

Cypress Hill F/ The Fugees

"Boom Biddy Bye Bye"

Visit "[Boom Biddy Bye Bye](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Wyclef] Refugee camp, with Cypress Hill
[B-Real] Yo, bringin it on
[Wyclef] Cubans meet the Haitians
Perfect combination, check it

Verse One: Wyclef, B-Real

[Wyclef] You say guns
[B-Real] I say pistols
[Wyclef] Well if you got beef son
[B-Real] Callate la boca
[Wyclef] Go meet me on the island where the Cubans
meet the Haitians
[B-Real] A bullet beats the verbal lyrical assassination
[Wyclef] From L.A. to Brooklyn why you doin all that
talkin
[B-Real] Think you got a soul but you're a Dead Man
Walking
[Wyclef] Yo toast the host from coasts' we boast
When we meet again, I will be Casper that Friendly
Ghost
[B-Real] You'll hear shots, like the show Cops
Things are still the same, I'm still growin crops
[Wyclef] Wyclef with B-Real, let me build better yet
[B-Real] Killa bee kill
[Wyclef] Yo B-Real watch your grip

Chorus: B-Real, Wyclef, Lauryn Hill

[B-Real] Hi, boom biddy bye bye
[Lauryn Hill] Ahhhahhh, ahhhahhh
[Wyclef] You open up your eyes you'll be the next one
to die
[Lauryn Hill] Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh
[B-Real] Boom biddy bye bye
[Lauryn Hill] Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh
[Wyclef] Ohh as simple as they come as as simple as
they die
[Lauryn Hill] Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh
[B-Real] Boom biddy bye bye
[Lauryn Hill] Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh

[Wyclef] Yo who told the boyy, to pack a forty-five
[Lauryn Hill] Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh
[B-Real] Boom biddy bye bye
[Lauryn Hill] Ahhahhhh, ahhhahhh
[Wyclef] Now he rest in the place that they call
paradise

Verse Two: B-Real, Wyclef

Fools run up, but they've never seen the last
Spread your last lyrics get broken like glass
Can he pass or does he possess the will
Or does he need to create to keep him straight on the
real
Punks are broken some dey fall off the ledge
Refugee Camp bringin it straight over the edge

You duck as I fluff the feathers from ya skin
How ya gonna win that's like Satan without no sin
(without no sin)
They'll never happen while I'm rappin I be watchin
The Philistines, creepin up in Manhattan
The sun turn up though Wyclef produce a track with
Muggs
But there's no survivors, they all died in the flood

Chorus

Verse Three: Wyclef, B-Real

Yo, once a child, twice a villain
If this was drugs I'd make a million off this combination
They say you're dope Clef you're dope so they offer me
sess and beer
Beware, you pull your wallet Mr. Thief stares
The opposite direction of the room, he pulled his gun
and said
I'm doomed join the son of man in the tomb

I see the soldiers, comin from out the shadows
Ready for battle, ain't trying to hear the baffled
Warriors lined up in full war gear
In it to win it if it goes on for years
Dedicated to the stable of the Assassins
Revolutionaries, just bring on the action

Chorus

[WYCLEF]
Soldier man
Rewind selector soldier man

Refugee soldier man
Brooklyn soldier man
L.A massive soldier man
New Jersey massive soldier man
Uptown massive soldier man
Long beach massive soldier man
You know the whole world watches soldier man

Boom biddy bye bye open up ya eyes you'll be the next
one to die.....

Visit [Cypress Hill F/ The Fugees](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.