

Beatnuts, Treat\$

Beatnuts

Miscellaneous

Treat\$

This is only the beginning that ain't got no end, nigga

Only the beginning, baby

This is only the beginning that ain't got no end

[Nogooodus]

Let off a couple, for all my niggas startin trouble

Souls are lost up in the shuffle, now apocalypse will bubble

When the sky begins to crumble I'll exist amongst the galaxy

The suns, the stars, the moons, in its universal majesty

Simply verbal mastery is absurd when I spit this

This lyricist stay on mad judge and DA's shitlist

They try to prosecute me but I murk they only witness

Now go and get your critics, they favorite rappers and mimicks

While I leave em with a slitted wrist, stick up em at they tickets

With my niggas Psycho Les and Corona don nigga JuJu

My style move crowds like (?) in Honolulu

Holdin mics like how the Source is, ram a fork through your fortress

Nogooodus be victorious, you other rappers get off it

[Psycho Les]

It's the narc'ie, taggin up places with a sharpie

Faces in the dark be blazin (?)

When they see us, World's Famous Beatnuts, they greet us

Honeys wanna meet us, duckies try to defeat us

But that's Impossible like a Mission Tom Cruise couldn't even accomplish

I'm leavin after I bomb this

Properly, bring the noise to your property

You probably call the cops on me, it's gotta be

The Beatnuts if it's rare to the ear

This year and every year, we gettin props everywhere

I don't fuckin care what you claim hip-hop is

My production bounce pretty like brown titties that are topless

It's the horniest, Psycho bulgin

Son be the corniest like Michael Bolton

[Rawcotiks]

...part of me probably

Cause a catastrophe, me and my faculty

Actually it was extinct till when we linked

And to think these bitches pack millies in the mix

Makes me proud to be aloud and speak on how

And what and like Rakim I'm movin the crowd

I hold my gun with a psychotic grin, my metropolis

Populates a gang of arsonists

Build like a architect, the street publicist

Hey yo, this is the issue

I wet bodies and rip tissues, my niggas miss you

As I get hold a few things be gettin harder

Many kids be gettin larger but I'm keepin my guards up

To protect myself from a wealthy environment

Not to face my dark side is my first assignment

But I can't face that with a mack or a squaw

It takes myself and my mind to take charge

But since I'm a outcast, no American Dream

Brains to work, cause I'ma search for a scheme

I hang with a gun cause everyone has one

I move along with the world cause there be no re-runs

Nigga

[A.L.]

You know the circumstance said to me: You don't stand a chance
I cause a avalanche to put you in a ambulance
You lost sight, makin the moves you frostbite
Same cowards that be duckin to the sounds of exhaust pipes
Scared to tell, paranoid in this ghetto life
Razor blade, gunplay is how they settle fights
We into witchcraft, quick cats, they flip fast
Stocking cap, facin a gun through a thick class
The bankteller make you richer than a gram seller
You in the jam, fella, doin time like Mandela
But check the consequence, ain't too late to switch plans
They say I'm broke but in my mind I'm a rich man
The way I strike you recognize that you need time
Don't need no psychics, through your eyes I can read mines
While you feed swine, while you breathe wine, while you eat crime
I take the time to make rhymes to make my seeds shine
With efficient flows, so duck when the pistol blows
(?) of breath, a kiss of death under the mistletoe