

Sandwiches

The Beatnuts

BOOM!
Hah, yeah
Turn my mic up a little bit
Here we come now, uh, uh, uh
Turn my mic up, yeah, hah
Here we go
You know when to bring them drums in, right?
He got it....

Check it out, with that sauerkrautt
Get the flava that's nasty, that's what I'm about
I said I'm top like a cherry, yo it gets no harder
Straight from the cemetery, with bass like Ron Carter
What's up cus, you forgot who I was
Slept on THE BEATNUTS, now you're shocked from the buzz
A crazy hispanic, no need to panic
Drop words over beats, clear, no static

Backflips, pullin' honies with the hips
After a show, you say yo he really
Ripped shit up, people all get up
Treat your girl like a puppet, stick my fingers in up
But, naw, I'm joking, Buddha smokin',
Never chicken chokin', just donkey strokin'
(DDDDRRRRROPPPPPPPP!)
And, bring me back in
So I can do my thing, with a Beatnuts ring
I go yeah, it's like that and uh
I fucked aaah, and I'm plus fat and uh
Then lit up a blunt, crack the 40 and
What, you try to play me out like an accordion
I'm here to drop bombs and snap on your moms
And call the bitch a dirty custodian
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all
Beatnuts comin' out fat y'all

You know that
Rappening is what's happening, keep your pockets flappening, hands
clappening
Rappening is what's happening, keep your pockets flappening, hands
clappening
Rappening is what's happening, keep your pockets flappening, hands
clappening
Rappening is what's happening, keep your pockets flappening....

Yo, I be THE MACK
Strapped to a chair, so I can't react
When I close my eyes I don't see black
I'm off to a desert where I'm free jack
Mentally asleep

Listen to this(Group shout)

I freakin' hard with your moms & your sister
I hit her hard from the back, then I dissed her
Foul and rude, that's my style
I hate to smile, I like to drink

Bust shots and act wild(Boom, boom, boom, boom...)
Now's my time, I'm gettin' paid
Drive around in a nice car, gettin' laid
Havin' mad fun, cause you know it don't matter
It may sound bugged, but I'd like to live fatter
Feel the vibe, check the flava
You caught in a trance, now nothin' can save ya
You lose your mind, then you lose your soul
If it get's wild, then you lose control
Yeah you can run, but you can't go far
Everywhere you look, right there's where you are
You hoped and dreamed to be a big rap star
You dreamed your drivin' and you crashin' a car

You know that
Rappening is what's happening, keep your pockets flappening, hands
clappening
Rappening is what's happening, keep your pockets flappening, hands
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clappening

I swing up on the scene like ming
Smoke out and hittin' skins, just my type of thing
Drain out your brains with the fuckin' double barrel
Cool makin' moves with hips like a sparrow
Electrify tricks with my hi-volt dick
Still be rolling thick on that beef type shit
My moves they do the switch like Jim Hendrix
Bass lines they got you hooked now you want to fix
Check it, licked 'em in Bombay, laid 'em in Bermuda
Fucken thought you knew the time to pay the buddha
Sparkd by desire, you know what I mean
Forever will I puff, but I hate to fiend
Pull the chocolate thai stick get off the brick
Makin' crazy moves with this Beatnuts click
Junkyard, Psycho and cool-ass Fash
We combine & intertwine for the hits and cash
Shucks I got the nuts fingerfucks like a mani-
Ac i got the knack with a track like a slaney, black
So beat this chy'all
Beat this y'all
Beatnuts with the funky hits, y'all
You know that

Rappening, keep your pockets flappening
Rappening, keep your pockets flappening

Hands clappening, keep your pockets flappening.....