

Cypress Hill, Hit 'Em

You're in the presence of the realist
Since I've been served in lessons
Since the days of my adolescence
On the Cypress block
Young buck
Holdin' the glock
Like we knew it all
Not afraid to do it all
Matter of fact
And look back
And do it all
Like I remember the haters
Say the game will ruin y'all
What's that to me?
Don't give a fuck a about a hater
Let 'em roll up like the weed in my paper

They call me Big Dog ridin with the hillbillies
Cubone stallion with the lick feely
Really became a boss many years back
When I'm gone, hear me bitches
Hold your tears back
We put the bang in bangin'
Produced the dope we slangin'
You nutless motherfuckers got no chance of hangin'
They took the tails when you flippin' the quarter
We ain't slowin' down we crashin' through the border

So let the rhythm hit 'em
Just let the rhythm hit 'em
'Cause when you feel in your soul
Lift the sound system
Then turn it up
Uh- a little louder
Turn it up
Uh- a little louder
Turn it up

We never turn it down
Universal sound
When we smoke a pound
Take a look around
When we touch a town
Knock the waist
Stompin' in my big black Js
Corny motherfuckers get stuck in the maze
We never sucker fools, had enough of you
False friends and loose ends
Make me want to snuff a fool
Fuck that, we got another world tour
Touching every shore
From Cali to Singapore

Everyday I've seen more motherfuckers in the temple
As we rock up tempo, instrumentals
I saw my dream in a dream, then I woke up
But the dream team together, now we smoke up

One, one time

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Just let the rhythm hit 'em
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Uh- a little louder
Turn it up
Uh- a little louder
Turn it up