

# 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 pistols

{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} Ahhhahhh, ahhhahhh

{Wyclef} You open up your eyes you'll be the next one to die

{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh

{B-Real} Boom biddy bye bye

{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh

{Wyclef} Ohh as simple as they come as as simple as they die

{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh

{B-Real} Boom biddy bye bye

{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh

{Wyclef} Yo who told the boyy, to pack a forty-five

{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh

{B-Real} Boom biddy bye bye

{Lauryn Hill} Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh

{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 possess 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're dope 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.....