

Gavin Rossdale

"Once Again"

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"Ladies and gentlemen.. boys and girls.. I bring to
YOU"

[Intro - samples + vocals]

"Once again!"

[B-Real] Once again it's Cypress Hill

"Once again" .. "Once again!"

[B-Real] Once again it's Cypress Hill

"The greatest show on Earth!"

"Once again!"

[B-Real] Once again it's Cypress Hill

"Back again!"

"Once again!"

[B-Real] Once again it's Cypress Hill

"I bring to YOU"

[Verse One: B-Real]

Welcome everyone, take ya places

It's great seein all these familiar faces

You want thug shit? We got a lot of it

You wanna get high? I'm on top of it

You want bottles? C'mon, we poppin it

You want a revolution? Ain't no stoppin it

Enemies try to fire back

Desire that, find you where the tire track

Cause we run ya down son, but in spite of that

Got a joint? Fools give me my lighter back

... I'ma light up the bomb

I'ma blaze 'til we set off the fire alarm

No need for evacuation

Find a honey that's ill for ejaculation

She got friends, well the more the merrier

No limits, no worries, no more barriers

[Chorus 2X: B-Real, mixed with samples]

Once again it's Cypress Hill

We some ill-ass niggaz straight bumpin the field

Smoke it up, from now until

somebody calls out steel and we live for the thrill

[Verse Two: B-Real]

Plug the mic in, and I'll move the crowd
Neighbors get mad cause the music's loud
I send a few girls in the hall to talk
Crusty old man never called the cops
No pistols, if you get my drift yo
You pull one and miss better slit yo' wrists bro
This ain't a gangsta party
But if you turn it into one a bullet might pierce yo' body
Relax, there's a lot of girls in here
You shitfaced niggaz, don't earl in here
Don't break shit or take nothin, mind your manners
Or your head goes BOOM like it's fuckin skanless
But we ain't for all that right now, just chill out
We can pop bottles or let the blood spill out
Cuanta, suck it up, shut your trap
Before you lose that fine-ass girl on your lap

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: B-Real]

You wanna room? Let me clear one out
But while I'm gone, just don't let the beers run out
In the morn' we can watch all the tears come out
When the pigs come, a nigga wanna hear one out
For now, we can pass the time
Blazin it up, if you slow you the last in line
Got a roach, so what? You ain't spent a dime
You ungrateful-ass critter, back the hell of mine
You can, lose the life or lose the knife
Use the pipe, but I can't lose tonight
All the girls bein picky who they chose tonight
You better hope you chillin with the right crew tonight
See that girl over there? Yeah she like your style
Probably seen her on the video "Girls Gone Wild"
Hesitation is constipation
of your game when you're in for a night of elation

[Chorus]

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