Off The Books

The Beatnuts

Hey yo it's all love, but love's got a thin line
And Pun's got a big nine, respect crime but not when it reflect mine
The shit I'm on is wrong but it lasts long
Pull a fast one, then Pun'll wake up, with the stash gone
I'm mad strong, and my cream is fast
Smoke the greenest grass, my bitch got the meanest ass
And a taste legit, I don't have to waste a whole case of Crist'
All it takes is my pretty face and my gangsta wit
Lace the click, cause we all share
It's all fair like love and war, thug galore with the long hair
Big Pun, Pun the name that makes the kids run
Like spelling murder reverse it deliver redrum
Come one, come all, if you wanna brawl
I'm the mighty Thor clothes lining motherfuckers like Steven Segall
Cause all you gonna get, is your ass kicked or up in a casket
That's it (that's it?) That's it

Punisher bash it, at last it's, rappers that really blast shit
Cats getting Big Willie niggas like Billy Bathgate
Up in Jimmy's Cafe, havin caviar
Crackin' Cristal at the bar, smokin' cigars, livin' large
We rob and steal, run with the mob, doin' jobs for bills
I'm hard to kill for real nigga guard your grill
I like to chill, spark an L and get high
I'm one hell of a guy, fly pelican fly

What up Duke-o, you know, politickin' papi chuco
I'm out here, watching for Jake, getting this loot though
Shoot bro, I got a waterproof suit yo
Swervin' like a A.K.A. in Beirut yo
Squeezin', out of automatic M3's and
Please, you ain't seen no thugs like these
I can tell you lots of things that'll make you believe
In Corona yo it's better to take than to receive

Your career's on life support, and I'ma pull the plug
And have every thug shootin' that Beatnut drug
In they blood, no escapin 'this
Niggas is goin' over their favorite shit (for what?)

To be tapin' this
World premier, loud and clear
Lye and beer, get the dough, blow up the show
Dissapear, jump in the Cavalier
Feelin' marvelous, street pharmacist, twist arboles
For pleasure, bring your territory sever
Keep my workers under pressure got em sayin' "fuck Lester"
But that's aight Duke-o, my heart nowadays too cold
Don't give a fuck where you been what you done
Where you go, you know, peep this favorite
In black shades like a secret, agent
We're night thieves, roll up on you sleeves
We light trees, bust these and stack cheese

It's off the hook this year
Makin' mad money off the books this year, ain't nothin'
But crooks in here
Gettin 'mad money off the books this year

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[Repeat: x64]
Go!

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