

# The Beatnuts, No Equal

Rakim:

(Number One Competition is none)

Ju-Ju:

Niggas got me steamin, bout to flip my lid  
Fuck around, and I proceed to blow your back out, kid  
(Boom!) Not to say I'm on a violent tip  
But my hand stays on my gun, in case you start some shit  
Cause I been rhymin since way back when  
Straight up and from the heart is how it's always been  
Now punk niggas wanna test me  
But all that tiggedy-tiggedy tongue-twistin shit don't impress me  
It's just a phase, and you know damn well  
That you'll fall off in a minute, cause that shit don't sell  
Funny how you think you could surpass me, or outlast me  
With that bullshit style, you're fallin fast, gee  
See, I suggest you go back where you came from  
(Your mic, and my mic) Come on, don't play, son  
See, the days of payin dues is over  
I'm a little fed up, and it's time that I show ya  
We battle one time, you're dead, no sequel  
(Your mic, and my mic - come on yo, no equal) --& Q-Tip  
You know we're number one  
Competition is none

Psycho Les:

The wiggedy-wicked Psycho Les drops it like a lunatic  
Steady back-breakin bitches with my super dick  
Hat's on the jim, sometimes I nut in em  
St. Ides fucks up their eyes, and I bend em  
Down, while I'm flowin to this nutty sound  
Open up the knapsack, check out what we found  
H-h-horns, bass, lines  
Beats get chopped in the Nut Shop, we don't waste time  
Yo, I'm 'cold lampin' like Flavor  
Floatin at the top while you're sick, and 'nothin can save ya'  
Just like the Biz said  
Remember - uugh! - styles I drop to be, what is it?  
(The shizzit) Word to your mama  
I bend your girl like a comma  
Due to Lambada, I think I gotta  
Stop, because the bitch said, (???)  
So I nutted, and I got out  
(Boom!) No matter how hot you claim to be, you can't roast this  
Nut, what's up? You wanna get eaten up like a hostess?  
'Cup', 'cake', you know my words are lethal  
(Your mic, and my mic - come on yo, no equal)

Fashion (Al' Tariq):

Every line I connect, my literature's perfect  
Per minute, per second, and yo, you gotta reck-  
On with Fashion, cause by the way I'm rippin things  
Whoever thinks I take a loss has hamstrings  
Young dames, I shoot em and Jimmy aims to knock her  
Sex with this flex, best thing tends to lock up  
Yeah, really bad ass, smokin past you niggas  
The chicks I stick shit with, I love your figures  
Triggers, I pull em with no remorse for bodies  
Fash pumps the hotties, chumps pump with shoties  
Shoot em up, bang-bang! Miss targets rarely  
Mics I touch up, I fucks em daily  
Barely another who can test the cool Fash  
Asses I kick in the ashes, dumpin trashes  
So don't riff, cause I flow swift like the Nile, son

Tame is for plain Jane fame, I'm a wild one  
Auto-matic-ly I let loose the  
Fierce MC-i-n-g force in me  
Cool Fash, sendin a blast to rap people  
(Your mic, and my mic - come on yo, no equal)