The Alchemist, Body Something

(B-Real)
Yo Alchemist we takin it back on this one my nigga
Ya dig? Cypress Hill, Soul Assassins, uh

As the game gets older all you niggaz get younger
You put your hand in my plate, go 'head and question my hunger
I'll show you how the 6 spit a barrel of thunder
Shoot the math one round, put you six feet under
Pour the liquor out, for my homey who didn't make it
We hold your name up, and celebrate it, never be faded
You on the grind and sometimes shit boggles your mind
How you got away with the crimes and you prospered
Took advantage, of every single thing life has to offer
Thugs never got nothin nice in the brain
See cold-blooded ass niggaz swish ice in their veins
You blinded by the ice on the chains
Divided by the price of the fame
You rollin like dice in the game
It's a gamble, too hot to handle
Got to know when to hold 'em, fold 'em and then scramble
Move quick, we blow your head out like a candle.. candle..

(Chorus: repeat 2X)
Y'all know I got the shotty pumpin
So you know I'm gonna body somethin
Got the blood in your body pumpin
Big guns that'll keep your party jumpin

(B-Real)
I get... more from the hustle
I get... more money, more problems
I get... all the look stoned people
I get... pigs knockin on my door
I get... hard times all over
I get... bitches schemin on me
I get... dough cash in a tight-ass grip
I get you a casket bitch!