

Cypress Hill "3 Lil Putos"

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One little, two little, three little putos
Tried to jack me they got the boot, oh
Taking no shit when push comes to shove
'Cause the nigga showed me no love

Step back punk 'cause, I'm a Latino
What I bring you is the hardcore lingo
Funky, but ya don't understand
Now I gotta stand with the glock in my hand

No scope and there's no hope
'Cause I'm dishin' out my 4 5 slug and it ain't missin'
Here it comes hissinn', here it comes hummin' at ya
Now the slug is comin' at ya

One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes
What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

Cuando entro, loonie es el fuerte speakin' to the gente
'Cause I'm insane in the mente
Movin' em back, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

It's no fun, when I got to break you off some
Of the psychobeta beatdown, boy you get done
Serio, here we go off for the muchacho
Come if you really want some of the chingazo

Me caso, you don't hear this little lazo
Cypress Hill, breaking you off a pedazo
Humming at ya, don't make me come gatt ya
Punk 'cause I still will be comin' at ya

One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes
What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

When I come in, kickin' with a vengeance
Swift of the engines, coming like the three little Indians

Stompin' around on the ground on the plains
'Cause a nigga like me, is goin' insane

In the brain, so I gotta maintain my direction
What I mighta gain without my protection
Not a damn thing, so when I come just bring that
New style break ya off like a chicken wing

So you can just suck my cock
Like a fat blunt, stoned is the way of the walk
When I'm peepin', checkin' out the punk ass creepin'
I let the dogs loose then I let the dogs sick 'em

Nigga, don't make me catch ya punk
'Cause I still will be comin' at ya

One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes
What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

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