Cypress Hill, Scooby Doo

Chorus (repeated several times): Scooby-Doo, y'allilli.... Scooby-Dooby-Doo, y'allilli....

Verse 1: B-Real I remember the time them niggas tried to get me (I ain't havin' it) Throw your hands in the air, the Hill's live and direct, see So let me put my clip in, watch this nigga start flippin' My, why must they always be trippin'? Shut up, what up, fool tried to nut up Dropped the gat, riccocheted, the fool got cut up (Why'd you drop the gat, G?) I got hit from behind Now a nigga like me, I gotta go for mine Bring it on, bing, make ya bells ring When ya hit that pavement, what a feeling It's on, cracked like a baseball bat Oh shiiiiiiiit, out the boot came a gat Pointed (aimed) the nigga said "You're through!" [laughs] Scooby Doo! 'Cause I had a boy too!

Chorus

Verse 2: B-Real

I remember the time them niggas tried to get me (I ain't havin' it) Throw your gats in the air if you wanna come test me So let me just run through, as I pull out my Scooby-Doo I get the chills when I see that dead man's crew I got to get up, let's go head up, dead up I'm loc'ed like that, punk, that's why you're gettin' wet-up Want me to let up, but I ain't tryin' to hear that Bullshit cryin', punk, let me just clear that Buck a shot, lick a two shot, lick a three shot Ran out of ammo, damn, I ain't tryin' to get got Two niggas standin', dirty under-handed Lighter shade of fire, check my slug expanded Now tell me what the fuck are you gonna do When I pull out my Scooby-Doo?

Chorus

Outro: B-Real (Mexican dialect?) Take a good look ... 'cause this is the last time you're gonna see fat bell like this again, you fat piece a chit! Kid muchacho, muchacho kid, get flabby - (oh - choot that piece a chit.) You fuckin' lobsta piece a CHIT! I'll stomp you like a duck. And you ... you with your little happy chain of lighters ... you wanna fuck with me, you fuck with the best! And you ... you with the burly haircut, the Stawberry Quik guy ... you around the way, main. I know where you at.