

# Cypress Hill, Goin' All Out, Nothin' To Lose

[B-Real]

I got nothin to lose, I'm goin all out  
The deuce never stop, I refuse to play by the rules  
Uptight, when you steppin into the night, right  
Pigs comin up and shinin the bright light  
Nothin better to do, than f\*\*k with the pride  
when you hide behind your badge, your gun and ride  
Billy club show me no love, think you above  
all the fuss and the locs is rushin in too close  
Let me lay it on the table, forget stable  
Freak niggaz, comin to slay to the label  
You got nothin to lose, come on choose  
Stay away from niggaz that bring down your crew  
Whatever it takes, you make or break yourself  
with the wealth or the chance to stay in good health  
Sword blade swingin you back off away  
and the track off the real, straight off the Hill  
What the deal motherf\*\*ker?

Chorus: B-Real, Sen Dog

I got nothin to lose (I'm goin all out)  
Nothin to lose (You gonna fall out) Time run out  
(I'm goin all out) Nothin to lose (I'm goin all out)  
Lightin the fuse to the bomb (better run out)  
Nothin to lose (I'm goin all out)  
Nothin to lose (You gonna fall out) Time run out  
(I'm goin all out) Nothin to lose (I'm goin all out)  
Lightin the fuse to the bomb (better run out)

[Sen Dog]

I'm goin all out, showin y'all what I'm about  
Gettin in your mental, knockin niggaz out  
Takin this pencil, across the brain  
Ain't stoppin there til the rhymes all drained  
all out my system, take em, and then I twist em  
Put em out one day and see, who wanna diss em  
As you fold I'll sting ya, run up and you bitch up  
Y'all get the picture, just call Mr. Excitement

Comin with the thunder and lightning  
Shit is quite frightening how niggaz keep biting  
So I keep the writing, down for the fighting  
Cold with the flows, they both quite exciting  
And let me take space up, heat your face up  
I'm goin all out, before the raise up

Chorus

Come on, come on

[B-Real]

I'm goin all out, nothin to lose, you better roll out  
Sold out, niggaz be livin in times run out  
In the present smell the prescence of what you stressin  
You get sent a lesson ain't missin the point blessin  
Expression, feelin the tension over the session  
The question, fillin your body with intention  
Don't mention the profession, keep adressin  
The real motherf\*\*kers in the crowd pay attention  
I'm goin the f\*\*k out, Smith and Wesson  
You better stall me out, no extension  
Only the strong will ever be settin the pace

When you look up I'm gone and never left a trace  
No worries, set you with flurries and no juries  
Eight million stories in the city of furies  
Don't get the twist, you listen or get the fist  
I got nothin to lose so I gat fools with this

Chorus

[Sen Dog]

Oh yeah, Cypress Hill massive once again  
Comin to your record shop  
Check this out, we ain't takin no prisoners  
We choppin heads off  
And you steppin at me, you better be goin all out baby  
This is war baby, from now until the new m-m-mm-mm-millelnium