

# Cypress Hill, Ice Cube Killa

[Shag]

Gimmie that beat, bitch! (vocal sample: &quot;We Are At War&quot;)  
Ding Ding Muthafucka  
It's round two  
I got my nuts and my denim, fool  
You think we gon bow down to some punk ass niggaz  
We from the evil side, boy

Chorus: B-Real [Shag]

Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]  
Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]  
Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]  
Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]

[B-Real]

In about four seconds some east side niggaz  
Is gonna put the foot in the ass of Doughboy and Wack 10  
I suggest you stay tuned muthafuckas

[B-Real's verse]

It takes two of you faggets to get with one of me  
Now I'm running up in you hoes  
With &quot;No Vaseline&quot;  
You could be the big fish  
Bring your drama  
Fuck your mama  
I'll bring the pack of piranhas  
You tried to pull a ditty, ho  
But you the one who got the alternative rockers up in your video  
You get addicted  
You can take your four W fingers and stick it in Mack 10's ass and lick it  
Ice Cube is a thing of the past  
If I got no nuts it's because they're still stuck in your ass  
You're the King of punks  
King of busters  
King of thieves  
Now get down of your fuckin' knees (Shag: Bow Down)  
Start to sucking

You try to remake NWA without Dre and Ren

Dub's cool

But you're fuckin' up with Mack 10

Silly little Philly

I'm back tearing'

Can you really see my machine gun turrets?

Open and aimed at your fat little frame

How can I miss?

I'll twist your cap and take your name

Analyze it

My name should be Mack 11

I'm a higher caliber MC

There's no question

Anytime you wann run up

You get dealt with

You get melted

&quot;Check Yo' self&quot; (bitch check it)

Ice Cube, you better tell'em (tell 'em mutha-fucka)

Muggs made the best songs on your third album (biatch!)

[Shag Talkin']

You and Wack 10

Can't deal with this

Cypress Hill to the muthafuckin' fullest

Fuck y'all

So what'cha wanna do?  
Bring it on, nigga  
This is Shag from the Neighborhood Family

[Shag's verse]  
Mack 10 is a bitch  
Suckin' Ice Cube's dick  
But what you faggets know about some gangsta shit (B-Real: Nothin)  
Let's take it to the streets  
And fight like real g's  
What you niggaz wanna do?  
You can't fuck with these  
Ain't never had a strap  
Now you wanna gangsta rap  
Come can't to your hood  
'Cause you're scared to get jacked  
Fuck peace, this is war  
Everybody on the floor  
When I see your fat ass  
I'm takin' one to your jaw  
Fuck you  
Fuck your mama  
Fuck your whole clique  
Better yet, fuck every nigga that you're down wit'  
Unoriginal  
Can't stand bitch made niggaz  
Ice Cube, youse an actor  
Not a muthafuckin' killa  
What neighborhood you from?  
What dirt you ever done?  
When the shit goes down  
You the first one to run  
Everytime you talk  
Got a mouth full of drama  
Only missing you done  
Is going to church wit'cha mama

[B-Real's verse]  
You got the Real-a  
Swingi' of my nuts  
Cube Killa  
Break yourself niga, huh!  
Dick-a lick-a  
You ain't a killa  
You a busta  
Muthafucka  
Bitch made niggaz  
I never trust ya --Cube's &&quot;Can't trust 'em&&quot;--  
Hoes like you can't figure out where you're from  
Are you from South Central, the Westside or Compton?  
Mack 10, the only thing you hoggin' on  
Is Ice Cube's nuts  
Now he's all in your guts  
You wannabe like him  
But you got no skills  
If he's the king  
You must be the queen of the Hill  
But I shank the Cube's fat neck  
'Cause &&quot;A Bitch Iz A Bitch&&quot;  
And a bitch don't get no respect  
No doubt  
Westside Connections means  
Ice Cube's stickin' his dick in Mack 10's mouth (Aahhh!)  
All of your homies are down wit' my clique  
Why you always gotta be bitin' my shit

And you don't know one bitch on my dick  
But yours is best get a blood test for your kid  
Only bangin' you done was with toy figures  
Your mama wouldn't let you hang  
With real g niggaz  
Bring your clique on  
You wanna scrap  
So let's get it on (bullets for some chingazos, ese!)  
Mack 10  
I give you a year  
I guarantee  
You'll realize that you're getting' fucked  
And you'll run to me  
You pretty little trick  
You look real sweet (Mmmm!)  
I should make you one of my hoes like  
Cube was for Eazy  
Doughboy, you're fuckin' around wit' the real Cuban  
I'm no fictional Scarface movie land bullshit  
Actor, studio gangsta  
You should win an award  
For most outstanding wax banger  
Fuck what you been through  
What you're going through  
East Side family, nigga  
What you wanna do?

[Shag]  
Eastside!  
That's right nigga!  
East muthafuckin' side  
'Til' we die, nigga!  
Fuck all you punk ass niggaz!  
Cube 187  
Mack 10 187  
Any other punk ass nigga  
Who wanna take this beat  
187  
We hit niggaz up like that  
We bicoastal, nigga  
Cypress Hill family  
Niggaz better recognize  
We here to chastise  
Nigga, whoo bangin'  
That's how we hoo ride nigga  
No love for none of ya'll punk ass niggaz  
East coast nigga, West coast  
We don't give a fuck  
Talk shit get shot, nigga  
That's how we feel, nigga  
Niggaz get killed,  
Caps get peeled fuckin' with Cypress Hill  
Yeah, I thought you knew nigga  
I represent muthafucka  
How does that sound nigga  
Cypress Hill Family  
They're gonna fuck all ya'll biggaz  
(Chris Tucker sample: &quot;You got knocked the fuck out man)  
(Cypress Hill sample: here is something you can't understand  
How I could just kill a man...)