

# Cypress Hill, Red, Meth B

Y'all ready for this?

Ha! I don't think so!

Yeah! Oh, listen to this!

We gonna come at ya!

[Redman]

Cypress Hill!

Yo yo yo - all my niggas say jump up, doc broke out the kennel

A dog on four paws spittin' out the window

Jump up! It aint no need to fight

We may squeeze the pipe, you gonna bleed tonight

I eat beans and rice, shit up a storm

I walk the streets with shark fin off my arms

Doctor Dolittle, lit off the bone

My bracelet like I raised it off the farm

Home-grown, thick, dirty

My family feud dudes who pack 2's on survey

Jersey and house

Gun like an elephants snout

Pull ya ambulance out

Ya whole team'll get bombarded

Ya on target, and bombed by some unsigned artists

We leave ya hair cut like a blind barber

Cut it, and gave you a line with fine markers

I won't leave till the job is done

Till the last prick nigga take ya wallet, RUN

Doc with the shotty and we both catch a body with Cypress Hill

Yeah!

[Chorus: B-Real]

We don't give a fuck, we live it up till the day we die

You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high

You won't be real with us, but ya reelin' us and you want to ride

You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high

[Method Man]

Yo, yo

Blunt smokin', half a bottle of remi open

You either holdin' or half-assed like Simmy Colan

I leave ya chokin' on them lollipop rhymes ya callin'

So hard, hell I crack the shell on ya candy coatin'

If the shoes fit like Alan I be too thick

Ever since you hit, yo my new chicks a new bitch

Ya know if I can't eat, ya can't sleep

Plus I'm in denial, I just can't admit defeat

My mind is my glock, keep my third eye cocked

Bust mines off tops, leave a rapper's nerves shocked

Now who's hot and who's not

I want them rocks and that money in ya two socks

Meth the mister, if crime is an art, then let me paint a picture

I'm gone, Kodak can't even frame the riddler

Gold realin', Meth, doc, Cypress Hiller

Whoever think they fuckin' with that, lets be realer

[Chorus]

[B-Real]

Take the back seat and smash beats

Smoke blunts through ya lungs and flips ya brain cells like athletes

Run a track meet, the rhymes on ya rap sheet

With the foot long crush bong, look your collapsing, sicko

They go on the break-off, mental breakdown and shit you wouldn't think of

I spread it to Reggie, chances are better but deadly

You wanna be friendly on the get high Bentley

You twisted up, burnt out within seconds

Cos you couldn't hang with the John Blaze methods

Bong hittin', doc spittin', shark bitten

Star stricken, glock clickin', stop shittin'

Inhale the smoke from the master's lungs

You wanna roll up, yo I'm the fastest one (ha!)  
You wanna test with the sess, well first off  
That shit is funny like Kid Rock with his shirt off  
[Chorus X2]