Beatnuts, Are You Ready

Beatnuts
Miscellaneous
Are You Ready
Intro-
What we gonna do right here is.....
Yeah, yeah, come on, come on
Yeah, yeah, come on, come on, come on
Check it out, check it out
Yo, yo, yo Who the fuck is that nigga rhymin' on the mic?
WHO IS THIS MOTHERFUCKER?

Psycho Les-
It's the wicked, nigger with the super dick
Fuckin' ho's like I'm supposed to be in a flick, UH!
One time, I tap yo mind, I got you hummin'
Now you want to press rewind
I pour rhyme in your ear to develop suds
Slice the fuckin' Philly and break up the buds
Who's Buddha? I don't know, is it a special
Stick a fork in your neck and pop a blood vessel
The hispanic shaft packs a gat, too
Permanent scar your ass like a tattoo
Slam dunk the funk in your trunk, punk!
Da Doom Doom, Do Doom

Fashion-
Yeah, cool makin' moves nigger so smooth
Scarin' ya, hangs up in the 'Skills
But Queens is like the area
I stare at ya, tear at ya, break that back
Now crack the fuckin' sack and roll that shit black!
Act like you want a nigger and watch me hit him
Then I have my shottie' let my brother Divine get him
We got him, ho's comin' through in the clutch
She said I only suck that dick cause I love you so much
Said I only lick them balls cause you so game tight
And you keep my ass climbing the fuckin' walls at night
So hit me, hit me one time, let me flex it
Crew's still makin' moves but now I've gots to exit

chorus 4x

Fashion-
Hold up, you know I gots to get my wreck off
Fuckin' rugged like a dog about to bite your neck off
Police still puttin' fear in the hearts of mad crews
Leavin' people lyin' dead in the street with no clues
Soul like a mother got the funk on lock
You can hear my sounds echo through the urban block
Got stacks of stocks, and fat beats to knock
Got you open now you're hopin' that the junkyard rocks

Grand Puba:
Okay here goes the blow, the bag, the mint
Grand time to represent flava so strong
Fills the room like Buddha stick, uhuh, don't like choke
Gotta get paid so we're tryin' to go for broke
Beatnuts hit the rhythm and I join right with 'em
Niggas can't see this flow so it's time to down sit 'em
I kick the flow for the niggas with the bald heads
Dreads, and 'fros, honey's, but no ho's
Oops! I didn't mean to call you ho, bitch
But when you try to clock the pocket that's that bullshit!
So let's get down with one of New York's finest

Seed to the brain like Primatine to clear the sinus
Grand Puba, Stud Doogie with the mad style
Beatnuts comin' with the rugged(Hey You, watch out now!)
It's on motherfucker, can't you see that?
No shame in the game, so Doogie where the weed at?

(Chorus 5x)

Right now you're as high as a junkie with a hundred-dollar habit...