

# The Beatnuts, Off The Books

(Big Punisher)

Hey yo it's all love, but love's got a thin line  
and Pun's got a big nine, respect crime but not when it reflect mine  
The shit I'm on is wrong but it lasts long  
Pull a fast one, then Pun'll wake up, with the stash gone  
I'm mad strong, and my cream is fast  
Smoke the greenest grass, my bitch got the meanest ass  
and a taste legit, I don't have to waste a whole case of Crist'  
All it takes is my pretty face and my gangsta wit  
Lace the click, cause we all share  
It's all fair like love and war, thug galore with the long hair  
Big Pun, Pun the name that makes the kids run  
Like spelling murder reverse it deliver redrum  
Come one, come all, if you wanna brawl  
I'm the mighty Thor clotheslining motherfuckers like Steven Segall  
Cause all you gonna get, is your ass kicked or up in a casket  
That's it (that's it?) That's it

(Cuban Link)

Punisher bash it, at last it's, rappers that really blast shit  
Cats getting Big Willie niggaz like Billy Bathgate  
Up in Jimmy's Cafe, havin caviar  
Crackin Cristal at the bar, smokin cigars, livin large  
We rob and steal, run with the mob, doin jobs for bills  
I'm hard to kill for real nigga guard your grill  
I like to chill, spark an L and get high  
I'm one hell of a guy, fly pelican fly

(JuJu)

Whattup Duke-o, you know, politickin papi chuco  
I'm out here, watching for Jake, getting this loot though  
Shoot bro, I got a waterproof suit yo  
Swervin like a A.K.A. in Beirut yo  
squeezein, out of automatic M3's and  
please, you ain't seen no thugs like these  
I can tell you lots of things that'll make you believe  
In Corona yo it's better to take than to receive

(Psycho Les)

Your career's on life support, and I'ma pull the plug  
and have every thug shootin that Beatnut drug  
in they blood, no escapin this  
Niggaz is goin over their favorite shit (for what?) to be tapin this  
World premier, loud and clear  
Lye and beer, get the dough, blow up the show  
Dissapear, jump in the Cavalier  
Feelin marvelous, street pharmacist, twist arboles  
For pleasure, bring your territory sever  
Keep my workers under pressure got em sayin "FUCK LESTER"  
But that's aight Duke-o, my heart nowadays too cold  
Don't give a fuck where you been what you done  
where you go, you know, peep this favorite  
In black shades like a secret, agent  
We're night thieves, roll up on you sleeves  
We light trees, bust these and stack cheese