

# Cypress Hill, Southland Killers

(feat. King Tee, MC Ren)

[Intro: MC Ren]

Yeah, y'all know what the fuck this is  
MC motherfuckin' Ren up in this bitch nigga  
Yeah, all y'all bitch-ass niggas out here talkin all that shit  
We 'bout to drop this motherfucker on y'all like this [gun being loaded]  
Punk ass niggas out here, nigga  
We some Southland Killers in this motherfucker [gun is cocked]  
[GUNSHOT]

[MC Ren]

Niggas all across town, up in the suburbs  
While niggas makin' faces like The Rock on the curb  
Nigga People's Elbow, the loud-mouthed hold  
And groupie niggas bangin' for passes to the show (Can I get in?)  
Big-ass cheques wit' plenty of O's (O's)  
And hoes wit' big lips doin' what they supposed (yeah)  
Didn't have shit 'till I started to bust  
And y'all got shit 'cos of my balls are cussed  
Ren and Cypress Hill, they ain't liver than us  
Nigga Legendary Villian, who started the fuss  
Nigga double glock, cocked, get your shit rocked  
Get your crib knocked, nigga have that rib popped  
Under bosses and trouble, they under my rubble  
Clone motherfuckers, always the villain, like The Hubble  
Fuck your bubble, I bust them shits  
Plaques and shit, grab my dick, spit these hits

[Chorus: B-Real]

All, my niggas, do you wanna ride wit' us? (Do ya wanna ride wit us?) (Killers!)  
Throw your clips up, man we's about to bust (Man we's about to bust) (Killers!)  
Cy-press, Hill click, yeah we ready for war (Yeah we ready for war) (Killers!)  
All y'all niggas, better just hit the floor (Killers!)

[King Tee]

I'm close to the best thing, on the West Wing  
Blown out your set, flames when the best sing  
It's a rep thing, haters feel they chest pain  
They feel it in they heart, I was there to test things  
Didn't arrest (?), the bullet-proof vest team  
These niggas shoot first they they askin (?) names  
It's less strain  
It's all real, I bet fame, it's a chess game  
Wrong move and it's checkmate (That's right)  
I might sound funny out here  
But really, niggas get money out here  
And hey, everyday is sunny out here  
So listen, don't play dummy out here  
King try for bust make your whole pack run  
Stacked enough cash so now I stack guns  
Fat ones, all cold and black ones  
Southland Killin', it's just how that's done

[Chorus]

[Sen Dog and B-Real]

You can try to ride with the Hill, lie on the Hill  
but when your shit (?) is when die on the Hill  
We get, hot on the heel, rely on the steel  
When your paper gets pulled and you design is steeled  
Like you, signed the deal, or signed over your will

[Sen Dog] BUSTERS GET SLAYED...!

[B-Real]

...when you fuck around with Real

Take time to feel, what I'm tellin' you hoes (Tellin' you hoes)

You couldn't fuck around with me if I was sellin' you blows

Just goes to show the incredible skill tell

Bitch nigga, now you trapped under my wig well

Gettin trampled, DUMPED on and thumped on

Scraped on the six-five with the HAND ON THE PUMP SONG

[Sen Dog]

Don't even fuck with these Southland grandes

We the vatos that run on Los Angeles

Call me Mad Dog, if you think you know me

If you're not sure then turn around and LEAVE SLOWLY!

[Chorus]