

Beatnuts, Slam Pit

(Cuban Link)

"I'm hard to kill, for real, nigga guard your grill" --> Cuban Link
Yo, yo, Yo flipmode is how this nigga roll
Finger on the trigger low, quick to lick a shot for that bigger pot of gold
Lock and load, my heavy metal rock and rolls
If you gotta go you gotta go, that's part of the show
My heart is cold like a Nautica nailin niggaz like carpenters
Stalkin the hardest squadrons, spark em from New York to Arkansas
Watchin the projects is how I got my logic
Economics is pickin pockets then we split the profit
The only shit I pop is what my glock spit
Watch for the cops since we spark the chocolate
Cause the blocks are hotter than the f**kin tropics
In topless bars, college girls with no bras
My whole squad got blow jobs smokin Godfather cigars
Live large like Scarface, parlayin to far place
No car chasin, she's watchin all the stars in space
Safe and sound in my playground with my tre pound
Got eighty rounds just in case clowns wanna play around
I lay it down for them non-believers
Them non-achievin niggaz that wanna be leaders but can never beat us
Y'all better greet us if you ever see us (word up)
TS, Beatnuts, double up, but grab your motherf**kin heaters

Sample interlude

--Slammin MC's on cement--
--The beats, the nuts--
--Got you froze like gun point--

(JuJu)

--It's the hard-little pistol packin--
It's the control freak, leave you with a whole in your cheek
Worst attitude in rap, Ju stay in the streets
I gotta eat, the only thing I'm playin is keeps
Your beats cost a lotta money but they sound real cheap
You sound weak, anemic, like you get no sleep
F**kin with me, you outta your mind? get outta your Jeep
Ya know I'm gonna beat you till the police come
And tell niggaz who the f**k I got that Roly from

(Psycho Les)

--Psycho Les--
Yeah, ugh, what...Jump out the Rover and let you know its over
And grab you with a crowbar and snap you in a coma
Drug you with my music son, you'll never sober
While your chicks on my --boing-- on a leather soafer
Chillin there, iced out billionaire
In war clothes blastin as I blast led through your Versace wardrobe
What! Motherf**kers

--Slammin MC's on cement--
Ugh

(Common)

--Common Sense, Common's tellin ya--
Picture a king, with heater, holy book, and big rings
Real nigga doin big things interpreting dreams
Off the Jim Bean, ain't shit sweet for sixteens
My gods got the block sewn to the inseam
I'm on the other side, trying to get green
So I fash and trash that ass at least a day
Warrin with self I battle, the Middle Eastern way
Bring heat like the months, that's east of May
Casket in the road and saw a new school that knows the old

This memory I hold the scroll, my flow is a Road...Less Traveled
You rock, but been through less gravel
My mystique suggest battle and what have you
Rip a nigga from New York to west coast, Chicago
Don't give a f**k where he from he'll get beat like a drum
Till this rap goes numb, seekin the hot Medusa from circulation
I strangle this string music, and suffocate a drum
Wanted to be a star till I seen I was the sun/son
got my weight up like Pun
Improvise to get ass, emphasize to get passed
F**k a mic check, I bring my flow in cash

Talkin to fade