

Beatnuts, 2-3 Break

Beatnuts
Miscellaneous
2-3 Break

[Psycho Les]

People call me the drunk, off the thick funk
Just to prove I'm ?luida? bag your whole start like ?meshuda?
Click back, put a hollow point cap in your temple
We get caught, it's strictly mental
A stone crook, I don't go by the book
You can't fool me with your gangsta look
I've truncated ??? on my turf for wet pay
When I roll a blunt, they'd better roll away
Out, and don't try talking bold
Cause I'll smack you with a bat just like "Walking Tall"
What? You punk, who's gonna defend you?
When I bumrush your ass and stick an icepick in you
Quick, your bitch caught a splinter from my dick
Cause she gave me a woodie in the parking lot behind Mc-
Donald's, the bed slammer again stick 'em both
With my king-size dick, and Donna King sized hand again

□*gunshot* "2, 3, Break!"

[Fashion]

I go so much of this style coming from my lips while
Washed-up ducks get dumped in motherfucking shit piles
Bang, I got my own thang, gang ain't a proper
Drop a, hollow-point shelly on a copper
Let 'em fucking know who's Kool where I'm coming from
Slept for a while on my style now I'm stunning 'em
Bagging 'em, plus I hit their hoes in the mean
Cause all I ever want is fame, bitches, and the green
Seen crazy niggas get lost in the shuffle
With dreams turned to rubble then bust like a bubble
Ta-dow, now, that's how it's falling
Whether I'm hitting skins or motherfucking ballin
Hanging with my crew on the Peakskill plain
I throw my shit when laying a bitch so get off my dick
Trick, you know my style, no it ain't no use
Cause I keep your hoes wet like a fucking douche

□*gunshot* "2, 3, Break!"

[JuJu]

Taking 'em out, no hass, I be the owner of my rhymes
Will make niggas collapse into a coma
Product of a concrete hell, I'm on a mission
Deadly with intent to shell the opposition
Fucking with this flow, come on, yo that's treason
Niggas fuck around and get shot for no reason
Junkyard nigga, represent everytime
Corona's in the house and yo Gab!
(Bust and rip the skills!)

[Gab]

My rhymes wake up to a 9.4, ready for war
Come up, I false my fronts with your spinal chord
Before I got the drive, I possess and tox
And I'm trying to survive under a cyanide landslide
But that ain't nothing like a penny anymore
Cause I assault niggas who couldn't launch shit with catapults
So if you ever hear the name Gab One
Don't even sweat it, the worst hasn't even begun

[JuJu]

Word up, it's like that, Beatnuts, Triflicts in the house, kid
19, and one, you know what I'm saying? Word