

# I Love It

## The Beatnuts

I love it (Ha, I know ya do)  
I love it (I know ya do)  
I love it

You need to save all your bullshit threats and drama  
For the news guy  
Niggas need to act their age  
And not their shoe size

Spittin' it raw  
Spittin' til you slip on the floor  
I make you girl not want you no more  
You want war?

Step to your label make 'em dish out all the cash in the place before  
I hafta punch somebody's ass in the face

Yo, yo, the ugliest thug never runnin' out of money in clubs  
Got the crib with the African rugs

Baggin' hoes by the carload  
They call me Mr. Charmo  
Break into their crib and disconnect the Star Alarm-o

Yo, big fish eat little fish, you little bitch  
You ticklish, I push niggas up like licorice

You want to be a big baller, but you travelin'  
Talk about battlin', nigga stop babblin'

Yo, when the first body touches the ground  
a lot of blood gushes around, my silencer crushes the sound  
Jigged out patch your glazy suits, pimpin' hoes in daisy dukes  
Beatnuts flip the most amazing loot  
I love it

What you love, losin' with a push and a shove  
Who you think lent OJ the glove?  
I love it

When we bang hardcore  
Make you slam on the hard floor  
And do a backspin on the cardboard  
I love it

Show me your love  
Jump from 20 stories above so I can write my name in your blood  
I love it

Why? Cause we own cribs, own whips and chrome rims  
Bone skins with silicone tits  
I love it (I know ya do, I know ya do) (Repeat 4x)

You gettin' fidgety  
Thinkin' of ways of gettin' rid of me  
I scream on bitches like you  
You ain't shit to me

I'll punch you while you talk on the phone  
Walkin' alone  
Park, even wait for you in front of your home  
You should stop it  
You can't even rhyme  
Seen you front like a million times  
Plus your knuckles ain't fuckin' with mine  
Can't live without crossing the line  
Busted my nine so money if you want it just follow the sign

Huh, it's the beat programmer  
Flip a beat  
I'll flippin' beat ya sweet old gramma

I'm in it 400%  
Anybody gettin' it bent  
Get hit with a block of cement

Yo I stay high like a stewardess  
Fuckin' with this, it's ludicrous  
I just boned your bitch  
Now she makin' me tuna fish

I whistle you a rhyme offbeat  
Try to listen everytime I speak  
Bite my meat

Oh, that was you?  
Pickin' up the gold lobster  
I thought you one for droppin' and poppin' the most caca

Yo I spit it with the deli in ten  
I don't really care who it offend  
None of you niggas is payin' my rent

Yo I hope you talk and lots of green  
If not, why you stoppin' me?  
Pullin' my arm, like a slot machine

Yo take the money and run  
Ju stay on some cowboy shit  
Give me some whiskey and a fuckin' gun  
I love it (I know ya do, I know ya do) (4x)