

Superbad

The Beatnuts

Fashion-

Hey it's the junkyard nigga, kid, you know what I'm about
Puffin' on a fat one, guzzlin' a Guinness Stout
Bonin' BITCHES on a regular, word up, my game is lethal
That's my word, I'm tellin ya
Livin' foul like a motherfucka, that's the way it's been
Ever since I was a shorty, sucker
So don't even try to flex, I'll put a round in your chest
And leave you in a fuckin' mess
Niggas know my style they be playin', if I have to catch a body
I will, know what I'm sayin'?
Niggas from Corona don't be havin' it, you put your face in my grill
I'll be stabbin' it
You fuck around and catch a bad one, I'll kill you like a 6pack
And put you in a bag, son
And I still ain't frontin', fully loaded keg shells
Ready to go huntin' You don't stop, you keep on (2x)
Many MC's that defeated me, please wave your arm
You don't stop, you keep on (2x)
Many MC's that defeated me, please wave your arm

I come equipped with shit that's fucken wicked, damn
Niggers cant fuck with the program
I take a stand and look down the clip
I take a swig and then spark up the spliff(boom)
Niggas know the time with The Beatnuts funk
John Wayne got smoked when I popped the trunk, punk
I told you once and I won't tell you twice, I smoke the blunts
And we won't pay the price
For pussy or any fuckin' mass , plus I'm raw dogstyle
In your girls ass, ho, OOH! I think I just came
Stud's break didn't work, I guess it's all in your brain
Shit smells like demon spirit, herb that funk like this
Punk, you can't come near it, so fear it
Or you'll go out like the priest
Don't you know that I'm the wicked nigga from the East,Coast

You don't stop, you keep on (2x)
Many MC's have disappeared, please wave your arm
(A third of the trio in the house)
You don't stop, you keep on (2x)
Many MC's have disappeared, please wave your arm

Ooh child, motherfuckas bound with the licks
Oh shit', I'm hittin' niggas sick with my tricks
So throw up styles that blow up whiles I go
On with the flow, better act like you know, hey
But I won't take no prisoners, got shit for his-n'-hers
Fucks up you all, when the nuts have a ball
Cause we don't play, blast brains with the smoker
Get fucked up when we toke with the joker
And, never let me see you cryin' heads start to fly
And it's time for their dyin'
And I'ma get real deep, fall into a sleep
Knock a freak in my sheets, man, fuck countin' sheep
And come on, step on up and meet my Tek
Either fill you full of wholes, or ring your fuckin' neck

'Cause I'ma let off and bust a shot in your eye
Make way motherfucks, it's the real superfly!

Yeah, yeah, yo,yo,yo, HO
Where the fuck is my liquor?

YOU, BITCH!