

# Cypress Hill, When The Ship Goes Down (Diamond D. Remix)

Goin down, goin down  
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Goin down, goin down

(B-Real)

Livin on phat pockets on flat wit tha gat  
Rollin around nine deuce Cadillac  
Still got my homies to watch my back  
And they'll smoke ya ass if ya wanna come chat  
That's why some pigs an tha kids come sweatin  
They follow a hollow point shells hard ta swallow  
Why wallow when ya come ta roll on I put tha clip  
An dust bring ya ass on  
Kickin dust on ya head as tha gat busts my grip surrounded  
I'm about ta get rushed I brushed wit death  
How many shells stuffed in my closet (???)

(Chorus)

(B-Real)

When tha ship goes down ya better be ready (when tha ship goes down)  
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(B-Real)

I told tha boyz get tha sawed off glock  
And tha rest of tha gats as I strapped on tha bullet-proof vest BOOM  
I think I got one to tha chest hot damn I didn't want to kill a man  
Shit I still stand tall with tha hill clan y'all  
Better stand back niggaz bout ta fall I'm comin out blastin like Yosemite Sam  
Get tha cheese an tha bread for tha ham

(Chorus)

(B-Real)

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