

# Cypress Hill, From The Window Of My Room

[B-Real]

Now lately I've been findin myself, pourin my guts out  
Expressin my thoughts, lettin my nuts out in the walls  
of sleep, I can't keep it all in the hall clear  
While others keep it inside for the pride they hold dear  
Shoulda been, woulda been, coulda been the cops  
Stop look and listen, you'll get a vision of hip-hop  
Individuals lookin to the battle the shadows of man  
See it all, be it all, you need a plan  
It takes one man to understand this  
Learn fuckin with a deadly gas, you get burned  
From the window of my room, I shoot all stars  
Every little bit you consume, the high cost  
of living it's all given to you, don't lose it  
Every man's given a tool, but don't use it

[Chorus: B-Real]

From the window of my room, I shoot all stars  
Every little bit you consume, the high cost  
Break free, you're selling your soul, for a fee  
But all that shit ain't worth it, you burnin up see  
the window of my room, I shoot all stars  
Every little bit you consume, is high cost  
Break free, you're selling your soul, for a fee  
But all that shit ain't worth it, you burnin up see

[B-Real]

From the window of my room, the gloom spreadin across  
the land of milk and honey, no money to feed the boss  
Funny the cost of life, cut clean blood streams  
out the body, nobody wants you dreamin about shorty  
No longer don't need a 40 to take away any pain  
So punk me and I'll give you the world exact change  
or quote me and you're never the same, I claim no one  
I show none the weakness individuals go forth ya seek this  
Wherever I roam is home to me  
You Shogun, look at my enemies try to do me  
The influential status, you know the baddest  
Lookie here, show you what that is, bringin the madness  
Sadness to those appealin to any conflict  
Lookin out my window pane, I see you fallin  
What are you a man or a mouse, the house light  
shinin within, that's when you begin to live again

[Chorus]

[Sen Dog]

From my window I can see  
Humanity, goin insane G  
Everybody want respect, but you gotta collect  
Only hardcore vatos on the set  
Don't get me wrong but some rhymes get twisted  
There it goes, the pride, you missed it  
I ain't upset with the motherfucker dissin  
Find me in Watts when you wanna come hit me  
Some shit ain't what it seems, in the land of dreams  
Some sell their soul to get the cream  
From the teens I don't sling or slang no crack  
I'm known for bringin in funky ass raps  
See those magazine crews and I'm a goner  
Dull interviews with these damn primadonnas  
Unlike some of these fools on the turf  
Look like the real thing, but they soft like Nerfs

So unrehearsed that it shows in the product  
Need to get the fuck out, before you get caught up

[Chorus]