

Beatnuts Forever

The Beatnuts

Yo, yooo hey
Whatchu gon' do, whatchu gonna do?
Hey yo, tell me Beatnuts, yo whatchu gon' do?
Turn it out, turn it out
Uhh! Turn it out, uhh turn it out
Hey yo, c'mon c'mon c'mon just turn it out
Uhh, c'mon c'mon c'mon just turn it out
C'mon c'mon c'mon just turn it out
C'mon c'mon c'mon just turn it out

Yo where my niggaz at? Buy up the bar - roll a trizzie
right out of the jar and let the bullets fly outta they car
Put the pressure on whatever they are
Live niggaz yo, you gotta hit the head or the heart
Oh it's money man? Handle your biz -- we the ones

that'll strangle your kids, make the pitbulls mangle your Wiz
Make it hotter than Los Angeles is
Cause if we don't see a profit kid, nobody lives

Aiyyo we run up in the club, and herb every bouncer
Run up on stage and snatch a mic from the announcer
Beatnuts, don't get it twisted, this ain't salsa
Les the one that signed your bitch's chest like a voucher
I'm about ta, turn it up a little louder
Beats smack a little harder, got you sayin how the..
.. HELL did you do that over there?
Twist up nigga, there's buddha in the air, and

C'mon c'mon c'mon just turn it out, out
C'mon c'mon c'mon just turn it out, out
Gettin cash money what we be about bout
Gettin cash money what we be about bout
C'mon c'mon c'mon just turn it out, out
C'mon c'mon c'mon just turn it out, out
Gettin cash money what we be about bout
Gettin cash money what we be about bout

Yo.. aiyyo somethin better happen tonight, I got money
and the bitches is right, plus I ain't thinkin bout
startin a fight - but if I do I'll be the last nigga standin
Sippin J.D. at the bar, holdin the cannon
My niggaz get wild like that, yo we don't even like to
smile like that, c'mon I'm takin it to trial like that
Catch me chillin at the VIP's
All the bitches like pointin at me, you know it's me, what?

We're bout to turn it out (I repeat) turn it out
Put it out and let the DJ's burn it out
As soon as, the needle drop, it got your crew bouncin
Beatnuts, feelin this, through the 2000
Rapin loops innocently, cop anything
produced by me, and win instantly, yo!
This is THAT shit you gon' peep in your CD
Beatnuts, and my nigga Greg N-I-C-E

C'mon c'mon c'mon just turn it out, out

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Gettin cash money what we be about bout
Gettin cash money what we be about bout
Gettin cash money what we be about bout

And if you drink Hennessey, say oh yeah
And wave yo' Dutchmasters in the air
Drink Hennessey, say oh yeah
And wave yo' Dutchmasters in the air
Drinkin Hennessey, say oh yeah
Wave yo' Dutchmasters in the air
Drinkin Hennessey, say oh yeah
Wave yo' Dutchmasters in the air
Drinkin Moet, say oh yeah
Wave yo' Dutchmasters in the air
Drinkin Alize, say oh yeah
Wave yo' Dutchmasters in the air
Fellas say HOE, ladies shake your butts
Greg N-I-C-E, with the Beatnuts
Fellas say HOE, ladies shake your butts
Greg N-I-C-E, with the Beatnuts
Fellas say HOE, ladies shake your butts
Greg N-I-C-E, with the Beatnuts
Fellas say HOE, ladies shake your butts
Greg N-I-C-E, with the Beatnuts

C'mon c'mon c'mon just check it out
Check it out, just check it out
C'mon c'mon c'mon just check it out
Check it out, just check it out
C'mon c'mon c'mon just check it out
Check it out, just check it out

Ah Brickland, it's time to turn it out
Chi-Town, New Orleans turn it out
D.C., Atlanta, turn it out
Philly, Miami, turn it out
V-A, Houston.. turn it out
B-more, Detroit - we got to turn it out out

Ah dance dance and don't stop, c'mon
Ah dance dance and don't stop, c'mon
Ah dance dance and don't stop, c'mon
Ah dance dance and don't stop, c'mon *echoes*