

## Treats

## The Beatnuts

This is only the beginning that ain't got no end, nigga  
Only the beginning, baby  
This is only the beginning that ain't got no end

Let off a couple, for all my niggas startin trouble  
Souls are lost up in the shuffle, now apocalypse will bubble  
When the sky begins to crumble I'll exist amongst the galaxy  
The suns, the stars, the moons, in it's universal majesty  
Simply verbal mastery is absurd when I spit this  
This lyricist stay on mad judge and DA's shitlist  
They try to prosecute me but I murk they only witness  
Now go and get your critics, they favorite rappers and mimicks  
While I leave em with a slitted wrist, stick up em at they tickets  
With my niggas Psycho Les and Corona don nigga JuJu  
My style move crowds like ( ? ) in Honolulu  
Holdin mics like how the Source is, ram a fork through your fortress  
Nogoodus be victorious, you other rappers get off it

It's the narc'ie, taggin up places with a sharpie  
Faces in the dark be blazin ( ? )  
When they see us, World's Famous Beatnuts, they greet us  
Honeys wanna meet us, duckies try to defeat us  
But that's Impossible like a Mission Tom Cruise couldn't even accomplish  
I'm leavin after I bomb this  
Properly, bring the noise to your property  
You probably call the cops on me, it's gotta be  
The Beatnuts if it's rare to the ear  
This year and every year, we gettin props everywhere  
I don't fuckin care what you claim hip-hop is  
My production bounce pretty like brown titties that are topless  
It's the horniest, Psycho bulgin  
Son be the corniest like Michael Bolton

...part of me probably  
Cause a catastrophe, me and my faculty  
Actually it was extinct till when we linked  
And to think these bitches pack millies in the mix  
Makes me proud to be aloud and speak on how  
And what and like Rakim I'm movin the crowd  
I hold my gun with a psychotic grin, my metropolis  
Populates a gang of arsonists  
Build like a architect, the street publicist  
Hey yo, this is the issue  
I wet bodies and rip tissues, my niggas miss you

As I get hold a few things be gettin harder  
Many kids be gettin larger but I'm keepin my guards up  
To protect myself from a wealthy environment  
Not to face my dark side is my first assignment  
But I can't face that with a mack or a squaw  
It takes myself and my mind to take charge  
But since I'm a outcast, no American Dream  
Brains to work, cause I'ma search for a scheme  
I hang with a gun cause everyone has one  
I move along with the world cause there be no re-runs  
Nigga

You know the circumstance said to me: You don't stand a chance  
I cause a avalanche to put you in a ambulance  
You lost sight, makin the moves you frostbite  
Same cowards that be duckin to the sounds of exhaust pipes  
Scared to tell, paranoid in this ghetto life  
Razor blade, gunplay is how they settle fights  
We into witchcraft, quick cats, they flip fast  
Stocking cap, facin a gun through a thick class  
The bankteller make you richer than a gram seller  
You in the jam, fella, doin time like Mandela  
But check the consequence, ain't too late to switch plans  
They say I'm broke but in my mind I'm a rich man  
The way I strike you recognize that you need time  
Don't need no psychics, through your eyes I can read mines  
While you feed swine, while you breathe wine, while you eat crime  
I take the time to make rhymes to make my seeds shine  
With efficient flows, so duck when the pistol blows  
( ? ) of breath, a kiss of death under the mistletoe