

Cypress Hill, We Live This Shit

[Chorus: Sen Dog]

Eastside L.A.
Cypress Hill all day
Spark the lah
We live this shit

We latin-thug type
Gat-blasters
Weedsmokers
Moneyholders, that's right

[B-Real]

Well it's the alleycat looking for the buddhasack
On my side is my ese can't fuck with that
Starting out venom but if you wanna bill though
Come in peace and you can come on the Hill bro
But if it ain't in peace bro turn it to a homicide
Throw you in the trunk take a ride to the Eastside
It's a suicide when you're fucking with the Hill
Fool drop your weapon or I'm comming for the kill
Duck from the gunshots that is sticking to ya
Standing all alone shotgun goes boo-ya
Watch it go through ya
Ya smelling like manure
Fools all bloody body chilling in the sewer
Enemy's a viewer I'm sipping on caluha
Sitting back chilling with my nigga SonDuhla
Heading to the Eastside watch your back busta
Ain't no hood for you here it's all about the hustlas

[Chorus]

[Sen Dog]

Rhyme for my neighbourhoud banging out hits
For ever backing up that Cypress Hill click
To my man on the corner with the shotgunshell
Singing sad songs for the ones that fell
To me it's kind of funny watching all these dummies
Straight turn tricks for the fame and the money
Walk a little bold 'cause their record went gold
Got him a new ride and up rid it their ho
Need this looking raw before you come acting
Flexing on some brothers that is twelve times platinum
Cause I been there
Done that
Fool check the format
Sweep you and that bullshit under the doormat
Put it to your grill like I don't give a damn
Sen Dog and the Hill still fucking up the program
Yeah y'all, that big bad Cypress and perro up in that place
What the fuck you wanna do now huh?

[Chorus]

[B-Real]

Kicking that funky Cypress Hill shit
Think I blast another give them something to deal with
Cause I'm the ill one
Oh the cap-peel one
You comming round the Hill fucking son I gotta spill one
Now I'm heading to the Eastside looking for revival
Living on the Eastside fighting for survival
Gotta be nifty with the Han Solo and trying to show yo

Witnesses cause people will use it to kill your show yo
Off to the stone garden you go and stay there
When I'm dead I'm bringing my music to play there
For all the soldiers, moneyfolders, you're on my shoulders
You can't hold us back I'm spitting out boulders
Crushing every opponent in opposition
I know you're wishing that I would bow to submission

[Chorus]