

Cypress Hill F/ MC Eiht

"The Bio"

Visit "[The Bio](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Poet]

Now how should I start this first let me explain
Straight up drama since I bumrushed this game
Now I been doing this since a little rugrat
Representin QB, where my fuckin duns at?
Thats where I bug at, thats where I love at
Used to be small time then I got mad stacks
But lets rewind the hands of time
Back when I first laced the wax with rhymes
It was eighty sa'en, I was a crazy sa'en
Niggas tried to diss the Bridge I came bustin'
Even quoted Doug E Fresh sayin we was nothin'
You don't believe that, you know I called his bluffin'
Made 'em go buy a click and put 'em on patrol
You know P-O-E-T stayed in war mode
My gats stayed unlocked ready to unload
Loungin' waitin for the drama to unfold
But luckily we never had to go there
Lucky for them cuz I'm a nigga that don't care
But what did I get out of it? jack shit
Cuz I ain't the one to be on niggas dicks
Runnin around sweatin, put me on
Fuck that, I hit the block and popped til dawn
I was sick of the fake niggas selling they fake dreams
No time for that my niggas gotta make cream
Extorsion crew hits the block thoroughly
Merrily, merrily gettin bent up everyday
Makin money, takin losses
Beef with the nieghborhood wannabe bosses
Everybody gotta eat, heads bounce to the beat
Niggas is politicin on the hill twenty deep
Next thing you know I'm back in the studio
I could'nt help it, I had to let my guns blow
PHD hits the scenery real heads in the industry
remember me
I was flippin (flippin flippin) over them ???
Stuck in quicksand on bullshit in tough city
It didn't work out, niggas had to brake out
Take they own route fuck it no doubt
The streets was callin me I wasn't far away
Lets Get It On like motherfuckin Marvin Gaye

Been there done that still ain't finish spittin yet
Back on the set cuz there was money to get
My team, army green, on the scene doing my thing
Thats where I first queen yo I gotta blow up
At that moment I noticed mad niggas askin me
"Yo what happened Poet?"
I'll be back like Swarzeneggar, Terminator
But now, all I wanna do is get my wieght up
My man blessed me while I was already bubblin
He didn't dress me I had his money on the double dun
I did my thing for a long while
I sold shit like it was going outta style while I was on
trial
Anyhow, shit got foul
It all flipped I owe dough by the thou
But I can get it back and make it all good
I do my thing blessin niggas bricks in the hood
I had it going, fuckin blowin I didn't know then
Somebody close would snitch if they had to go in
But thats how it goes you win some you lose some
All I gotta do is tighten up my screw son
And crack that henny open and bust that bottle
You niggas stay tuned more shit comes tomorrow
Thats my bio, for those that give a fuck
And those who wanna know about P-O check my flow
Thats my bio, for those that give a fuck
And those who wanna know about P-O (check my flow)
Yeah, QB's Finest
Yeah, with the beat

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