

Cypress Hill F/ MC Eiht

"First Blood"

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[Poet]

What?

Screwball

First Blood

When I die bury me

Hang my balls from a cherry tree...

Aiyyo, fuck everybody and everything

I'm puttin my balls on the table while you swingin ya
ding-a-ling

I'm here to take back whats mines, I sold dimes

On the block ?evading? the cops, opened outta town
spots

Meanwhile, otha niggas slipped in through the back
door

Now them niggas swear that they raps raw

I'm not feelin 'em, my rap style killin 'em

From the eighties to the millenium

Ask about Poet, niggas say "Yeah, I remember him"

Black hoody, army pants, stay wearin Timberland

QB OT, regulate thoroughly

The only one who represented heavenly

Had a whole borough ready to bury me

Yeah, you remember that, if you don't you was on
Similac

[Kyron]

Now you trapped up in a cipher with wild wolves that
need to eat

I chew ya dogs up and spit out they white meat, son

I'm having visions of ya ending and its not sweet

It's gettin crucial, dead you and the niggas that
produce you

Yeah its conflict with the Screw

Confined in the industry, but now I'm speacking to a
few

Individuals, now you fell I'm talking to you

Go ahead, press the issue, I'm QB official

Screwball authorized spit anotha one to prove its
organized

Check the archives, we copped pies

Got true street ties, ninety nine wise guys
Feel for the state, hit 'em right between the eyes, what?

Chorus: Poet

Now its first blood, hurt thigs, burst slugs
Dirt thugs, Screwball the worst thugs
First blood thirsty, what, coming to do y'all
Blew y'all back to the wall, and gave it to y'all
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[KL]

Yo, hey yo, yo
I told you don't fuck with me I got Jedi
Mind control with two nines with red eye
Aiming at'cha ?chedda?
Gettin off the bourbon rockin the turbin
Swervin ??? eating cats in slow-mo
Like Higher Learning, feel a burning
World turnin indeed
So one day they gonna have to hand it to me
'Cuz I'm a legacy
Flesh and bone chewin, livin
When a nigga take my kindness for weakness aside
givin

[Hostyle]

Hey yo, yo
Yo Screw, we got some drama to attend to
Watch me bend you to a pretzel (Man, saayzzz who?)
Hostyle 'bout bless you, anger I ventilate
With a banger I penetrate deep in your flesh meat
I'm foul with this, street analysis
Need to politic every twenty four
More money, money mo'
One mans poison is anotha mans sweetness
Striking at ya weakness, knowin all your secrets

Chorus

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