

Beatnuts, Se Acabo (Feat. Method Man)

[Method Man]

Beatnuts, Mista Mef, you know how we do

"Se Acab&#oacute;";

[Ju Ju]

Free drinks on the house, word

Everybody drinkin tonight

(WHAT DA DEALLY?)

Por ah viene el perro, por ah viene

Cae la gorda por...

Yo check it out

Swing a bat on you like the devil himself

Put it on us, sickness or health

Makin you could only breathe wit help

I ain't playin, you don't wanna hear what you sayin yourself

Hit the street wit incredible beats

We reknowned for tearin it down

Never have you heard a similar sound

Like a drop off when shit pop off, feel a hot one

Side scorching from a hot gun

Niggas get lost in the buildings wit money and the children

Not the type to talk too much and catch feelin

Dominican flag over the bed on the ceiling

Protect everything I rep, that's the first thing

Many things follow, bullet stay hollow

You actin like we don't chew, you can't swallow

Niggas try to change my plans, I'ma beat you till I break my hands

Ju the German every place I stand ("Se Acab&#oacute;")

[Method Man]

All day everyday ("Se Acab&#oacute;") mothafuckers!

Step up front! What's goin on?

[Psycho Les]

Aiyyo it's Big Psych, baby you don't want no problems

Suckers want war, then yo bomb em

Bring the heat, squeeze the flame torch

Then peel out in a convertible gray Porsche

I'm three miles ahead of you, I took the plates off

Just in case your snitch wanna get paid off

Pull out the chainsaw, it's A Musical Massacre

Cut the head off the driver and the passenger

Sic my dogs after ya, have you climbin a tree

Just another crime in the street

Ain't nuttin better than findin a beat

So if you find that and try to blow my spot up

("You!") Get shot up "Se Acab&#oacute;";

Means "It's Over" bro, Method Man on the remix, it's over yo

"Se Acab&#oacute;" Beatnuts flip the beat, it's over yo

"It's a Beatnuts thing, yo you know how that go" [O.C.]

[Method Man]

What kind of Beatnut am I? Spanish Fly, P-O-P-P-I

(Who got the live special guest for the night?)

Excuse me as I kiss the sky

Yo one on one through the nasal

To put food on the table, I Rush Associated Labels

Huh, ready, willing and able to rock cradle

And rock steady, when I get the drop I drop heavy

Twist the metal, mask the machette

The god don't want beef, he want veggie

Plus signs over Deadly Medley

Who got em gassed on his own Getty
Battery back, he Eveready
Now what's fuckin wit that ha?
Not you, you chocha
I fuck wit Beatnuts, Livin La Vida Loca!
Callate la boca, see the Spanish Fly on the sofa
One word, he slap you wit the toaster
Keep it in the holster on safety
Put yourself in timeout, playin wit this dough, let me find out
You ain't hard to find though, barrel on your tonsils
Sigan hablando y siga mamando
"Se Acab&#oacute;" "Se Acab&#oacute;"
All day everyday "Se Acab&#oacute;" No doubt
What the fuck's goin on? Worldwide!
(Beatnuts)Write your own rhymes "Se Acab&#oacute;"
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah "Se Acab&#oacute;"
All you punk niggas walk it off, "Se Acab&#oacute;" wordup
We ain't playin over here yamean "Se Acab&#oacute;"