

Cypress Hill, Boom Biddy Bye Bye

{Wyclef} Refugee camp, with Cypress Hill
{B-Real} Yo, bringin it on
{Wyclef} Cubans meet the Haitians
Perfect combination, check it
Verse One: Wyclef, B-Real
{Wyclef} You say guns
{B-Real} I say pistolas
{Wyclef} Well if you got beef son
{B-Real} Callate la boca
{Wyclef} Go meet me on the island where the Cubans meet the Haitians
{B-Real} A bullet beats the verbal lyrical assassination
{Wyclef} From L.A. to Brooklyn why you doin all that talkin
{B-Real} Think you got a soul but you're a Dead Man Walking
{Wyclef} Yo toast the host from coasts' we boast
When we meet again, I will be Casper that Friendly Ghost
{B-Real} You'll hear shots, like the show Cops
Things are still the same, I'm still growin crops
{Wyclef} Wyclef with B-Real, let me build better yet
{B-Real} Killa bee kill
{Wyclef} Yo B-Real watch your grip
Chorus: B-Real, Wyclef, Lauryn Hill
{B-Real} Hi, boom biddy bye bye
{Lauryn Hill} Ahhhahhhh, ahhhhahhhh
{Wyclef} You open up your eyes you'll be the next one to die
{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhhahhhh
{B-Real} Boom biddy bye bye
{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhhahhhh
{Wyclef} Ohh as simple as they come as as simple as they die
{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhhahhhh
{B-Real} Boom biddy bye bye
{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhhahhhh
{Wyclef} Yo who told the boyy, to pack a forty-five
{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhhahhhh
{B-Real} Boom biddy bye bye
{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhhahhhh
{Wyclef} Now he rest in the place that they call paradise
Verse Two: B-Real, Wyclef
Fools run up, but they've never seen the last
Spread your last lyrics get broken like glass
Can he pass or does he posess the will
Or does he need to create to keep him straight on the real
Punks are broken some dey fall off the ledge
Refugee Camp bringin it straight over the edge
You duck as I fluff the feathers from ya skin
How ya gonna win that's like Satan without no sin (without no sin)
They'll never happen while I'm rappin I be watchin
The Philistines, creepin up in Manhattan
The sun turn up though Wyclef produce a track with Muggs
But there's no survivors, they all died in the flood
Chorus
Verse Three: Wyclef, B-Real
Yo, once a child, twice a villain
If this was drugs I'd make a million off this combination
They say you'redope Clef you're dope so they offer me sess and beer
Beware, you pull your wallet Mr. Thief stares
The opposite direction of the room, he pulled his gun and said
I'm doomed join the son of man in the tomb
I see the soldiers, comin from out the shadows
Ready for battle, ain't trying to hear the baffled
Warriors lined up in full war gear
In it to win it if it goes on for years
Dedicated to the stable of the Assassins
Revolutionaries, just bring on the action
Chorus

{WYCLEF}
Soldier man
Rewind selector soldier man
Refugee soldier man
Brooklyn soldier man
L.A massive soldier man
New Jersey massive soldier man
Uptown massive soldier man
Long beach massive soldier man
You know the whole world watches soldier man
Boom biddy bye bye open up ya eyes you'll be the next one to die.....