

Cypress Hill, Illusions

Some people tell me that I need help
Some people can fuck off and go to hell
God damn, why they criticize me
Now shit is on the rise so my family despise me
Fuck em! And feed em cause I don't need em
I won't join em if I can beat em
They don't understand my logic
To my gat to my money and I'm hooked on chronic
I never wanted to hurt a nigga
Unless ya come flexin that trigga, I dig ya
That grave on the east side of town
Lay ya six feet underground
From man, to the dust to the ashes
All I remember tell me where the cash is
Clic Cloc barrel at my dome
Give all your loot or you ain't going home
But I ain't going out wit the pain
Wa da da dang, wa dada daa dang

Chorus:

I'm havin illusions all this confusion, drivin me mad inside
I'm havin illusions all this confusion, fuckin me up in my mind
I'm havin illusions all this confusion, drivin me mad inside
I'm havin illusions all this confusion, fuckin me up in my mind
Muthafuckas be drivin me up the walls
Hopin that I fall but they can suck my balls
Straight jacket, strap it
In a padded room when some punk niggaz can't hack it
Distracted from our reality
Now I'm let out on a minor technicality
They all fucked up now
Cause they let a nigga back on the street somehow
I'm lookin for someone like me
Livin in my own world to my own degree
On the loose in the city lookin at the ho wit the big titties
Lookin at me and I feel shitty
A little tensed up gettin hot
Cause she looks like my girl who just smoked at the crack spot
I'm tryin to find ways to cope
But I ain't fuckin round wit the gauge or a rope

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