

## Cypress Hill "Another Victory"

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Get ready motherfuckers

You can't fuck with the [unverified], please no interruptions

Your crew pull up guns get waxed in the sun Like my rag top six five, smash you with the switches The hitch is, you're gettin' too big for your britches Why you runnin' like bitches with your tail up, I'm the thug pirate

Put the sail up, your whole crew frail, what You want this joint, suck it inhale nut Niggas are feelin' this track in Braile, huh We're grade a while you motherfuckers fail, what

You understand, imitators gotta bail up
To all the males and females gangin' up
All on my cell phone talkin' shit, hangin' up
I gotta show you how a nigga bang it up, slangin' cuts

Your squad against mine
Your minor leagues with major
Detail the plans like verse
Hit hard, catch you off guard, another victory

I slay rappers with precision, I got vision like anakin'
You panicin', I'm leavin' you stiffer than a mannequin
My high lyrics constantly brain damagin'
Brandishin' a fire arm, still managin'
Hurt niggas, bandagin' who give my lyrics that play like a mandalin'

I hold my mic like my dick, but you handlin' I kill flows on tracks who abandonin'

I eat you like pussy, then take a sample Then spit fire in the places you standin' in

I take a fool to the hill Light a candle then you in the dark stuck part in the scandalin' Now I see your whole brain's scramblin' Don't like what you hear, change the channel then nigga

Your squad against mine Your minor leagues with major Detail the plans like verse Hit hard, catch you off guard, another victory

I spark cells of a rhythm, you best listen, get it over with Stolen shit, rollin' it, Cypress ownin' it, bitin' niggas clonin' it
I got a dog got a bone to pick, you holdin' it
Suck it hard swallow easy, put a soul in it
Your body's on the floor, head got a hole in it

The weed master, rhyme killer, mic controllin' it You still fuckin' but your wack, ain't throwin' it Stepped in shit, now your chillin' all alone in it Head full of hair, still ain't combin' it

Five child in the world who's ropin' it

Never know if I'm high or I'm throwin' shit

I got you stuck in the twilight zone on shit

I'm the owner of the fat joint you rollin' with, bitch

Your squad against mine Your minor leagues with major Detail the plans like verse Hit hard, catch you off guard, another victory

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