

Yeah You Get Props

The Beatnuts

You know sho' nuff, Nuts got bass in your face
Take a taste, World Famous trio in the place
In a race, cock and blast for your sugar
Bucking niggas off just like I was picking boogers
I heat up, now I got the competition fired
Said he better than the Kool then the nigga's fucking lying
Cause I'm a trip up, when I slip up, maybe rip him
He with his man then I gotta fucking dip him
Pa-pow, give him one right to the kisser
Used to peep a shorty and I think her name's Clarissa
I miss her, plus the way she freak when I'm sleeping
But I'm out to get the loot so I gotta keepin keepin
Keeping on, til the props come rolling
In, a billion women, I be like holding
Folding up my glocks cause the Fashion's def
I bring my homeboy in, I just kicked my last breath

Yeah nigga, get live, it don't matter
I got the double-oh shottie, 12 rounds to make your body splatter
With the ill-type flow, a wild renegade
Blowing niggas up for dough and just getting paid
Yo my style eats through, it's like cancer
Eliminating your whole crew and your dancer
Never front, I do work, believe that
Now I wonder why you and your crew couldn't see that

You know what I wanna hear, you know what I wanna hear!
(Yeah you get props!) (Repeat 4x)

Uh, pass me the M-I cro P-H-O-N-E, tracks we got plenty
To spread, yep, I had to fuck up Fred
Cause he caught me fucking Wilma donkey style on his bed
Fucking red-handed, the Nuts have landed
Busting nuts in bitches guts and then leaving 'em stranded
In an abandoned house, no blouse trying to escape
Got the bitch on video tape
You should have saw her trying to scratch the face on the villian
Told the bitch to stay the fuck out the woods but she chillin
So with no hassle let me catch you by my castle
If you're a bitch I'll fuck you, if you're a nigga I'll blast you
Ask a question, 3 seconds to answer
Kill a photographer shooting as a freelancer
On a mission trying to peek over my shoulder at the vinyl
The wino, coming at your ass like a rhino
Punk you know what I know, who deserves props
See you couldn't figure B out with an autopsy
Huh, it's like that, we could never be the wack
Black it's like this, step up and get dissed

You know what I wanna hear, you know what I wanna hear!
(Yeah you get props!) (Repeat 4x)

Yeah word up, this shit goes out to my niggas Edison and Slam up North
3CF Mob in effect, kid

Yeah, to all my niggas, all my niggas upstate, youknowhatimsaying?
Count Munce, my brother Devon, the whole crew, youknowhatimsaying?

Curry Clan, my nigga Sam Dean, you know what

Strange boinging noise