Cypress Hill, Another Body Drops

[Verse One]
My first mission
Running through the hood with small jacks
My memories popping in my head recall that
Late night creeping through the alley with six dudes
Scraped up everybody focused no mixed views
The sawed off pump in my hand with two shells
The other four homies on the scene with cocktails
One nigga looking for po po
Someone looking through windows
The doorbells go followed by the pump and gas bomb
Adrenaline pumped up
Still I remain calm
House lit up
You can see it for eight blocks
Running through the hood
Running from them fake cops
They gave chase but they couldnt cover the streets up
We broke out ran into the spot to meet up
Strapped down cover up the tracks
And back home
Lay low earn me a strap
Perfect

[Chorus 4X]
Shoot Em Up Bang Bang
Another body drop
You can't stop the hip-hop

[Verse Two]
I'll hit your block up
Better lock up
Fuck the gangsta shit, it don't stop a
I'm mad dog with the bomb in the regal
Going to the mall, and kill all your people
Coast to coast, and a lil more evil
The maniac killer
Car so diesel
Ride the block with m16
44 mag
Fit this here hand grenade
I'll break it off right quick
Niggaz be duckin when they see my bucket
Roll down their block they high they say fuck it
Jump back and forth
Like a assassin
30 yards with the inferred action
True pistolire
Black Doc Holiday
Just a true raider of the modern day

[Chorus 4X]

[Verse Three]
I ran all missions
When I was a youth so thoughtless
G ride no fingerprints, its spotless
6 4 sitting on easy we got this
Rag top down like a stripper we topless
See me hit the corner you melt down
Slugs fly thugf die moment you fell down
Somebody screaming yo get the hell down
I'm certified nigga, where you sitting is spell bound
Your dogs walking, just hearing the hell hounds

Burn you with the heaters spitting out 12 rounds
Its life in the hood
No escaping the gun play
One day I'm out, gotta figure out some way
Rats in the park
Dark scattering thugs spray
Got you locked in, not one slug was stray
I found ways out, but it seems to be one way
Gotta duck my darts back until Sunday

[Chorus 4X]