

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)

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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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