

## **Cypress Hill F/ MC Eiht**

### **"Seen it All"**

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"Basically over, basically over, basically over"--  
Raekwon (Scratched my Primo)

The games over, feds took your Range Rover  
Your man snitched and your girl's screaming "I told ya"  
About those over the shoulder boulders that you be  
having  
Niggas smile in ya face, behind yo' back they back-  
stabbing  
Laughing, talkin 'bout all ya business  
How much you got to score with, to niggas you went to  
war with  
How many guns you got, and where you go to cop  
You shoulda seen me coming down the block  
You was gettin hot, but you didn't give a fuck  
You make a G in a day and spend it up  
In a black Benz tinted up, pound of weed twist it up  
Henny pourin out ya cup, livin it up  
?Daddy Warbuck? style

Chours: repeat x2

I watched niggas rise, I watched niggas fall down (Fall  
down)  
I seen it all, it went down in my town (Where, where?)  
Called Queensbridge, where the fugitives live  
Where some rap kids (Rap kids) can turn to big wigs  
(Big wigs)

My niggas rollin dice and fled  
Braggin to the nigga with the slice in his head  
Now there's a price on his head  
For pullin out on Lil Bro  
Flashin his heat, he askin for beef  
Conference call, ready to brawl  
Caught him on a Blaz'a  
He breathing hard like he got asthma  
Choice words he spoke, headed for disaster  
Last to the gramma I spit  
Told him "Fuck you and whoever you get"  
He's like "Whatever kid"

Fourteen days later  
Whole team made they way to my block  
Young bucks with guns tucked and cocked  
Like they runnin the spot  
Im'a load one bullet for all of y'all  
You saw it on my face, war ready  
I'm callin the pace, its gettin more steady  
Don't bite what you can't chew  
Dumb little niggas like "That aint'choo"  
Yo, recognize what it coulda came to  
Put a whole in you, just like a navel

#### Chorus

Now keeps your eyes on  
Screwball, these rap dons, QB icons  
Play the project with a firearm  
Fully loaded, I keep a razor thats coroded  
I'll slash you with it, 'cuz every rhyme is crime  
committed  
Speak it 'cuz I did it before, I got on  
I ?dub? niggas moms up til they first born  
Til they only child, you pull car you'll get a wild  
One, I'm at the bottom of the struggle tryin to rise son  
A wise one, step ahead, keep my fam fed  
Broke bread off this game and I held my head  
You want details, then lets negotiate crack sales  
New guns thats watched the game, clientale  
Yo we rock well, we keep our name ringin bells  
>From this mic to the street life, we doin this right  
See we swore to these streets to vibe  
And draw heat, fuck a peace sign  
A waste of time, respect my nine

#### Chorus

What'choo thought  
Screw holdin down th fort  
Primo on the track  
What'chall want now  
Its like dat  
Feel it for a minute

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