Cypress Hill, Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk (Re

[B-Real]:

Who freaks the funk when the niggas wanna hit the bulnts, And feel the effects of the skunk,
Ain't no clue to what's in my trunk,
When ya wanna step up, and get done like the punk,
Passin' lumps with my hand on the pump for protection,
Follow my direction,
Ya caught up, in the complex, listen,
Now I roll a joint as I make the fat point,
Yo we ain't criminals, just the gangsta origanals,
But the pigs won't leave me alone,
They triyin' to snatch up the green home grown, marricon,
Can ya gettcha own rate like I'm throwin',
Fortifiy this beaka and stone,

Stoned is the way of the walk Stoned is the way of the walk

[Son Doobie]:

Let I get a sip of the vino, You smart, ok though, I'll smack ya ass like my name was Al Pacino, Who knows?, we know, Like Fenny Babarino, Holey Toledo, run shit like the gambinos, Cause I want the funk and you know I'm gonna get it, Just like Armaggetin', son ya gonna be sweatin', I got'cha runnin', hidin', it's the doobie pirate, Can ya hear the sirens, I'm gonna be arrivin', Don't touch the dial, Mr. denile, I go the extra mile to stepp on ya like tile, Cause we, funk the ultimate flow like coligan, If were in the 60's we'de rock the Ed Sullivan, Now on Soul trian and like John Cultry, I got the doobie bass swinigin' like a gold chain,

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