

# Beatnuts, Hellraiser

Beatnuts  
Miscellaneous  
Hellraiser  
Intro:

Este hermano esta enloquecido, amigo!  
Try to play me close and get loose  
Try to play me close and get loose  
(Damn, my ears are burning hot!)  
Damn, damn, damn, damn my ears are burning hot!  
Damn, goddamn, goddamn, damn my ears are burning hot!  
Yeah, yeah, yeah,

Verse One: Fashion

Damn my ears are burning hot  
I think I got fakin the funk  
Motherfucks up in my spot  
They know I'm gonna blow  
So they press up on  
The crew like gets dissed  
Like a fool when I'm gone  
SO GET OUT, AND LEAVE ME ALONE,  
CLOSE MY DOOR!  
I gotta whisper cause I got  
Some fuckin' ears on my floor  
They're tryin' to catch on  
To see who I'm givin' the hoot  
There it is square biz  
Don't say my kids  
[Psycho Les]  
All these phony motherfuckers wanna shake my hand  
And behind my back talk shit to the next man  
Click, bam, a hit to your block, you got beats, but stop!  
Your shit is wack!  
[Fashion]  
Yeah, you better keep it subliminal  
Cause I don't play, some say  
My style's type criminal  
And we can get down, yo for real  
Yeah, so whatever kid, do what you feel, sucker!

Chorus: repeat 4X

Try to play me close and get ghost, sucker!  
[Fashion]Beatnuts forever, die hard motherfuckers!

Verse Two: Psycho Les, Fashion

You see me and I see you  
But you still want to act like  
You don't see me, cool  
Years ago an A&R dissed  
Our fuckin' demos and said  
That shit was scarred  
BITCH, YOU BIG-TIME BITCH YOUR FOAMIN'  
YOUR LABEL'S SHIT AND YOU'LL REGRET IT IN A MOMENT  
Now you eat pills, while I puff on the Phils  
And still, you can't comprehend your skills

You remember the time, only after I performed  
You called my hotel door, you want to blow me like a storm  
But Blue, no matter what you do  
You can't trick this kid

Too cool, I thought you knew, fool!

Chorus

Verse Three: Fashion, Psycho Les

Now I got you trapped, feelin weak and nervous  
Word up, cause I be strapped like the Secret Service  
The cops they run me down for the guns I be wielding  
I'll murder a force to get lost between buildings  
Time to go to war, it's been a raiser, now I'ma flip  
Rippin more niggaz than an axe in a horror flick  
Doin mad crime, I remember the days well  
The demon inside of me had invited me to raise hell

I don't want to have to snuff nobody  
I just drink my twenties with coke with Bacardi  
Try to play me close and get ghost, sucker!  
Beatnuts forever, die hard motherfuckers!