

Gavin Rossdale

"Hand on the Pump"

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Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill
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Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill
Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill

(B-Real)

Well I'm an alley cat, some say a dirty rat
On my side is my gat, see I'm all of that
Sendin off buck shots for I'm gonna wetcha
Running hard, but I'm still coming to getcha
Thinking like a peace smoke, comin on a homicide
You talkin shit, try to take me for a ride
I'm not a bad guy, but I'm the funky feel one
Finger on the trigger with my hands upon the steel
Lettin out a bullet, this is going boo-yaa
You're stuck in my so hood, so what ya gonna do now?
Being the hunted one is no fun
Here I come son, yo I think you better run
Better run more, and move a little faster
Second of thought and I'm coming to blast ya
With my

(Chorus)

(B-Real)

Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Left hand on a forty, (puffin onna blunt)
Pumped my shotgun, (niggaz didn't jump)
La, la, la, la, la, la laaaaa...

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(Sen Dog)

Comin at you like a stiff blow, fuckin up your program
Ain't takin shit from you him or no man

Master mind maniac and a menace soooo
How they want to pass sentence
All because a nigga tried to play me on the trigger
He missed, so now the nigga's pissed
Rude and crude like a pitbull get to the point
Your fuckin car to get pulled, now
I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And I'm handin out beatdowns
I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And I'm handin out beatdowns (get your face down!)
Put me in chains, try to beat my brains
I can get out, but the grudge remains
When I see ya punk ass, I'm gonna getcha
Fucking do ya, shotgun go boo-yaa!

(Chorus)

(B-Real)

Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Left hand on a forty, (puffin onna blunt)
Pumped my shotgun, (niggaz didn't jump)
La, la, la, la, la, la laaaaa...

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(B-Real)

Kickin that funky Cypress Hill shit
Take a lot of mental for the blunted to chill with
Cuz I'm the chill one, known to get ill one
They stepped to the Hill "What's up?", I had to kill one
Now I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And they got me on lock down
Headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And they got me on lock down
Hit me like a nigga who done lost his mind
Cause I ain't goin out like a spineless jellyfish
Some say life is a bitch
Ask that punk who dug his own ditch
Out for the Hill fuckin up at a party
Tried to get funny, put a hole in his body
La, la, la, la, la, la laaa
Look at all of those funeral cars
Cause I'ma

(Chorus)

(B-Real)

Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump

Left hand on a forty, (puffin onna blunt)

Pumped my shotgun, (niggaz didn't jump)

La, la, la, la, la, la, la laaaaa...

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