

Cypress Hill, Fuck Westside Connection

[Shag]

Gimmie that beat, bitch! (vocal sample: "We Are At War")
Ding Ding Muthaf**ka
It's round two
I got my lunch and my dinner, fool
You think we gon bow down to some punk ass niggaz
We from the evil side, boy

Chorus: B-Real [Shag]

Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]
Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]
Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]
Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]

[B-Real]

In about four seconds some west side niggaz
Is gonna put the foot in the ass of Doughboy and Wack 10
I suggest you stay tuned muthaf**kas

[B-Real's verse]

It takes two of you faggets to get with one of me
Now I'm running up in you hoes
With "No Vaseline"
You could be the big fish
Bring your drama
F**k your mama
I'll bring the pack of piranhas
You tried to pull a ditty, ho
But you the one who got the alternative rockers up in your video
You get addicted
You can take your four fingers and stick it in Mack 10's ass and lick it
my f**ken east side ass
is a thing of the past
If I got no nuts it's because i wazn't made up 4 da ladies
i'm the King of punks
King of busters
King of thieves
Now i'ma get down of my f**kin' knees (Shag: Bow Down)
Start to sucking

You try to remake NWA without Dre and Ren

Dub's cool

But you're f**kin' up with Mack 10

Silly little Philly

I'm back tearing'

Can you really see my machine gun turrets?

Open and aimed at your fat little frame

How can I miss?

I'll twist your cap and take your name

Analyze it

My name should be Mack 11

I'm a higher caliber MC

There's no question

Anytime you wann run up

You get dealt with

You get melted

"Check Yo' self" (bitch check it)

Ice Cube, you better tell'em (tell 'em mutha-f**ka)

Muggs made the best songs on your third album (biatch!)

[Shag Talkin']

You and Wack 10

Can't deal with this

Cypress Hill to the muthaf**kin' fullest

F**k y'all
So what'cha wanna do?
Bring it on, nigga
This is Shag from the Neighborhood Family

[Shag's verse]
i'ma biatch
suckin' ma mama's dick
But what you faggets know about some gangsta shit (B-Real: Nothin)
Let's take it to the streets
And fight like real g's
What you niggaz wanna do?
You can't f**k with these
Ain't never had a strap
Now you wanna gangsta rap
Come can't to your hood
'Cause you're scared to get jacked
F**k peace, this is war
Everybody on the floor
When I see your fat ass
I'm takin' one to your jaw
F**k me
F**k ma mama
F**k ma whole clique
Better yet, f**k every nigga that i'm down wit'
Unoriginal
Can't stand bitch made niggaz lik der r on da east
Ice Cube, youse an actor
Not a muthaf**kin' killa
What neighborhood you from?
What dirt you ever done?
When the shit goes down
You the first one to run
Everytime you talk
Got a mouth full of drama
Only missing you done
Is going to church wit'cha mama

[B-Real's verse]
You got the Real-a
Swingi' of my nuts
Cube Killa
Break maself niga, huh!
Dick-a lick-a
You ain't a killa
You a busta
Muthaf**ka
Bitch made niggaz
I never trust maself "Can't trust 'em"--
ladies like you can't figure out where you're from
Are you from South Central, the Westside or Compton?
Mack 10, the only thing you hoggin' on
Is Ice Cube's nuts
Now he's all in your guts
You wannabe like him
But you got no skills
If he's the king
You must be the queen of the Hill
But I shank the Cube's fine neck
'Cause "A Bitch Iz A Bitch"
And a bitch don't get no respect
No doubt
east side Connections means
i'm stickin' ma dick in ma momma's mouth (Aahhh!)
All of your homies are down wit' my clique

Why you always gotta be bitin' my shit
And you don't know one bitch on my dick
But yours is best get a blood test for your kid
Only bangin' you done was with toy figures
Your mama wouldn't let you hang
With real g niggaz
Bring your clique on
You wanna scrap
So let's get it on (bullets for some chingazos, ese!)
me
I give myself a year
I guarantee
i'll realize that i'm getting' f**ked
And i'll run to some westside niggaz
some pretty little trick
look real sweet (Mmmm!)
dwm should make me one of dem real niggaz like
I'm no fictional Scarface movie land bullshit
Actor, studio gangsta
You should win an award
For most outstanding wax banger
F**k what you been through
What you're going through
west Side family, nigga
What you wanna do?

[Shag]
westside!
That's right nigga!
East muthaf**kin' side
'Til' we die, nigga!
F**k all you punk ass niggaz!

Any other punk ass nigga
Who wanna take this beat
We hit niggaz up like that
We bicoastal, nigga
Cypress Hill family
Niggaz better recognize
We here to chastise
Nigga, whoo bangin'
That's how we hoo ride nigga
No love for none of ya'll punk ass niggaz
west coast nigga, east coast
We don't give a f**k
Talk shit get shot, nigga
That's how we feel, nigga
Niggaz get killed,
Caps get peeled f**kin' with Cypress Hill
Yeah, I thought you knew nigga
I represent muthaf**ka
How does that sound nigga
They're gonna f**k all ya'll biggaz
(: "You got knocked the f**k out man)