

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*}