and to rest my brain
So I puff the buddha bless and destroy the pain
I gotta a lot of things to do, a lot of money to make
I got no time for you and all the moves you fake
When I'm in Japan, you know what I want to hear
When I'm out in London, you know what I want to hear
Hey when I'm in Norway, you know what I want to hear
And when I'm out in Paris, you know what I want to hear
Beatnuts in the house