

# Beatnuts, Straight Jacket

Beatnuts  
Miscellaneous  
Straight Jacket  
(Intro)  
BOOM!

Hah, yeah  
Turn my mic up a little bit  
Here we come now, uh, uh, uh  
Turn my mic up, yeah, hah  
Here we go  
You know when to bring them drums in, right?  
He got it....

JuJu-  
Check it out, with that sauerkrautt  
Get the flava that's nasty, that's what I'm about  
I said I'm top like a cherry, yo it gets no harder  
Straight from the cemetery, with bass like Ron Carter  
What's up cus, you forgot who I was  
Slept on THE BEATNUTS, now you're shocked from the buzz  
A crazy hispanic, no need to panic  
Drop words over beats, clear, no static  
Backflips, pullin' honies with the hips  
After a show, you say yo he really  
Ripped shit up, people all get up  
Treat your girl like a puppet, stick my fingers in up  
But, naw, I'm joking, Buddha smokin',  
Never chicken chokin', just donkey strokin'  
(DDDDRRRRROPPPPPPP!)  
And, bring me back in  
So I can do my thing, with a Beatnuts ring  
I go yeah, it's like that and uh  
I fucked aaah, and I'm plus fat and uh  
Then lit up a blunt, crack the 40 and  
What, you try to play me out like an accordion  
I'm here to drop bombs and snap on your moms  
And call the bitch a dirty custodian  
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all  
Beatnuts comin' out fat y'all

Chorus-  
You know that  
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets flapping, hands  
clapping  
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets flapping, hands  
clapping  
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets flapping, hands  
clapping  
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets flapping....

Yo, I be THE MACK  
Strapped to a chair, so I can't react  
When I close my eyes I don't see black  
I'm off to a desert where I'm free jack  
Mentally asleep

Listen to this(Group shout)

Fashion-  
I freakin' hard with your moms & your sister  
I hit her hard from the back, then I dissed her  
Foul and rude, that's my style  
I hate to smile, I like to drink  
Bust shots and act wild(Boom, boom, boom, boom...)

Now's my time, I'm gettin' paid  
Drive around in a nice car, gettin' laid  
Havin' mad fun, cause you know it don't matter  
It may sound bugged, but I'd like to live fatter  
Feel the vibe, check the flava  
You caught in a trance, now nothin' can save ya  
You lose your mind, then you lose your soul  
If it get's wild, then you lose control  
Yeah you can run, but you can't go far  
Everywhere you look, right there's where you are  
You hoped and dreamed to be a big rap star  
You dreamed your drivin' and you crashin' a car

Chorus-

You know that  
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets flapping, hands clapping  
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets flapping, hands clapping  
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets flapping, hands clapping  
Rapping is what's happening, keep your pockets flapping, hands clapping

I swing up on the scene like ming  
Smoke out and hittin' skins, just my type of thing  
Drain out your brains with the fuckin' double barrel  
Cool makin' moves with hips like a sparrow  
Electrify tricks with my hi-volt dick  
Still be rolling thick on that beef type shit  
My moves they do the switch like Jim Hendrix  
Bass lines they got you hooked now you want to fix  
Check it, licked 'em in Bombay, laid 'em in Bermuda  
Fucken thought you knew the time to pay the buddha  
Sparked by desire, you know what I mean  
Forever will I puff, but I hate to fiend  
Pull the chocolate thai stick get off the brick  
Makin' crazy moves with this Beatnuts click  
Junkyard, Psycho and cool-ass Fash  
We combine & intertwine for the hits and cash  
Shucks I got the nuts fingerfucks like a mani-  
Ac i got the knack with a track like a slaney, black  
So beat this chy'all  
Beat this y'all  
Beatnuts with the funky hits, y'all  
You know that

Rapping, keep your pockets flapping  
Rapping, keep your pockets flapping

Hands clapping, keep your pockets flapping.....