

Cypress Hill, I Want To Get High

COMMIN' OUT DA SLUMS!!!

It's da hoodlums

I'm pullin' my gat out on all you bums

So bring it on when you wanna come fight this

Outlaw, I'll kick ya like Billy Ray Cypress Hill

Kill, I'll bust that grill

Grab my gat, and load up the steel

And if you wanna get drastic

I'll pull out my blasted glock, automatic,

Synthetic material, bury your blocks-n-mortar

Headed down to da Mexican border

Smokin' that smellie, Northern Cali,

Gonna put a slug in Captain O'Malley

Ho, hum-Hear the gat come

Boooooommmmmmm!

Let me see what you'll do when you're sent to kill a man

But I'll be damned if I don't take a stand

We ain't goin' out like that

We ain't goin' out like that

"We ain't goin' out!"

We ain't goin' out like that

We ain't goin' out like that

"We ain't goin' out!"

We ain't goin' out like that

We ain't goin' out like that

"We ain't goin' out!"

We ain't goin' out like that

"We ain't goin' out like that!"

I'm high strung

Click I'm sprung

'Cause I don't live on the hum-drum

Where I'm from the gats'll be smokin'

I'll be damned if ya think I'm jokin'

Know that I come with the static, erratic, .45 automatic

Screamin' at ya-the red lights beamin' at ya

No need to hafta run after the punk-ass who'd run up to my crew

Dig the grave for the one who got played

Now he's under

Don't make me wonder why 'cause you'll testify

We ain't goin' out like that

I got to thinkin' "What the fuck is this?"

Lettin' you know I take care of business

Can I get a witness?

To verify when I'm to bring this style

That makes you ecstatic

Tragic, when I get a poof of the magic buddha

When I roll with my crew

I betcha one time can't find my hooda!

Hits'll be hitting with the belt unbuckled (I don't know this line)

Pig rollin' up but he ain't that subtle

Pulled to da curb

So we exchange a few words

But he got me stirred up

"Ought not to grab the handcuffs.

I'll huff-n-puff-n-blow ya head of!"

We ain't goin' out like that

EAT A BOWL OF DICKA!!!