

Cypress Hill

"From The Window Of My Room"

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Now lately, I've been findin' myself, pourin' my guts out
Expressin' my thoughts, lettin' my nuts out in the walls
Of sleep, I can't keep it all in the hall clear
While others keep it inside for the pride they hold dear
Shoulda been, woulda been, coulda been the cops
Stop look and listen, you'll get a vision of Hip-Hop
Individuals lookin' to the battle the shadows of man
See it all, be it all, you need a plan
It takes one man to understand this
Learn fuckin' with a deadly gas, you get burned
From the window of my room, I shoot all stars
Every little bit you consume, the high cost
Of livin' it's all given to you, don't lose it
Every man's given a tool, but don't use it

From the window of my room, I shoot all stars
Every little bit you consume, the high cost
Break free, you're selling your soul, for a fee
But all that shit ain't worth it, you burnin' up see
The window of my room, I shoot all stars
Every little bit you consume, is high cost
Break free, you're selling your soul, for a fee
But all that shit ain't worth it, you burnin' up see

From the window of my room, the gloom spreadin'
across
The land of milk and honey, no money to feed the boss
Funny the cost of life, cut clean blood streams
Out the body, nobody wants you dreamin' about shorty
No longer don't need a forty to take away any pain
So punk me and I'll give you the world exact change
Or quote me and you're never the same, I claim no one
I show none the weakness individuals go forth ya seek
this
Wherever I roam is home to me
You shogun, look at my enemies try to do me
The influential status, you know the baddest
Lookie here, show you what that is, bringin' the
madness
Sadness to those appealin' to any conflict
Lookin' out my window pane, I see you fallin'
What are you, a man or a mouse? The house light

Shinin' within, when you begin to live again

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From my window I can see
Humanity, goin' insane G
Everybody want respect, but you gotta collect
Only hardcore vatos on the set
Don't get me wrong but some rhymes get twisted
There it goes, the pride, you missed it
I ain't upset with the motherfucker dissin'
Find me in watts when you wanna come hit me
Some shit ain't what it seems, in the land of dreams
Some sell their soul to get the cream
From the teens I don't sling or slang no crack
I'm known for bringin' in funky ass raps
See those magazine crews and I'm a goner
Dull interviews with these damn primadonnas
Unlike some of these fools on the turf
Look like the real thing, but they soft like Nerfs
So unrehearsed that it shows in the product
Need to get the fuck out, before you get caught up

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