

Cypress Hill, Don't Trip

[Chorus]

Don't you trip this is the Soul Assassins
We come and blast them
We Eastside riders, this is how we doin'

[B-Real]

I spent hot days under the sun with all my loved ones
Soul Assassins family click you know the dark one
Eastside hellraisers, promoters pay us
To tear the roof of this shit, the mic blazers
Smoke alarms goin off, flowin off
The track, got em showin off, blowin off
All wack niggas choke in coal, eat a dick up
Pick up ya teeth out the street flossin holes
God knows weedniggas ya figured ya find ways
To escape the path of the serial rhyme-killa
Top billa, bankaccount filla
Spittin out more hot shit then Godzilla
The firebreatha, turn up your receive
I attack the brain through the sound in ya speaka

No you can't fuck with this...
No you can't fuck with this...

Chorus

[B-Real]

You can't hold back the fury, I bury you in a hurry
Rhymestyle non-stop commin in a flurry
Don't worry, Imma settle this, get the fist
I sever your vocalcord with a flick of my wrist
You insist to be here, I make this clear
It's a game of cut-throat from ear to ear
Can you hang in the world when, where ya girlfriend
Hanging with my crew and steady serving
Come get your feeling hurt and come act hard
I got a ditch in my backyard for all you scared niggas
I make figures for all the soldiers to follow
Peace to my fam, bands who won't see the ...
I see you in the next one, I test one
When you flex son, respect one, the best one
Cypress Hill, Soul Assassins, blastin you on
In the race called life yo we passin you on

Chorus

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We come and blast them
We Eastside riders, this is how we doin'

Don't you trip this is the Soul Assassins
Who wanna be stupid come be the first to die