

Cypress Hill

"16 Men Till There's No Men Left"

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{Ladies and Gentlemen
We would like to present to you
A group that is simply
Just marvelous, just marvelous
Ladies and Gentlemen
Cypress Hill}

Sixteen men on a dead man's list
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo
Sixteen men till there's no one left
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo

So many fuckin' emcees claim supremacy
On whose got hip hop locked, it could never be
One who is solo, runnin' the whole game
That's bullshit, like cops never sniffed Cocaine
But I'm takin' on all comers, droppin' bombers
Reducin' numbers, makin' it hot like the summer
(Pay)

This, one MC, he couldn't deal with the skill
Like Jack did Jill, I rolled his ass down the hill
Beaten broken and coughin' and chokin' on the rhyme
Like a hooker, suckin' a dick for the first time
His, rhyme was hollow with no flow to follow
(Follow)
Bust a nut, all in your mouth, and made him swallow
(Fuck them)

I take sixteen MC's, lock 'em in a room
Make 'em feel the contact, eatin' the mushrooms
Playin' with your mind, makin' you feel the force
Had to cancel out, two punk niggaz up in the source
(Hahahahaha)
Tried to get double XL, they still fell
Bitches go tell your troubles to Montel

Sixteen men now there's thirteen left
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo
Sixteen men now there's thirteen left
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo

I'm trippin' on the people controllin' the airwaves
(Ohh)
Got it goin' on, you know it all, but God save
(Hhh)
Your ass for clashin' with the soul assassin'
(Hey, hey)
That's like Mike fuckin' with Poppa Joe Jackson
(Hhh)

Ass whoop all over the place, you can't hide behind
The physical, better run to the spiritual
Ass whoop critical, or you can get it
From the lyrical, bitch made niggaz are invisible
Dysfunctional, hypocritical, smile in your face
The fuckin' cynical shit brains
(The fuck in your brain)

As I sit back and say, tally ho
One of these days your punk ass gonna go
(Bye bye)
Guess you had a key to figure the fuckin' flow
(Hahaha)
But you're locked out, and the bombs about to blow
(Bey)

Sixteen men let me see who's next?
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo
Sixteen men till there's no one left
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo

Twelve punks to go, who's next on the list
Matter of fact I got one in my head to fix
There was one particular fool in the circle who fell off
Greed overcame the nigga who at all costs
(That came in way)
Changed up to gain it all, but shared none
(Ohh)
Who made him all the money to overcome?

Niggaz up on the hill, in the lab
He was rollin' big balla style, high profile
(Big balla)
Oh child, make me wanna act juvenile
All smiles, right in my face, but wait a minute now
(Wait a minute now)

Welcome to the 360 degrees
Pay a fee when you fuckin' your people over the cheese
No soul, no conscience, no loyalty
To the niggaz who got him treated, like royalty
(Fuck them)

Aey yo time's up, you're gonna end up seein' visions
Of everybody, you fucked over, you're scared sober

Sixteen men till there's no one left
Yo ho ho them niggaz gotta go
Sixteen men till there's no one left
Yo ho ho them niggaz gotta go

Fuck the hater with the symbol and no soul
And that bitch nigga who stole my car stereo
Trick Deez, gets no love, she gets nuts
Like ass Miller, and that fuckin' ex dealer
Can't forget the nigga who was down with the hilla
And that punk who tried to dip into the squealer

You get bucked like C Tucker and Will Bennett
Let me step, over the hump, and represent it
You go down like Jerry, and get smacked
Like Trick Leo, now here's your fuckin' eulogy o

That was sixteen men now there's no one left
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo
Sixteen men now there's no one left
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo

There were sixteen men
Now there's no men left
Watch them all by slow
While I lied of the indo
There were sixteen men

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