

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

[Nogoodus]

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
Nogoodus 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