Stone Crazy

The Beatnuts

Now, let me ask you this off the record. Is it true what they say about how they smoke a lot of, why'know Yeah, yeah Everybody get up, Beatnuts World's Famous, no doubt! Straight out the laboratory Fuck, what? What? Your mother sucks cocks, and your father I beat too savagely, it doesn't even matter to me I hold this down like gravity, reality Is unloaded, the foul mouthed brain exploded The gun-totin', the Charles Manson pres votin' The bitch chokin', the hydro cheeba smokin' Leave ya witcha nose broken, the ill spoken Killer, fuck your little girl like Magilla The wild Gorilla, gun down Barney Miller Ah! Yo, fuck these niggaz yo, they violent, they violent Yo, yo, what the fuck you doin yo? Punk? Can't shoot a cop son! You must be stone crazy Here's my ultimatum, niggaz don't have my shit laced No question, little did you know, you came here for confession Cross-examination, my organization stack figures And when you fuck up we chop heads, no fingers Fuckin' around, with those Beatnut niggaz Now you missin' body dumped in different rivers Full-fledged rapper with the Stone Crazy singer I'm comin' at you with the ice pick yellin' Bre vega Because I perceive you a sneaky, analyzer Touch the equalizer, get shot by the tranquilizer Who shot ya? Who? The bilingual Mandingo, roll trees But prefer leaves, don't give a fuck about drug beefs Peep the headlines, stay high Twenty-four seven, lali out with the red eyes You must be stone crazy You must be stone crazy You must be stone crazy You must be stone crazy

Intoxicated, intoxicated, intoxicated Fuck you was thinkin' nigga? Fuck you was on?

Round and around and around and around And around and around and around we go

Yo, Beatnuts, world's famous Round and around and around and around and around and around we go Yo, drinkin' a glass of Prozac so get the Bozack