

Beatnuts, The, Slam Pit - Feat. Cuban Link And Common

Beatnuts, The

Musical Massacre

Slam Pit - Feat. Cuban Link And Common

[cuban link]

"i'm hard to kill, for real, nigga guard your grill" --> cuban link

Yo, yo, 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 a nautica nailin niggaz like carpenters

Stalkin the hardest squadrons, spark em from new york to arkansas

Watchin the projects is how i got my logic

Economics is pickin pockets then we split the profit

The only shit i pop is what my glock spit

Watch for the cops since we spark the chocolate

Cause the blocks are hotter than the fuckin tropics

In topless bars, college girls with no bras

My whole squad got blow jobs smokin godfather cigars

Live large like scarface, parlayin to far place

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

Safe and sound in my playground with my tre pound

Got eighty rounds just in case clowns wanna play around

I lay it down for them non-believers

Them non-achievin niggaz that wanna be leaders but can never beat us

Y'all better greet us if you ever see us (word up)

Ts, beatnuts, double up, but grab your motherfuckin heaters

Sample interlude

--slammin mc's on cement--

--the beats, the nuts--

--got you froze like gun point--

[juju]

--it's the hard-little pistol packin--

It's the control freak, leave you with a whole in your cheek

Worst attitude in rap, ju stay in the streets

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

Your beats cost a lotta 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

Ya know i'm gonna beat you till the police come

And tell niggaz who the fuck i got that roly from

[psycho les]

--psycho les--

Yeah, ugh, what...jump out the rover and let you know its over

And grab you with a crowbar and snap you in a coma

Drug you with my music son, you'll never sober

While your chicks on my --boing-- on a leather soafer

Chillin there, iced out billionaire

In war clothes blastin as i blast led through your versace wardrobe

What! motherfuckers

--slammin mc's on cement--

Ugh

[common]

--common sense, common's tellin ya--

Picture a king, with heater, holy book, and big rings

Real nigga doin big things interpreting dreams

Off the jim bean, ain't shit sweet for sixteens

My gods got the block sewn to the inseam

I'm on the other side, trying to get green

So i fash and trash that ass at least a day

Warrin with self i battle, the middle eastern way
Bring heat like the months, that's east of may
Casket in the road and saw a new school that knows the old
This memory i hold the scroll, my flow is a road...less traveled
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 medusa from circulation
I strangle this string music, and suffocate a drum
Wanted to be a star till i seen i was the sun/son
Got my weight up like pun
Improvise to get ass, emphasize to get passed
Fuck a mic check, i bring my flow in cash

Talkin to fade