

Method Man "Cisco Kid"

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We gonna get you high (*whispered in background 6 times*)

Let's get high (*whispered in background 2 times*)

(B-Real)

I flow rhymes off just like weed in your chest

Think you got endo, hold your breath

Spittin on the track with Red and Meth

Holdin up a fat, when you smoke a cassette

Or CDs, we bees the ones with the Ouija's

Spread it on the arm, come on believe me

Look who it is, it's the funky feel

Smokin assassin from Cypress Hill

We think she's just resonated?

Fillin my brain till it's saturated

When you get the crushed weed and cultivate it

Give it to the hoes who love to hate it

Cause blunts get filled like Hershey Highways

I don't give a fuck who sits where I blaze

Chillin at the rainbow high and faded

You saving that bump(??), then isolate it

(Method Man)

Is there a Doctor in the house?

We like fuck that, nut sacks in your mouth

Lemme show you what a thug about

We can talk or we can slug it out

Better yet, you can bark like a bitch when I thug it out

There it is, a better a kid, ahead of his

Time to settle this, like men

I'm pipin hot, exciting

Right in the gym or hype in them, alright then

All day I drink and smoke

Shell toe with ankles in ya both

Cent, five cents, ten cents, dollar

Rocwilder blend the track and getting hotter

Ask your boy, now pass your boy something to smoke

Cause you have had nothing to throat, swallow

Bang the track, bring your bat

Ain't too many that can hang with that

So why bother

(Chorus)

Cisco Kid was a friend of mine
Hell yea
Cisco Kid was a friend of mine
Hell yea
He drank whiskey, Pancho drank the wine
Hell yea
He drank whiskey, Pancho drank the wine
Hell yea

(Cypress Hill)

Yea, send all, and fall back
And who wrote on this track
I don't really give a fuck
Put the pen down lets toss them up
Soul assasins, Latin thugs
Whole damn world know about us
Rhymes we kick and weed we pour
Get tus vatos all fucked up
And sing along to my get high song
Had you choking off of four foot bong
Cypress Hill and weed, can't go wrong
Keep you smoking like Cheech and Chong

(Redman)

Yo, call me that Doctor
P-Funk or chronic blower
Pussy smoker, strap toker, back broker
Hash burns in your pull out sofa
This is my brain on drugs
Move out my way cuz, cause I might run you over
Bitches bounce your titties
I bounce with a pump shotgun
Look out, the highest man in the world
Walkin off with my hand on your girl
Can't drink and can't stand in the world
Niggas, two puffs and then pass me the L
What you talking about I'm not high enough to start that
party
Triple beater enter the stage with a gauge
Don't shoot nobody
What you ain't high enough?
Do I gotta jump out there and tie you up?
Strap a bomb to your mouth
Till you wired up
Till the Park Ranger call the Firetruck
And said "Hey motherfucker, what you be smoking
on?"
I said "Hey motherfucker, why do you want some?"
Yo, yo, give me the gun, we don't need to fight
Hold that blunt, I'll give you a light
Don't no nigga want to die tonight

With all this weed, get high tonight.. BITCH!

Chorus 2 times

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