

# Cypress Hill, It Ain't Nothin

I used to carry a glock  
On the waist line  
Man I don't waste time  
I'm strong on the bass line  
You'll never taste mine  
See me on the screen  
Fuckers beggin' for face time  
Get your own tape  
But don't bother to chase mine  
I got a block  
Man we havin' a great time  
You couldn't fill the shoes  
Anytime that I lace mine  
Light up the stage  
For the homies we make shine  
Sick the dogs on you  
Get more by the K-9  
Homies on the yard never walk in the main line  
The manes find that they can never be in the game  
I'm lettin' off rounds  
Hittin' blunts at the same time  
Pick a crew homie  
You a neon to save time  
Bitches like you always spittin' the same rhymes  
We put you all to shame  
You never went through the same grind  
Put you in the bind the minute you came by  
So stay in your lane and get wet by the rain

[Chorus]

You wanna step up get your ass touched  
You wanna rap son get your ass buff  
Try to test us  
You's gunna get smashed up  
You wanna run wit the dogs?  
Get your cash up

Git it  
You gotta get your straps up  
Git it  
You gotta get your stash up  
Git it  
You gotta get amped up  
You wanna run wit the dogs?  
Get your cash up

I'm right here on the block  
when it's time to ride out, you know what I'm all about  
Hundred Harley bikes on site when it goes down  
Me and my homies always holdin' the fort down  
Come up in our town and your pissin' a fourth now  
Got 4 ounces and 3 bottle's of jack  
2 fifth's in the back and everyone i'm with's strapped  
What ever happens  
I'm chin checkin' and wreckin' fools  
Try disrespecting me  
My Smith & Wesson is endin' you  
And I ain't changed since back in the day  
Get your shit split quick if you get in my face  
You wanna run wit' the dog  
Better stay in your place  
Cuss your little ass name don't hold no weight  
And your little ass safe couldn't hold my cake  
Get your asks denied down the road I take

And let me tell you one more thing before I skate  
If you a fake or a snake  
Imma send you to your grave

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Im a First Staff OG from outta the gutter  
With a fucked up demeanor for you punk mothafuckas  
Get played like some dicks who try to start ruckas  
Im a real gun busta so dont ever try to rush us  
Can't nobody touch us that dont leave on crutches  
Or worse  
Get a ride in a hurse with their bodies covered  
It's gunna be a cold summer  
As soon as the hilt drops  
All bullshit will stop

A couple scums in the street  
We don't care what you bustas think  
It might sink in sometime  
But I won't blink  
We go against everything  
Smoke all the green  
Got the flow wrong  
Swing it aint nothing to me  
We put it down anywhere  
Like it's something to see  
So all you bitches goin rogue with your haters degree  
And when you wanna get loud son I'm ready to work  
Punks act up and you bound to get hurt

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