

# Cypress Hill, Our Last Cigarette

(Fuck you motherfucker! Untie me from this chair man  
You better untie me from this chair nigga  
You know who the fuck I am, I will have you killed nigga!  
You better untie me motherfucker, fuck y'all motherfuckers man!  
Do you know who the fuck I am?)

{\*beat drowns out the voice as a Cypress Hill member speaks\*}

Right {\*duct tape being unrolled\*}  
Sho' you right  
You want a cigarette nigga?

[B-Real]

You was a good kid, your parents musta loved you  
They got you out of trouble no matter how big the bubble  
They gave you everything, nah you never needed nothin  
We used to get high, 'member we was weeded cousin  
We used to go to clubs, blaze it up and act crazy  
What made you turn around, was it drugs or your lady?  
We had good times, committin hood crimes  
We drew lines but you never understood mine  
You don't go fuckin homies, just like my momma told me  
I held my hood up boldly, you were a fuckin phony  
I guess it manifested when I got the call early  
They said you bunkered down in the hood with ol' girly  
She had your back covered, but that didn't matter did it?  
I know you're livin, but you put your fuckin self in it  
Don't try to make a move, nigga don't go fuckin 'dere  
I know you're hurtin cause you're tied up to the fuckin chair  
You never loved your family, you robbed that mall gladly  
They tried to love you sadly, you let 'em down badly  
Just call me Death's angel, but we were never strangers  
You 'bout to get mangled, that's truer than Kurt Angle  
Now it's time to pay, any last words to say?  
I know your mind strays, son I think you need to pray  
Don't even need to tell you, you were a smart nigga  
Save your teardrops, yo don't even start nigga  
You shoulda thought of that long ago before you fucked me  
You dodged me long enough, homey now you been lucky  
But now it's pay the piper, no fuckin traps or snipers  
Just the gas and lighter, caught up in the web of spiders  
But now you get devoured, burnin in the flames you coward  
This is the very hour, I send your family flowers  
I'm sure they all will miss you, but they will be good without you  
They'll reminisce and light a candle as they talk about you

[Cypress Hill]

Relax... no no it's okay  
Let me give you a light {\*muffled: "Oh SHIT!"\*}

{\*flames roaring, a voice screaming\*}

That's my favorite fucking song..

{\*in the background, "Pigs" by Cypress Hill plays\*}

[B-Real]

This pig harassed the whole neighborhood  
Well this pig worked at the station  
This pig he killed my Homeboy  
so the fuckin pig, went on a vacation  
This pig he is the chief  
Got a brother pig, Captain O'Malley  
He's got a son that's a pig too

He's collectin pay-offs from a dark alley  
This pig's known as a narco..

{\*music fades\*}