

Cypress Hill "Another Body Drops"

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You ready homie?
Yup

My first mission runnin' through the hood to smoke jack
With memories poppin' in my head recall that
Late night creepin' through the alley with six deuce
Strapped up everybody focused no mixed views
A sawed off pump in my hand with two shells
The other four homies on the scene with cocktails
One nigga lookin' for popos and foes hell
Someone lookin' through windows the door bells

Goes off followed by the punk you gas bomb
Adrenaline pumped up still I remain calm
House lit up you could see it for eight blocks
Runnin' through the hood run in front of the fade cops
The game chased but they couldn't cover the streets
up
We broke out ran into the spot to meet up
Strapped down covered up the tracks and back home
Laid low earned me a stripe perfect no

Shoot 'em up bang bang
Another body dropped
You can't stop the head nod
Shoot 'em up bang bang
Another body dropped
You can't stop the hip-hop

Shoot 'em up bang bang
Another body dropped
You can't stop the head nod
Shoot 'em up bang bang
Another body dropped
You can't stop the gunshots

Yeah I'll hit your block up better lock up
Fuck the gang ain't shit don't stop uh
A mad dog with a bob in the reagle
Go into mode and just kill all your people
Coast to coast ain't a nigga more evil
Now made me act a lot and call Sen Diesel

Rock the block with the M 1 6
.44 mag like a east war fit

This here granade'll break you off right quick
Be prayin' up to Jesus and all that shit
Uh niggas be jackin' when they see my bucket
Roll down they block they hide and say fuck it
Come back in form of an assassin'
Three hundred yards with the infrared action
Troop is the layer black Doc Holiday
Cuancho raider the modern day huh

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Yeah, now shooting up your town them bad ass
assassins, boy
Thought you knew check this out, you better be packin',
fool yeah

I manned all missions when I was a youth so
thoughtless
G ride no fingerprints it's spotless
Six bows hittin' all the Gs and we got this
Rag top down like a stripper that's topless
See me hittin' the corner you meltdown
Slugs fly thugs die moment you fell down
Somebody's screamin', "Yo take it the hell down!"

I'm certified nigga when you're sittin' there spellbound
No thoughts barkin' just hearin' the hell hounds
Burn you with the heaters spittin' out twelve rounds
It's life in the hood no escapin' the gun play
Buy one day I'm out gotta figure out some way
Rats in the park all scatter when guns spray
Got you locked in now where do the slugs stray
I found ways out but the street it be one way
Got a dark mind no thoughts blacker than Sunday

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