Beatnuts, Buyin' Out The Bar

Beatnuts Miscellaneous Buyin' Out The Bar Sh-sh-shake it, Sh-sh-shake it

[Psycho Les]

I put my hand on my rhyme book and promise to say the truth When I, enter the studio and blaze the booth And make a joint to raise the roof And leave the place roofless Intoxicated Demons demonic like the group KISS I gets wicked, we gon' make a bomb to wake up The industry, so prepare for the three, like the musketeers We paid dues, blood and tears Waste the years, (blazin), and drinkin beers Nah fuck that, better believe I'ma come back And make my new shit heard, like a gun clap (BLOWW) What I think you should do? Is just run back To the lab, flip your music, and your drum track Beatnuts, off the hook, like a telephone Competition, shook and soft, like it's silicon When we come through, hit y'all with the 1, 2...3, 4 Blow it up like it's C-4 [Hook x 2] Buyin out the bar ain't nothin Got the VIP on lock we thuggin Shorty bouncin in them things wearin nothin

[JuJu]

Eyes chinky man, lookin like Ho Chi Min With a shorty tryin to get out, the clothes she in The position I'm mostly in Is ahead of the game, and they don't even come close even Yo, you do it with such pizzazz We do it over real beats with lyrics that'll bust ya ass Ju always had a nose for cash Always threw a punch like a maniac, I'm down to crash Put the pressure, soundwave be on measure Niggas don't just flip beats, we flip treasures Classical shit, gotta have it in the party The battery pack to start movin everybody When you hear it, you know who it be Then you hear it in the cars, and everywhere you go in the street Tryin to bless you with just the heat That's a word from the Beatnuts baby, that's yours to keep

[Hook x 2]

[Yelling x 4]
I just wanna get my freak in the club
Get my weed, get my drink, get my rug
I've been workin all week, what the fuck?
All the ladies in the house, show me love

Lookin like she wanna give into somethin

scratches "Live On The Air" to fade