

# Beatnuts, Let's Git Doe

Beatnuts  
Miscellaneous  
Let's Git Doe  
[Fatman Scoop]  
\*cough, cough\*  
Ya ya, ya  
Fatman Scoop, Beatnuts  
Yo, yo, yo yo

Fatman Scoop, Crooklyn Clan  
Fatman Scoop, Crooklyn Clan  
Fatman Scoop, Crooklyn Clan  
Beatnuts, Beanuts, Beatnuts \*echo out\*  
(x2)

[Psycho Les]  
Let's rock and roll  
Put some real hip hop in your soul  
Over this track there's no stoppin the flow  
Let's blast off in a ridiculous way  
Face off, like Nicolas Cage  
Slam pit, you get crushed, you should know better  
And now you stuck, like you don't know where to (go go)  
Make you a believer  
Chop you in the neck with a mothafuckin meat cleaver  
It's cool, you can fool the kids  
But you can't fool niggas that live  
The lifestyle, the lifestyle, the lifestyle, the lifestyle

[CHORUS]  
Everybody let's get doe (get doe)  
VIP in the disco (disco)  
What you drinkin on cris mo (cris mo)  
Light it up and get twisto (twisto)  
(x2)

[Juju]  
Yo, don't think about work, don't think about shit  
Don't drink just two shots, drink about six  
It's a party baby get that right  
Lotta ladies in the house tonight  
I'm fuckin drunk and the music is tight  
It's the nuts and we at it again  
Fuck this shit, either you or your friends better believe it  
Cuz the fun never ends, you know a live nigga never pretends  
Never cry about the money he spends  
Vacation mami, let that go, whatever happens here stay here, ain't that so?  
You sexy, better let that show  
Come over here and light that droe  
About love, we can make that slow

[Fatman Scoop]  
You gotta bottle of Cris, throw it up, throw it up  
You got a bottle of Mo, throw it up, throw it up  
(x2)

CHORUS (x2)

[Psycho Les]  
Ain't nothin but crooks in here  
Everyone's high in here  
Beatnuts is pioneers  
Masters of the ceremony, takin it there  
Look at me, I'm a monster y'all created

You met me once, now we related  
You goin' round town sayin Psych's my cousin  
Bitches see me on TV and scream 'That's my husband!'  
You want me to go down, down like Nelly  
But the dugout's smelly, so give me head and get the smell out the telly  
\*Get the smell outta here\*

[Fatman Scoop]  
Go, go, go, go, go, go

CHORUS (x2)

All my ladies say uh oh \*uh ohhhh\*  
All my niggas say ay yo \*ay yoooo\*  
(x2)

ay yoo, ay yoo, ay yoo, Beatnuts wild out  
(x4)

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, now keep your hands up  
Go, go, go, go, go, go, now keep your hands up  
Go, go, go, go, go, go, now keep your hands up  
Go, go, go, go, go, go, now keep your hands up