

## Gavin Rossdale

### "We Live This Shit"

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Chorus: Sen Dog

Eastside L.A.  
Cypress Hill all day  
Spark the lah  
We live this shit

We latin-thug type  
Gat-blasters  
Weedsmokers  
Moneyholders, that's right

[B-Real]

Well it's the alleycat looking for the buddhasack  
On my side is my ese can't fuck with that  
Starting out venom but if you wanna bill though  
Come in peace and you can come on the Hill bro  
But if it ain't in peace bro turn it to a homicide  
Throw you in the trunk take a ride to the Eastside  
It's a suicide when you're fucking with the Hill  
Fool drop your weapon or I'm comming for the kill  
Duck from the gunshots that is sticking to ya  
Standing all alone shotgun goes boo-ya  
Watch it go through ya  
Ya smelling like manure  
Fools all bloody body chilling in the sewer  
Enemy's a viewer I'm sipping on caluha  
Sitting back chilling with my nigga SonDuhla  
Heading to the Eastside watch your back busta  
Ain't no hood for you here it's all about the hustlas

Chorus

[Sen Dog]

Rhyme for my neighbourhood banging out hits  
For ever backing up that Cypress Hill click  
To my man on the corner with the shotgunshell  
Singing sad songs for the ones that fell  
To me it's kind of funny watching all these dummies  
Straight turn tricks for the fame and the money  
Walk a little bold 'cause their record went gold

Got him a new ride and up rid it their ho  
Need this looking raw before you come acting  
Flexing on some brothers that is twelve times platinum  
Cause I been there  
Done that  
Fool check the format  
Sweep you and that bullshit under the doormat  
Put it to your grill like I don't give a damn  
Sen Dog and the Hill still fucking up the program  
Yeah y'all, that big bad Cypress and perro up in that  
place  
What the fuck you wanna do now huh?

Chorus

[B-Real]

Kicking that funky Cypress Hill shit  
Think I blast another give them something to deal with  
Cause I'm the ill one  
Oh the cap-peel one  
You coming round the Hill fucking son I gotta spill  
one  
Now I'm heading to the Eastside looking for revival  
Living on the Eastside fighting for survival  
Gotta be nifty with the Han Solo and trying to show yo  
Witnesses cause people will use it to kill your show yo  
Off to the stone garden you go and stay there  
When I'm dead I'm bringing my music to play there  
For all the soldiers, moneyfolders, you're on my  
shoulders  
You can't hold us back I'm spitting out boulders  
Crushing every opponent in opposition  
I know you're wishing that I would bow to submission

Chorus

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