

Beatnuts, Do You Believe

Juju:

Ayo , its ill when i'm heated how my heart stay cold
write a rhyme that make the gats around the map explode
now behold the burning malice of a treacherous soul
first time I shot a gun duke, I was 12 years old
But since then, I've never put it down my friend
she go to war when I tell her
fuck a who, why, when, til the end
indeed its good to have and not need
even better when you can shoot back and not bleed
take heed, poppin like an EI full of seed
my team is gettin bigger, got more mouths to feed
Shorty let me tell you bout my only vice
it got to do with lots of money and it aint nothin nice
it aint nothin nice

Chorus: (2x)

Ay, you believe in God?
you do, tell him to save you
cause me and these niggaz here
we aint tryin to play you
regardless of the fact that its close to home
I gotta finish your life, so I can start my own

my own nigga

Psycho Les:

Ayo, my audios guaranteed to lift the audience
it was that time again
so we gathered up 40 men
40 ounces, trees burning, heads bouncin
dollars is the mission
sittin in the yoga position
isolate my mind from your bitchin
pulp fiction
lose you in the mix in
lets get this poppin, lock down the top 10
knockin pretty boy cats on they ass each time we drop kid
yeah, you know how we comin
raw grooves with the funky drum drummin
and when my song goes off
you'll still be hummin
noddin your head, or singin my chorus
the after midnight feen
the 4 in the morning blunt feen
peelin dutches
fill em in like taco shells
willing judges
wheeling jake with half a cake in my coat
pointin gats like remotes
at cats for the federal notes
tossin bodies off boats

chorus (2x)

our own nigga, our own