

## **Cypress Hill f/ Method Man, Redman**

### **"Commercial"**

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[Master P]

Yo Los, take us to a commercial  
While we stop to get high  
y'all check out the Young Guns, ya heard me?

Check this out..

If you have four ounces and you fronted your boy two  
and he gave a half to his boy  
and the police raided the spot then he flushed one and  
a half  
and he ask you for one mo'  
what should you do if you was in that position?

[Young Guns]

Nigga fuck that! I ain't bout to let the shit slide  
It's time to ride, time for these niggaz to die  
We don't just rap - everything we say is for real  
Time to let the gauge discharge, and murder that kill  
Nigga fuck that! I ain't bout to let the shit slide  
It's time to ride, time for these niggaz to die  
We don't just rap - everything we say is for real  
Time to let the gauge discharge, and murder that kill

Tell them bitch niggaz - they can keep from arounds  
This is family now, I give a fuck about you clowns  
Young Guns holdin it down, quick to bust a few rounds  
See if you catch our sound, tell my niggaz and my  
bitches  
they'll drop in the storm, tell them boys it's on  
And these niggaz gettin they ass torn, fuck bein  
warned  
This is a street politic, I promise to die violent  
Now I start wildin, until you bitch niggaz are silent

Nigga fuck that! I'm bout to send these niggaz life back  
They talkin shit about my fam and I don't like that  
You know how I react, so why you wanna beef?  
It's time for me to say my prayers, and hit the streets  
Bullets about to hum, bitch niggaz gon' get numb  
Here come Reginelli down the block nigga don't try to  
run

I ain't lettin it slide I caught him slippin and him twice  
Next thing you that nigga was on the ground, shakin  
like dice

These niggaz fail the test so nevertheless I split yo'  
chest

FUCK THE REST!

I come through to spit, to show you niggaz what I  
manifest

A Y.G., so I breathe toke three, loading heat  
Bullets at you busters please, don't try to test these  
Pistol packin niggaz in our town

You get them hot thangs laid in your mouth

My niggaz seek you out no doubt

All about my salary you niggaz ain't gon' handle me  
I'm tired of stressin, and all these niggaz pretend they  
got me vexed

[Young Guns]

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