Beatnuts, Fried Chicken

Beatnuts
Miscellaneous
Fried Chicken
[Psycho Les]
Here I come, to the rhythm of the drum
Hook you up on some of that shit that got you numb
Open up hon, I just want to see in
The shoot my semen, the intoxicated fucking demon
Shoots the low at home on the roll
David dollar plus a style to put you in the morgue
Tanqueray with the lemon, ice with the tonic
Want to place an order for a samwich bag of chronic

[V.I.C.]
It's the mad Puerto Rican with the beats in command
Hold the 40 with my left and keep the blunt in my right hand
My game is tight, I got the flow
And my style's a mystery that niggas will never know
Rolling in my jeep mad deep
With a live crew, of crazy motherfuckers that don't sleep
(So don't try and sweat his route)
V.I.C. yo, p-p-p-presto

[Fashion]
Another Kool Whip with the magic, so tragic
I'll beat your little ass, fucking faggot
It's the season of the hunt, fucking runt, I get buck and
Blast when I buck your ass sittin duck
So back up, how the hell you ever get gassed
Break fool, and I'm a kick some Kool in your ass
Puff up your chest, inhale, you're dreaming
Now whip out your brains we're intoxicated demons

[JuJu]
Yo niggas try to pull my card and disrespect
Get blown the fuck up cause I ain't playing with a full deck
I ain't the one, kid, you wanna fuck around
I got 50 niggas in here now holding me down
Never be running outta ammo, got more so
I may just empty the clip into your torso
Step back, watch the body drop, ain't it funny
Now you said all that to say what, money?

"I keep flowing to the beat of the sure shot
My favorite jam of all time is 'The Body Rock'" - Bobbito (Repeat 4x)

[Fashion]
So fucking lay back and I thought you knew
Shit get cold when the Kool come through
Hey but only with my style cause only Fash can do it
Through it, yeah, catch on bake you blew it
Blow me, or shut the fuck up, you can't hang
See the slang, drips from my lips with the bang
Boom, got a box of lead for a nigga
Cause before you lick off *bang bang* I pull the trigga

[JuJu]
Yo I came to get mines, straight up, fuck the game
I'm all about guns, mad loot, and fat chains
Act like you want, don't front or feel the fury
I catch a homicide charge and see the jury
Quick to put a head out, kid, let me remind you
Bury that ass where God can't even find you
Fucking with the Junkyard nigga's like a bad move

I keep my finger on the trigga I can't lose

[Psycho Les]
You know that I know who's a friend, who's a foe
Best believe I know who's my girl, who's a hoe
It's the klepto, dropping verses while you dance
Blow! Blast you, call the ambulance
Owww, bitches all say while I'm steppin
What happened? You forgot to load your little weapon
Oh no, now you lay on the floor
While I puff endo and order beer to go

"I keep flowing to the beat of the sure shot
My favorite jam of all time is 'The Body Rock'" - Bobbito (Repeat