

Cypress Hill, The Last Assassin

[Phone Call]

Bueno

?Como esta todo?

Bien, bien, que bueno, que bueno

Bueno, a lo que estamos hablando, van a ser 50000 (cincuenta mil) bolas

25 (veinticinco) ahora y 25 despues

Y a que usted agarre noticia de que Don Miguel ha muerto

Nos veremos en el centro de Los Angeles

Aha por la Pico y la Figueroa

[B-Real]

Lookin' back in the days of my youth no doubt

I didn't have any role models kickin' the truth out

So who am I supposed to look up to?

[Edit] on the corner, or the boys in blue

Now I had 2 choices, what could I be?

Down with, runnin' with the pigs or the g's

Let's see, a pig ain't done nothin' for me

But try to guide me to the penitentiary

The g's on the other hand wanna see me

Callin' shots in the hood, recruitin' homies

Either way I'm [edit] unfortunately

So I think I'll roll with the neighborhood family

G's in the hood are influential

Pigs on the street are detrimental

A g's got stripes on his credentials

Growin' up ain't easy in the Central

In the soul of the one holdin' the gun

Of the assassin, elimination, blastin', assassination

The lone hardcore to the bone individual

Highly advanced than your average criminal

Through the shadows I lurk through the alleys

And rooftops, scoped and aimed at your brain

Until we meet in the next world again

Until the year 2000 come on in my friend

An O.G. told me how to make some ends

To get the Rolex and the phat fuckin Benz

All I gotta do is take out a few friends

Disappear for a while then come back again

I used to have to hit them with the long range shot

In time I got better in the closer I got

The last thing I learned was the knife in hand

Blade to the throat, Oh, how I could kill a man

You could never understand how my mind works

The professional methods I use when I do dirt

Enemies and adversaries on the contract

No combat, I catch them in their Z's

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No one ever knows how the cards get dealt

In the hands of the maker when you break yourself

Why do I do do do things I do

Nobody was ever there for me to talk to

Once I was youngster, pure and true

Now I'm runnin' with the sick, sick crew
You could never understand what I go through
There could never be another [edit] fillin' my shoes
Sometimes I wonder how I made this far
In the gang set trippin'
Givin' up the set I claim
Pigs lookin' at me and they wanna take aim
But I don't give a [edit] cause it's all the same

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