

Beatnuts, Psycho Dwarf II

Beatnuts

Miscellaneous

Psycho Dwarf II

"Get on down" (repeat 4X cut and scratched)

[CHORUS]

I wanna fuck, drink beer, and smoke some shit!

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Who up in this piece?

[Psycho Les]

A bunch of thug vandals, runnin drug scandals

Pullin hons by their love handles

Take their funds, mug their man too

Chop their head off, put it on the mantle

Beats programmed to stand you and slam you

(Wicked man!) Yeah son, that's the ticket

Nuts gettin funkier than Wilson Pickett

Watch me kick it, Grand Imperial lunatic

Get the dough, set the show, wet a hoe with my super dick

Nut, then I got ghost

You got ta be clean in between, not gross

I bust the illy style your ears ain't used to

The Nuts make the music for the crowd to get loose to

So honeys in the house if you're hot, lift your blouse

Brothers if you're thirsty, crack the forty ounce

Beats I smack em out the stadium, I never bunted

I go all night, you got a light, let's get blunted

Light up, pass it, so I can puff

You can't get enough of the rugged and rough

Anti-pop, we ain't singin like klutz

Check it, World's (World's) Famous (Famous) Beat (Beat) Ugh

[JuJu]

Well it's the Junkyard nigga with the funk flow screamin

Hardcore, crazy bad breath like a demon

Retarded from birth, see, I ain't got no class

I used to fart in church and tell the preacher kiss my ass

Freakin mad styles catchin seizures, yo

It's the Psycho Dwarf killer with a Cesar, bro

Ugly like shit, my style's crooked

Any piece of ass I ever got is cause I took it

Yo, I'm invisible, niggas can't see me, kid

I did a short bid and came out cock diesel, kid

Junkyard JuJu, so you know

Strap full metal jacket every fuckin place I go

So play Dionne Warwick's song and Walk On By

Or maybe stick around for a Columbian Necktie

Whatever the fuck you do, just get out the place

I got some shit to blow that smile right off of your face

[Gotti of Nogoodus]

Yo, I'm from a unclean place, my son scheme papes

And as a youth I always tried to keep a dumb mean face

My lungs seen waste, the live flame keep my records framed

All my bitches tame, pen and pencils named, it's all a mental game

Haha, y'all make me laugh, bitches takin baths

With niggas doin stinky maths, so keep a safety stash

Cowards turnin crazy fast, let off a hater's blast

Let's show em they really sensitive like newborn baby ass

Strictly blazin hays and grass (?) verbal massacres

Slash your wrist, make you laugh and piss, you don't know the half of this
My style is great, I annihilate a pile of weight
Try to take what's mine - mistake, you ain't dyin late
Chop your head like a cake and fry your face until your eyeballs dilate
Don't ever think you violate, word up, knowmsayin
Ain't no one comin in between me and my shit

[CHORUS]

(Hardcore, that make the brothers act fool)☐-> Erick Sermon