

Cypress Hill F/ MC Eiht

"Y2K"

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When the smoke clears
You know who gon' be there
When the smoke clear yo
Thats all we got to tell y'all right now
Y'all know who gon' be standing there right

See its our destiny to count G's an' a semi-squeeze
Shoot the breeze, volley how the computers might
freeze
So Im'a store water, guns, can foods and keep order
We spaz out you cats prepare for the slaughter
The struggle savoir, got my temple on the border
Line, ready to corner you off and get ???, said it
Screwball, read the credit, get your whole team wetted
(Yo)
You dealin with some loose cannons (Yo) ready to dead
shit

I heard the world was over ahit suppose to blow like
supernova's (Uh huh)
Im on the hill high off the real, pumpin my ?bolos?
(Yeah)
Prediction told us turn into rollers, don't let the street
control us (What
happened)
'Cuz when those crackers pull the plug they gonna
creeep the holders
I send my deacon donors, black re-bels, who kill de-
vels
and move through cells we rule this hell (Screwball)
Make it picture pefect cock it back and lay it out
Bomb the White House run up in the pentagon and
spray it out

Chorus:

Hey hey hey, do all they talk about is Y2K (Y2Kayyy)
Hey hey hey, load it up and let the tech nine spray
(*Buck buck buck buck*)
Hey hey hey, do all they talk about is Y2K (Y2Kayyy)
Hey hey hey, load it up and let the tech nine spray

(*Buck buck buck buck*)

How many times sour limes and coronas
Powerful crimes in America, corna' to corna'
What'choo wanna do, cops huntin you
Aimin for the kill, layin still
Permanent forever chill in heavens field
Spreadin doin' deals, more electric than eels
Respectin the reals, countin what'choo build
?Prepare was heal? journey, with hard times
Examine it, playa's have money at random
Sittin pretty, sayin come and get me

(First line overlaps last line)
Standin infront of the gates of hell
Smackin niggas, pullin out the gat on niggas
Sold crack, plus Im a rappin nigga
I got rhymes for days, I got gats that blaze
Ready for motherfucking war
See this is whatcha'll wanted, you know it got to be me
(Screw B)
Everybody talkin 'bout they whips with the TV
I need some of this motherfucking rap money
I'm sick of this motherfuckin funny crack money
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas, y'all don't worry me
Screw B, QB, from here to eternity (To eternity)

Chorus

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