

# My Music

## The Beatnuts

(Whats that)

[Psycho Les]

Some incredible shit, some incredible shit uhh

Twist that baby up in here

[Armaretta]

'Ey yo Big Psych

[Psycho Les]

What up, what up Mami

[Armaretta]

Get on the mic and rock the M.I.C.

[Psycho Les]

Light a hell up, puff to my eyes swell up

When it comes to the green we got hell up

(My music bang, from here to releswelup (?) )

Bang you with the music, or bang you accapella

Like my shorty ran up, said get the cheddar

I'm making to much I'm getting hated by the tela

I'm making so much I'm getting customized leather

Brand new shoes, twenty-twos and better

So I pass those talking birds like berreta

Heavy rotation like a propeller

Every station saying this is something you never

Never heard before

So crank it up and hit the art-core

(art-core) (art-core) (art-core) (art-core)

Yo, yo next up

[Armaretta]

Yo I believe that's me

[Psycho Les]

Armaretta, Rock the M.I.C.

[Armaretta]

Invisible being gangster on the game

If this about hottest bitch then you know my name

See me in the street better bring the theme  
Brooklyn representative, the road to fame  
I sit back, laid back thinking 'bout all my gats spittin'  
Host to your cat man, as long being tapped man  
In the club my niggaz never left me  
Go be getting out with knives 'cause security ain't checking  
Thread me stupid better think twice  
He don't know how I get when I'm in the bar nice  
Hot licks no ice, everything look right  
Here dun hold tight I dig hopping ass hoes man as  
Build and see life's about getting paid  
About getting laid, at the hard getting sprayed  
BK build up, white fox silled up  
You expect us to live  
Six hundred a crib  
Now who's next

[Problemz]

Yo I believe that's me  
Passing the tree to Armaretta ripping it constantly  
I specialize in distributing raw sixteens, tokem faries  
Sending emcees out the frame  
Like pigeons of my x-game  
Intoxicated demon over skeemon  
Only hit the key to club jumping  
Niggaz in there trucks dumping  
Mammis look that jump and then they truck humping  
Jumping in my whip  
All on my dick  
It's flash booties like watertheme amusement  
Jump on her producers  
Hit the exit, the tunes is dumb soft  
My lungs cough  
Opens allergies and metaphoric  
Parafurnelly or lyrically taking care of you  
Who else could it be, but that nigga named Problemz  
Alias capping camons with the flif up in your feelings  
Be easy and fall back like an extra  
And don't be extra, or catch extras  
And see your extra large fitted  
Whenever I spit it automaticly  
And quit it problemo, fowl pass me the demo's  
Next up

(Work that shit, that shit baby

Problemoz, Armaretta, Big Psych  
Bounce, just bounce, come on bounce  
That's my music, that's my music  
Come on that's my music  
Hip hop ? that's my music)

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