

Cypress Hill, Street Wars

[church bells gong]

[Verse One: B-Real]

As a kid, I was known, son of a thug
Snub-nosed .38 in the glove, who can relate with us?
Never had an easy life, shit's way out
Clips spray out, fools pay out or play out
Any scenario, been there, done that
Gone where some of y'all niggaz, couldn't come back
Been through the hottest parts of hell
Came back with a hard shell and, hard as nails
I went through it all, do it all, screw it all
Small you recall, the hard times as a juve-nile
Often misunderstood
Some joined the military, others just joined the hood
Street corner combat, part of the dark streets
Your heart beats pump when my slugs release
And there ain't no tellin, don't be the one yellin
These birds are deadly, they can shatter your melon

[Chorus 2X: B-Real]

When the street wars jump off, there's only one thing to do
Grab your gat and squeeze one off
This ain't the life of the soft ones who run off
You got one shot to get you a knot

[Verse Two: B-Real]

At the crossroads, sick of holdin the badlands
Where street wars, kick off quicker than Van Dam
Mistakes of mad man, I remember the old ways
The old days where fools clapped yo' {?}
No quarter, you feel me?
Life expectancy's just a little bit shorter
G's gave the order, you carried 'em out
Quick fast, you the last nigga I'm worried about
Get that street lead, that was one step over the edge
Much closer to death, every step I kept on
Learnin about the dark paths, made a hard left
Prayed to God death is swift and painless
This life ain't for everyone, stay out my shoes
You can't trade your fate, I hate to break the news
The young won't respect the fences these days
You a marked man if you get caught up in these ways

[Chorus]

[pause for spooky instrumental]

[Chorus]