

Cypress Hill F/ Redman

"Hush"

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[Master P]

Oh, y'all think it's a game, huh?

Take one of mine and don't think I'm a take one of yours

Huh, might take three or four of yours

Lights out

[Chorus]

Put the bullets in the ninety, Nigga hush hush

Now if you wanna see yo people, Nigga hush hush

See we don't give a FUCK, so Nigga hush hush

Until it's ashes to ashes and dust to dust...

Put the bullets in the ninety, Nigga hush hush

Now if you wanna see yo people, Nigga hush hush

See we don't give a FUCK, so Nigga hush hush

Until it's ashes to ashes and dust to dust...

[Master P]

Now I done pissed on some graves and put some gats in some mouths

I done ran through the hood and made the rats come out

Now y'all think it's a fuckin game

These niggaz know why I came

I'm bout to knock on his door

And bust this bitch brains

This nigga done stole somethin from me

That I could never get back

See I remember the days me and my soldiers dressed in all black

Now if it's twenty five to life, I might do myself

Cuz I was a ghetto nigga, and some bad cards was delt

No milk from the bottle, momma had beer in her tittys

Now the more I smoke weed, I think these niggaz wanna get me

And I'm paranoid, for all the souls got taught

But should I sit down like a bitch, or revenge what I lost

{*gun shot*}

[Chorus]

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[Krazy]

Get your people on the floor, I need fifty G's
Tell your mother fuckin daughter that she better not
breathe
I'm full of greed, til' I get this fuckin paper out ya'
And I bet you tommorow they gone read about ya'
Three bodys found burned, with they tongue n head
missing
When I cut ya' daughters throat, her body start pissin'
??? hit ya, I don't know why I just smoked your ass
but nigga called me on the phone, and said he had the
cash
Oh shit, I told him meet me at the park
A black suit, some Jason masks after dark
Nigga didn't bring the cops, so I guess he was stuck
Hit him fifty fuckin times, and I told him shhh...

[Chorus]

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[Slay Sean]

Assed out, no where to go with the gats out
Stashed out, ready and willing to mash out
Hit the crack house
Two in the spot, back out
One in the leg
Two in the head, Blacked out
Nigga layin' there bleedin' just pointin' the stash out
Stalling on me, hurry up pull them stacks out
Times runnin' out, sooner or later you assed out
Times up nigga, shhh.... LIGHTS OUT

[Chorus]

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See we don't give a FUCK, so Nigga hush hush
Until it's ashes to ashes and dust to dust...

[Master P]
Yea'... Y'all cowards out there, Hush
All Y'all real niggas out there, Hush
Do what you gotta do nigga, then Hush
HAHA, some mo' motherfuckin' fairy tales from Ghetto
Postage nigga
With the motherfuckin' stamps on it, ya heard me?

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