

## Cypress Hill "Dead Man Tell No Tales"

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In the eye of the beholder,  
the soldier begins the war.  
Fore score and seven bullets  
you hit the floor.  
Hit the outdoor,  
the darkness frightens you even more,  
I'm here to enlighten you with the hard-core.  
Bring it raw,  
like the red dead meat up in your plate,  
and I'll fill you up with the energy  
the Hill creates.  
I get sticky  
like the green bag of the bom diggy,  
now I'm fuckin with your head  
and you're realizing its tricky.  
Got you paranoid fellin the void,  
you can't take it,  
or avoid being destroyed freakazoid.  
Toyed with your mind all styles deployed  
you find danger,  
in the stranger eye's the killin comes second nature.  
Your battlefield of the mind is falling  
now who you callin out for help,  
and all your fuckin yellin is to your self.  
Crawlin and beggin for mercy means nothing  
when your bluffin I'm pushin the button  
and straight dumpin on fools frontin.  
(HOOK)  
Warpigs you dig,  
SIG kickin up Mr. Big  
take a sip of wine  
engage in a battle of the mind.  
You're feelin the force  
right from the source,  
ain't no remorse,  
your head is getting fucked  
and I'm skippin the intercourse.  
Behold the white horse  
your taking a loss neighbor,  
got the nina ross,  
don't lean across my fuckin paper.  
Chase a green back gladiator

terminator, seed germinator  
the greater the risk you fuckin hater.  
Hit you the psychobeta  
clickin the fader slow, with the high low  
servin a blow who got the glow.  
Dead men tell no tales  
you fail to see the reason,  
I'm easin to squeeze the grigger  
go figure its killin season

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