

Cypress Hill F/ FunkDoobiest**"Somethin to Ride To"**

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[Ant Banks]

Ahhhhhhh shit - now let me warm it up
I got the gin and juice and I'm a poor 'em cup
To get smooth in the mood that I'm in
So lets start riding till this mother fucker ends
And hit the main strip, where the hoes be hanging
Spitting some game and trying to throw that thang
On any young nigga with some ends
A mobile phone and a drop top benz
Take it from me, see, cause I know what it's about
Kick a big fat dick in a bitches mouth
And keep riding, high siding, but don't front
Nigga serve that shit, don't be no punk
And while the niggaz keep jocking, I be scoping
All the fine ass freaks of Oakland
That's where I reside, and where I always will be
The city of killers, dope dealers and still we
Chill like players, and act like pimps
Mack all hoes and slap all simps
The big badass, I'm from the Dangerous Crew
I just hang with the gang like it's the thang to do
Now motherfuckers can't face the facts that I'm doing
this
Rapping and producing and they can't even ruin this
See everybody knows the Banksta
The big dick gangsta who's fucking with dank and
clocking the bank
And I'm a get mine in the 9 O's
I mean the money, the fame, and the and the big thick
fine hoes
I'm pulling up right beside you
Bumping this funky ass shit to ride to

[Pooh Man]

Now here's some shit for you to ride to punk
Fifteen's slammin hard in my god damn trunk
From tenth ave, to a hundred and fifth
Young players ride the foothill strip
They ride Chevys, Cougars, Blazers, Vettes
Five 60 Benzos with Ferrari kits
They love fine ass bitches, rolex watch

Top let down on the coke white drop
I love my high schools cuties, muscle bound booties
Pools a hoes so you know I had to do my duties
I got to have it like a rabbit, fuck her like a champ
I tell you nigga I'm a pro with these high school tramps
They say young minds, make good times
See I'm a player so let me give an O 9
Alicia, Tina, Marie, and Evette
She wanna ride punk bitch you can ride my dick
Now Shawnetta, Shawnda, an Rida too
Now here's a shot to the whole slug crew
Talk bad punk bitch but it's always Pooh
Kiss my ass and spend your cash, on this shit to ride to

[Goldy]

Push in my deck, put in the key and start the engine
Cause I ain't joking, tired of smoking donuts while I'm
spinning
A tight high performance engine with the duals and
cams
fuck a spare tire in my trunk, it's boom, that slams
Cause I'm a young brotha like to burn rubber yo, get in
and out of lanes
I pump that ride in your bumper so ya change
Then I take a pit stop, exterior/interior whipped up
They wax me, then they buff me, niggaz don't love me
now I'm tipped out
Now I'm coming fresh from the detail shop
Going to the lee-male spots, looking for the female
cock
I feel the bass and woofer kick my chest like a
heartbeat
Went to the curb, when I saw the ass of a dark freak
So I pulled up slamming \$hort Dawg
I said "Hey", she said (*snort*), I said, "Damn a fuckin
warthog!"
So I smashed out doing 90
Covered her ass up with the smoke I left behind me
The medley steadily flowed in my ears like oxygen
Too \$hort, the Pooh, and the Banks, got the hoes on
our jocks again
Fucking with the hooties, with booties, and big titties
That's potent, but all I got is cheese for a rodent
Got a ticket doing 60 in a school crossing
Picking up my young cock for some cool tossing
Defamation of character, racially slandering
But all I'm ever guilty of is pimping and pandering
So please let me go officer
Because I could be at home in my bed tossing her
I make like al, tune, crank the vol-ume, and dash
Hit the freeway cause I can't play when I got some ass

Respect a player and an O G that's what they told me
Mhisani nickname Goldy, spittin' shit to ride to

[Too \$hort]

Now I come from the mother fucking eastside
So shut the fuck up bitch and just ride
I'm Short Dogg, hoe you can't front me
Since my very first album I was funky
Bitches start seeing them dollar signs
Even though I wouldn't give a broke bitch one dime
It's kind of funny, they want money from a pimp
Bitch, you couldn't get 50 cents
I take a gap from your ass and then I owe you the rest
I know the game hoe, and I'm a vet
Playing broads ain't based on love
You want my money, I wanna fuck
And after we do all that, I talk about you in my next rap
Beyotch!! Kiss my pimping ass
Cause all the time I didn't have this cash
Wouldn't call, wouldn't give me your number
I couldn't see ya like Stevie Wonder
I made a hit record, now I got money
You wanna play \$hort Dogg for a dummy
But I come from the mother fucking eastside
You suck my dick so I let the fake bitch ride
Dangerous music is on the mike
And like Banks always say, "This shit is tight"

[- unknown voice -]

Now thats some shit I ride
Pop that in the K-5 and go, buuuut
I got my partner Ant Banks sittin on something real
phat
I got my partner Short, sittin on the hood of a Cadillac
I got eveybody rolling
I got Kool-Aid, he ain't spilling and he ain't trippin
I got Ol' T B with his big 'ol fat ass, I got everybody
I got ?, but he ain't got no skin on his dick cause he
fuck too much
I got ah, I got Ol' Dirty Arm but that my partna though
cause he's super clean, super side, super everything
I got Footy and Jerry, he trying to dred, but that ain't
what's happening
I got a, shit who else I got, I got I got Face, Pooh, that's
my partna
He'll look through a broad his face so big
I got ah, I got Pow Pow, he looking like Linus; he kind of
filthy
But that's my partna though, I ain't going to talk bad
I ain't going to talk bad
No I ain't going to rank out

Oh Kitty Wing, that's my partna Peppermint Patty
I ain't going to talk about him
I ain't going to talk about Huh
cause he might beat me up send the block out on me
I don't want the block to through on me
Oh Too Clean (*barking sounds*)
We got ah, we got Hist Dancers (what about Chris Hicks
baby?)
Chris Hicks that's my that my Steven Seagal, he living
lavish
Oh else we got, who else we got in the crew that you
want me to rank on
The Tin Man Mo, that's Pah prince of Darkness, that's
my dark partna
My counter, that's my darkside
Who else we got, who else we got
We got foothill, oh I didn't get Clim, his teeth glow in
the dark

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