

# Cypress Hill, Illusions (Q Tip Remix)

Some people tell me that I need help  
Some people can fuck off and go to hell  
God dam why they criticize me  
Now shit is on the rise and my family despise me  
Fuck em and feed em cuz 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 hook on chronic.  
I never wanted to hurt a nigga  
Unless you come flexing that trigger  
I'll dig ya that grave on the east side of town  
Now your six feet underground  
From man to the dust to the ashes  
All I remember tell me where the cash is!  
Click clack barrel at my dome  
Give all your loot or you ain't going home  
But I ain't going out on a bang  
Wa dada dang wa dada da dang  
(Hook)  
I'm having illusions all this confusion's  
Driving me mad inside  
I'm having illusions all this confusion's  
Fuckin me up in the mind.  
Mother fuckas be driving me up the walls  
Hoping that I fall but they can lick my balls  
Straight jacket strap it  
In the padded room where some punk niggas can't hack it  
Distracted from all reality now I'm let out  
On a minor technicality .... They all fucked up now  
Cuz they let a nigga back on the street some how  
I'm looking for some one like me  
Living in my own world to my own degree  
On the loose in the city looking at the ho with the titties  
Looking at me and I feel shitty  
A lil tensed up getting hot  
Cuz she looks like my girl who got smoked at the crack spot  
I'm trying to find ways to cope  
But I ain't fuckin around with a gage or a rope.  
(Hook)  
I'm having illusions all this confusion's  
Driving me mad inside  
I'm having illusions all this confusion's  
Fuckin me up in the mind.