

# Cypress Hill, Hole In The Head

[Sen Dog] Gangster Red, whassup yo?

[Gst Red] It's a Tribe thang

Verse One: B-Real

Madman gonna get cha, quick with the cuente

See a gang, no there ain't no juguete

Rollin like a pyscho with the windows rolled down

Who you lookin at, you tryin to fade me clown?

Plato, si mon, you want static

When you reach for your gat to load your automatic

(Boo-yaa!!) Spittin out buckshots

Homey say blood claat, so you can call a pig

Cause no one could handle, I wind up, and loco

Insane in the brain, you get the bullet and

Chorus: B-Real, Sen Dog

A hole in your head

A hole in your fuckin head/A fuckin hole in your head

In your head!

A hole in the/your head, a hole in the/your head

You get a hole in the head (a hole in the head) in your motherfuckin head

Huh!/In your head

A hole in the head, a hole in the head

Verse Two: B-Real

Eight barrel pumpin, system thumpin

See a fine heina, c'mon baby jump in

I stop to cop, here let me tell you somethin

Me and you, bruca, we should be humpin

Honey likes the mack, homey's got her in the bag

But there's vato's rollin out, and they're stickin up the flag

He jumps out with the sag, hey where ya from homes?

It's on... he sees him reachin for his chrome

Buckshot to the dome, jumps in the Brome

Honey's in the back but she just wants to go home

But he trips to the store homeboy needs a forty

White boy at the counter's thinkin oh lordy lordy!

Pushin on the button, panickin for nuttin

Pigs on the way, ayyo I smells bacon

Dips out the store, one-time hits the corner

And he hits the fuckin alley like his homes was Pop Warner

Still had the forty, comin at the alley

Seen the chief's son, pig Officer O'Malley, oink

In the black and white thinkin he's gonna check him right

Wrong, hah, it's gonna be on

That pig better suck a la chrome (P.D. 187)

A to the motherfuckin K! (You know whassup Sen)

Get your ass down! And by the way

Chorus

A Scooby Doo y'all, a Scooby Doo y'all

Scooby Doo!

A Scooby Doo y'all, a doobie doobie doo y'all

Doobie doo!

A Scooby Doo y'all, Scooby Doo y'all!

Scooby Doo!

A Scooby Doo y'all, a Scooby doobie Doo y'all

Verse Three: B-Real

Six rollin up and now he's really baffled

Brother's thinkin "Damn I never got this gaffled" (to' up)

Beat down (down) on the way to the station

Gaffled up from a false accusation

Oink to the pen, you know homes the one that's where the

attitudes apply and where the punks'll be dined

Made a comb to a shank, I'm gonna stick ya

Wet ya, you know homes the picture

(Yeah you never been to jail boy!)

Broomstick up your ass

And by the way, you get

Chorus 2X

[Sen Dog] Yeah South Central and the Westside teamed up

This is hell boy

[Gst Red] It's a Tribe thang... straight up! It's a Tribe thang

[Sen Dog] What side is that Red?

[B-Real] Can they kick it?

Can they kick it?

Yeah, can they kick it?

I'm Sirnose and they cannot kick it