

Cypress Hill, No Rest For The Wicked

"Live and direct"
One little two little three little putos
Tried to jack me they got the boot-o
Taking no shit when push comes to shove
'Cause the niggas showed me no love
Step back punk 'cause I'm a Latino
What I bring you is the hardcore lingo
Funky, but ya don't understand
Now I gotta stand with the Glock in my hand
No scope
And there's no hope
'Cause I'm dishin'
Out my .45 slug and it ain't missin'
Here it comes hissin'
Here it comes hummin' at ya
Now the slug is comin' at ya
One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes
What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run
Cuando entro, loonie es el fuerte
Speakin' to the gente
'Cause I'm insane in the mente
Movin' em back, click-click goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run
It's no fun
When I got to break you off some
Of the psycobeta beatdown, boy you get done
Serio
Here we go
Off for the muchacho
Come if you really want some of the chingazo
Me caso you don't hear this little lazo
Cypress Hill, breaking you off a pedazo
Humming at ya
Don't make me come gatt ya
Punk 'cause I still will be comin' at ya
One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes
What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run
When I come in, kickin' with a vengeance
Swift of the engines
Coming like the three little indians
Stompin' around on the ground on the plains
'Cause a nigga like me is goin' insane
In the brain
So I gotta maintain
My direction
What I mighta gained
Without my protection
Not a damn thing
So when I come just bring
That new style, break ya off like a chicken wing
Buckooock!!
So you can just suck my cock
Like a fat blunt, stoned is the way of the walk
When I'm peepin'
Checkin' out the punk-ass creepin'
I let the dogs loose then I let the dogs sick 'em
Graaah! Nigga don't make me catch ya
Punk 'cause I still will be comin' at ya
One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes

What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run