

Cypress Hill, Throw Your Set In The Air

[B-Real]

I got nothin to lose, I'm goin all out
The deuce never stop, I refuse to play by the rules
Uptight, when you steppin into the night, right
Pigs comin up and shinin the bright light
Nothin better to do, than fuck with the pride
when you hide behind your badge, your gun and ride
Billy club show me no love, think you above
all the fuss and the locs is rushin in too close
Let me lay it on the table, forget stable
Freak niggaz, comin to slay to the label
You got nothin to lose, come on choose
Stay away from niggaz that bring down your crew
Whatever it takes, you make or break yourself
with the wealth or the chance to stay in good health
Sword blade swingin you back off away
and the track off the real, straight off the Hill
What the deal motherfucker?

Chorus: B-Real, Sen Dog

I got nothin to lose (I'm goin all out)
Nothin to lose (You gonna fall out) Time run out
(I'm goin all out) Nothin to lose (I'm goin all out)
Lightin the fuse to the bomb (better run out)
Nothin to lose (I'm goin all out)
Nothin to lose (You gonna fall out) Time run out
(I'm goin all out) Nothin to lose (I'm goin all out)
Lightin the fuse to the bomb (better run out)

[Sen Dog]

I'm goin all out, showin y'all what I'm about
Gettin in your mental, knockin niggaz out
Takin this pencil, across the brain
Ain't stoppin there til the rhymes all drained
all out my system, take em, and then I twist em
Put em out one day and see, who wanna diss em
As you fold I'll sting ya, run up and you bitch up
Y'all get the picture, just call Mr. Excitement
Comin with the thunder and lightning
Shit is quite frightening how niggaz keep biting
So I keep the writing, down for the fighting
Cold with the flows, they both quite exciting
And let me take space up, heat your face up
I'm goin all out, before the raise up

Chorus

Come on, come on

[B-Real]

I'm goin all out, nothin to lose, you better roll out
Sold out, niggaz be livin in times run out
In the present smell the prescence of what you stressin
You get sent a lesson ain't missin the point blessin
Expression, feelin the tension over the session
The question, fillin your body with intention
Don't mention the profession, keep adressin
The real motherfuckers in the crowd pay attention
I'm goin the fuck out, Smith and Wesson
You better stall me out, no extension
Only the strong will ever be settin the pace
When you look up I'm gone and never left a trace
No worries, set you with flurries and no juries
Eight million stories in the city of furies
Don't get the twist, you listen or get the fist
I got nothin to lose so I gat fools with this

Chorus

[Sen Dog]

Oh yeah, Cypress Hill massive once again

Comin to your record shop
Check this out, we ain't takin no prisoners
We choppin heads off
And you steppin at me, you better be goin all out baby
This is war baby, from now until the new m-m-mm-mm-millelnium