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

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

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

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 my friend