

# Beatnuts, World's Famous

(It's not really spanish all the way  
But it's more - afro-spanish)

(Come on down)

(You're listenin to the world's famous)

Beatnuts y'all

( VERSE 1: Psycho Les )

The wiggedy-wicked  
Les starts to rip shit  
Beatnuts makin crazy noise with some hip shit  
24-track, e.q.-ed to attack  
Pump mo' watts than any Radio Shack  
Black, I stick to bein ruff and rugged  
Anti-pop, I guess I'll stay broke (F\*\*k it!)  
A crazy hispanic, Psycho Les panic  
Nah, not me, I just pull the automatic  
Out the knapsack, and cold point it  
Blast ya, and leave your punk-ass disjointed  
Yo, I ain't goin out like a punk  
Nothin but fat rhymes and beats for your trunk to pump  
I make you wanna jump like Kris Kross  
(Beatnuts gonna blow up!) Slow down on that Crazy Horse  
My hand's tied from the mic it holdes  
I'ma jet up the block before the record shop closes

( VERSE 2: V.I.C. )

V.I.C., droppin styles you ain't used to  
Nice with the lyrics, when I produce I get looser  
Beats I got plenty, they come a dime a dozen  
I got more beats than Puertoricans got cousins  
Diggin every day, I'm the breakbeat doodle  
I got the funky shit, ask my main man Ju-Ju  
Jump in the trunk, we Audi on a mission  
(Guess where we're goin?) Philadelphia, beat-fishin  
There's always one store niggas always get stuck on  
I know a lotta spots that are ain't puttin ya up on  
Find your own beats, you're a real snuffalafagus  
Lazy muthaf\*\*ka, you're always bummin off of us  
You know there's no one finer  
Diggin for shit from here to North Carolina  
The name is V.I.C., it's time to dilly-dally  
First I hit Texas, then I'm 'goin back to Cali'

( VERSE 3: Ju-Ju )

Ju-Ju, the true blue funk nigga  
Ill with the grooves, it's the real beat-digger  
(Buyin old records is a habit) --& Diamond D  
But if I can't afford to pay, I'll bag it  
You can laugh and joke, but you'll never see me smile  
Ruff and rugged, kickin the hardcore freestyle  
Flavor-filled funk, bust the way I word it  
Punks who pop junk, kid, tend to get murdered  
Not a violent kid, though  
Prefer to freak the flow, check it  
Loop a funky 45, and I'll wreck it  
Face it, here's somethin to make you jump around  
(Jump around!) And 'get down, get down'  
Honeys always sock me tryin to get my attention  
Flexin, schemin on the carmel complexion  
Ju-Ju, the beat man, under God's protection  
Beatnuts makin moves like a mob connection

( Les )  
Yeah, yeah  
Gonna send this one out  
To cool-ass Fash  
My man Daddy Rich  
Can't forget Lucien  
(Name)  
Constipated Monkeys  
(Name) in the house  
My man J ohhny  
Word up