

Slam Pit

The Beatnuts

("Chill chill Marlon, chill")

Marlon: "Nah, yo, it's...I don't know this nigga B" ("Chill Marlon")

Marlon: "Why yo yo, put that down B, I don't know you son!

I DON'T KNOW YOU SON! HOLD UP HOLD UP!"

gunshots and screams

"I Links with the Cuban"

"I'm hard to kill, for real nigga, guard your grill" [Cuban Link]

[Cuban Link]

Yo flipmode is how this nigga roll

Finger on the trigger low

Quick to lick a shot for that bigger pot of gold

Lock and load, my heavy metal rock and rolls

If you gotta go, you gotta go

That's part of the show

My heart is cold like Antarctica, nailin niggas like carpenters

Stalkin the hardest squadrons

Spark them from New York to Arkansas

Watchin the projects how I got my logic

Economics is pickin pockets then we split the profit

The only shit I pop is when my glock spit

Watch for the cops since we spark the chocolate

Cuz the blocks are hotter than the fuckin tropics

In topless bars, college girls with no bras

My whole squad got blowjobs smokin Godfather cigars

Live large like Scarface

Parlay in a far place

No car chasin, she's watchin all the stars in space

Safe in sound in my playground with my trey-pound

Got eighty rounds just in case clowns wanna play around

I lay it down for them non-believers

Them non-achievein niggas that wanna be leaders but can never beat us

Ya'll better greet us if you ever see us

TS, Beatnuts, knuckle up but grab your mothafuckin heaters, word up

"Slammin MC's on cement" [Nas]

"The Beats and Nuts"

"Got you froze like gunpoint" [Psycho Les]

"It's the hard little pistol packin" [JuJu]

[JuJu]

It's the control freak, leave you wit a hole in your cheek

Worst attitude in rap, Ju stay on the streets

I gotta eat, the only thing I'm playin is keeps

You beats cost a lot of money but they sound real cheap

You sound weak, anemic like you get no sleep

Fuckin with me, you outta your mind, get outta your jeep!

Know I'm gonna beat you till the police come

And tell niggas who the fuck I got that Rollie from (The Beats)

[Psycho Les]

Jump in the Pit

Beatnuts fuckin up shit

Ju hold my gun and the clip

As I smoke one and spit

Ammo over the piano

For a man's show, you don't understand bro!
You do, don't make me laugh at your ass
Cuz you don't even know the HALF of the HALF!
When I crash on the scene
You know it's me and a bunch of crazy cats outta Queens
So hide your shine, hold your bitch and stop smiling
Beatnuts will never stop wildin
Pit Fighting and rockwilding!

"Common Sense gonna tell ya!"

[Common]

Picture a king
Wit heater, holy book, and big rings
Real niggas doin big things
Interpreting dreams off of Jim Beam
Ain't shit Sweet but Sixteens
My gods got the block sewn to the inseem
I'm on the other side tryin to get green
So I fast at grass and ass at least a day
War with self I battle the Middle Eastern way
Bring heat like the months that's east of May
Casted in the role and saw a new school nigga that knows the old
G memory I hold the scroll, my flow is a Road
Less Travelled, you rock but been through less gravel
My mystique suggest battle, and what have you
Rip a nigga from New York to west coast, Chicago
Don't give a fuck where he from
He'll get beat like a drum
Till this rap goes numb, seekin the hot producer for circu-lation
I strangled his string music and suffocate his drum
Wanted to be a star until I seen I was the sun
Got my weight up like Pun
Improvise to get ass, emphasize to get past
Fuck a mic check, I bring my flow in cash