

Cypress Hill, Till Death Comes

[Chorus 2X]

My game so strong, I can't go wrong
My dough so long, baby why prolong
Baby we get high, Baby we get dough
Baby we can party all night till death come

[Verse One]

We been in the game for a long time
Yes we're battle tested
With the time and the emotion, and the money invested
And if you think hard
No one elses game is tighter
Check the network, up in ya fucking service provider
I bought you thug shit
Thought you drug shit
Got you bugged shit
Tell me what we havent done
We run you through course son
Leave you understanding what the street life is
But you haters never understand
So eat my dick
You better
Get on your concentration
If you ready to roll on me
And good bitches if you wanna unload on me
Cause if you miss you won't get that far
Ill have you jumping fences
And running down the treet like a track star
I'm at the finish line, its essential
We so influential
Well strip you of your street credential
Game recognize, game we all about
Think you can deminish mine
Look homey I got a career

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Two]

They call me dog homey
Look I don't sell woof tickets
I got my fingers on the trigger
And I'm ready to click it
I never back down
Theres nothing you cand do to me nigga
Who the fuck are you
Your face is really new to me nigga
You wanna run with the dog
Try paying your dues homes
Bum nigga yelling every time that I use chrome
So many niggaz, aint none of them blast, the right lights
In the woods be stunning their ass
I took a chance
To advance, in my life believe it
It takes a stand to be a man
Plus the gang conceited
Fools trying to be hard
They only act the role
You little sorry ass bitches, Ill smack you hoes
Try to fool people
Make em think you something your not
I'm exposing all you bitches
By provoking the crowd
Raw dogging, dying for some action, drama
Your bitch shocked out

Bullets through plastic dome

[Chorus 2X]