

# Cypress Hill, No Rest For The Wicked

&quot;Live and direct&quot;  
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 hiss'n'  
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

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