

Cypress Hill, Cisco Kid

We gonna get you high (*whispered in background 6 times*)

Let's get high (*whispered in background 2 times*)

(B-Real)

I flow rhymes off just like weed in your chest

Think you gotta win, don't hold your breath

Spittin on the track with Red and Meth

Rollin up a fat, when you smoke a cassette

Or CDs, we bees the ones with the Ouija's

Spread it on the arm, come on believe me

Look who it is, it's the funky feel

Smokin assassin from Cypress Hill

DJ D just resonate it

Over my brain till it's saturated

Gotta get the cush weed and cultivate it

Give it to the hoes who love to hate it

Cause lungs get filled like Hershey Highways

I don't give a fuck who sits where I blaze

Chillin at the rainbow high and faded

You sittin that hump, better isolate it

(Method Man)

Is there a Doctor in the house?

We like fuck that, nut sacks in your mouth

Lemme show you what a thug about

We can talk or we can slug it out

Better yet, you can bark like a bitch when I thug it out

There it is, a better a kid, ahead of his

Time to settle this, like men

I'm pipin hot, exciting

Write a gem or hype in them, alright then

All day I drink and smoke

Shell toe with a anchor sink yo boat

Cent, five cents, ten cents, dollar

Rocwilder blend the track and getting hotter

Ask your boy, now pass your boy something to smoke

Cause you have had nothing to throat, swallow

Bang the track, bring your bat

Ain't too many that can hang with that

So why bother

(Chorus)

Cisco Kid was a friend of mine

Hell yea

Cisco Kid was a friend of mine

Hell yea

He drank whiskey, Pancho drank the wine

Hell yea

He drank whiskey, Pancho drank the wine

Hell yea

(Cypress Hill)

Yea, send all, aint far back

And who wrote on this track

I don't really give a fuck

Put the pen down lets toss them up

Soul assasins, Latin thugs

Whole damn world know about us

Rhymes we kick and weed we puff

Get you vatos all fucked up

And sing along to my get high song

Had you choking off of four foot bong

Cypress Hill and weed, can't go wrong

Keep you smoking like Cheech and Chong

(Redman)

Yo, call me that Doctor

P-Funk or chronic blower

Pussy smoker, strap toker, back broker

Hash burns in your pull out sofa
This is my brain on drugs
Move out my way cuz, cause I might run you over
Bitches bounce your titties
I bounce with a pump shotgun
Look out, the highest man in the world
Walkin off with my hand on your girl
Can't drink and can't stand when I uhrl
Niggas, two puffs and then pass me the L
What you talking about I'm aint high enough to start that party
Triple peanut enter the stage with a gauge
Don't shoot nobody
What you ain't high enough?
Do I gotta jump out there and tie you up?
Strap a bong to your mouth
Till you wired up
Till the Park Ranger call the Firetruck
And said "Hey motherfucker, what you be smoking on?"
I said "Punk motherfucker, why do you want some?"
Yo, yo, give me the gun, we don't need to fight
Hold that blunt, I'll give you a light
Don't no nigga want to die tonight
With all this weed, get high tonight.. BITCH!
Chorus 2 times