

# Cypress Hill, Hands On The Pump

Well I'm an alley cat, some say a dirty rat  
On my side you see my gat, see I'm all of that  
Sendin off buck shots for I'm gonna wetcha  
Running hard, but I'm still coming to getcha  
Thinking like a peace smoke, comin on a homicide  
You talkin shit, try to take me for a ride  
I'm not a bad guy, but I'm the funky feel one  
Finger on the trigger with my hands upon the steel  
Lettin out a bullet, this is going boo-yaa  
You're stuck in my so hood, so what ya gonna do now?  
Being the hunted one is no fun  
Here I come son, yo I think you better run  
Better run more, and move a little faster  
Second of thought and I'm coming to blast ya  
With my

## Chorus

Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump  
Left hand on a forty, [puffin onna blunt]  
Pumped my shotgun, [niggaz didn't jump]  
Lala la la lala la laaaaa...

## Verse Two

Comin at you like a stiff blow, f\*\*kin up your program  
Ain't takin shit from you him or no man  
Master mind maniac and a menace soooo  
How they want to pass sentence  
All because a nigga tried to play me on the trigger  
He missed, so now the nigga's pissed  
Rude and crude like a pitbull, get to the point  
Your f\*\*kin car to get pulled, now

I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle  
And I'm handin out beatdowns  
I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle  
And I'm handin out beatdowns [get your face down!]  
Put me in chains, try to beat my brains  
I can get out, but the grudge remains  
When I see ya punk ass, I'm gonna getcha  
F\*\*king do ya, shotgun go boo-yaa!

## Chorus

## Verse Three

Kickin that funky Cypress Hill shit  
Take a lot of mental for the blunted to chill with,  
'cause I'm the chill one, known to get ill one  
They stepped to the Hill "What's up?", I had to kill one  
Now I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle  
And they got me on lock down  
Headed up the river with a boat and no paddle  
And they got me on lock down  
Hit me like a nigga who done lost his mind  
Cause I ain't goin out like a spineless jellyfish  
Some say life is a bitch  
Ask that punk who dug his own ditch  
Out for the Hill f\*\*kin up at a party  
Tried to get funny, put a hole in his body  
Lala la la lala la laaa  
Look at all of those funeral cars

Cause I'ma

Chorus