

# Cypress Hill, Killafornia

[B-Real]

Living in the city of the Scandalous  
Shisty motherfuckers, can't even trust my own brothers  
So who can I choose to trust, me, that's who  
Niggas want a piece of the pie, fuck off and die!  
Jealous, envious fools want to rush this  
Loco, trooping ass nigga with the cash, shit  
Motherfuckers just get your own, and leave mine alone  
Forty-five places to get done  
Send out your invitation  
To the party of your elimination  
I got peeps that play for keeps, (Hardball)  
Now I'm laying your ass down to sleep  
But every hustler wants to be bawling  
But I got the balls for the shot calling  
I pull strings, the Don King, only in America  
Then I hustle, and flex my muscle

[Hustlers]

--Yeah, man, I've been out here  
running game for eight years  
--I know I'm getting tired of standing  
on this corner  
--Nigga, I want a fat pad, and fly ass pool  
Finest motherfucking bitches, jewels  
and all that shit, if I got to take it  
from a nigga  
--Shit, let him run for me then  
--I can work for myself, don't have to  
work for nobody, I'll be my own hustler

[B-real]

Where can I roam to get my hustle on  
Killafornia, stacking the chips, got the full clips  
Loaded and cocked, I'm used to running with the Glock  
Nina Millimeter, lighting up the fucking block  
Now, who you gonna trust?, who can you trust?  
I don't know, but if you coming on my corner  
I think I'm gonna bust  
You can't handle us, devious, dangerous  
Criminal mentality, insanity  
I move weight, from state to state  
All the niggas moving weights, can you relate?

[Hustlers]

--Damn, what's up, I see you  
pushing that big time weight  
--I told you, I wasn't bullshitting  
--You coming up, aight!  
--When I seen you three or four  
months ago I told you  
--Got respect for a man now  
--Handle your shit!

[B-Real]

Where can I choose to get my hustle on?  
In the alleyway, lighting up all night long  
Fuck working at McD's, I'm rolling with the O.Z's  
In the QP's, puffing on trees  
Who can I trust?, who can you trust?  
Not that shady motherfucker in the city Los Scandalous

[Hustlers]

--Well, well, little man came up a little bit  
--It feels good having money in the pocket  
--Fuck that nine to five bullshit, right?  
--Yeah, kick that shit to the curb  
--But you got to look out for the scandalous motherfuckers  
Cuz niggas is tricky than a motherfucker

--Yeah, but motherfuckers got to look out for us too  
You know what I'm saying  
I'm just as shisty as a nigga  
--Shit, set me up and niggas are gonna die  
--You get set up back, cuz we ain't having that bullshit  
--I got your back, you got mine, that goes without saying  
--Twenty-seven and mo' baby, twenty-seven and mo'  
--Let's get the fuck out of here"