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 You must be stone crazy You must be stone crazy 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

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 we go
Yo, drinkin' a glass of Prozac so get the Bozack