

Cypress Hill, Bye Bye (feat Dizzy Wright)

I rode the streets and my hood is just like a warzone
You died if you put your use in defending your home
If you hustling every day you hold on
Come for mine Imma sing you a slow song

Budum-bye, bye, bye
Let me sing you a lullaby
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Do you know the meaning of survival
When the rival is trifle?
Not a gun or a rifle
Not a knife for them to stifle
Put my hand upon the Bible
Open it and get an eye-full
Tryna keep my head
Above water and not be spiteful
The humanity
Vanity
Replaced it's insanity
So many casualties
Casually forgotten and randomly
Thoughts stricken on beach
And you soft bitches are panicking
Blackmilk on drums
Man this shit is so fucking menacing
What the world needs
Baby we feed them the truth
Lead 'em into the booth
Kicking this shit for the youth
They won't play it on the radio
Fuck 'em
If we stand together we can always overcome 'em
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I'm having visions
Of a bunch of bad decisions
That I might regret later
But this is the life we living
The streets is unforgiving man
They colder than ice
Gotta be holdin' while I'm rolling at night
This ain't right

All I hear is guns shootin'
Police chase allud in'
Robbin stealing lootin'
'Round the projects I just moved in
I feel like what fuck I'm doin'
I'm really 'bout to lose it
And if you come for mine I'll bring your life to a conclusion

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Hit a lick
To help my mom
We riding without no dad around
My life was about pussy, basketball, and having this rapping crown
Kill 'em with kindness and they started killing my happy smile
I didn't tag 'em down, tie 'em up, and try to wrap no fucking cord around his neck
So they looking for that check
Seen a little homie die young, felt like I was looking at myself
Hold on, I know pain
And I ain't talking 'bout them whoopings by the belt
Trials and tribulations we all grow and we all need help
And yo there's some things we've been preventing
Political strategies looking like open terrorism
Hold on dizzy don't get her
Talking in third person as I let my personality split 'em
Like M. Night Shyamalan
I'm talking mental divisions
They been tearing families down since before Abraham Lincoln
Real facts
These is vocal thoughts I'm really just thinking
Then you finding out that life is real
I don't know how to feel
Making all this money just to get us out my momma's crib

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