

Cypress Hill "Hand On The Pump"

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Well I'm an alley cat, some say a dirty rat
On my side you see my gat, see I'm all of that
Sendin' off buck shots for I'm gonna wetcha
Runnin' hard, but I'm still comin' to getcha

Thinking like a peace smoke, comin' on a homicide
You talkin' shit, try to take me for a ride
I'm not a bad guy, but I'm the funky feel one
Finger on the trigger with my hands upon the steel

Lettin' out a bullet, this is goin' boo-yaa
You're stuck in my so hood
So whatcha gonna do now?
Being the hunted one is no fun

Here I come son, yo I think you better run
Better run more, and move a little faster
Second of thought and I'm comin' to blast ya
With my

Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Left hand on a forty, puffin' onna blunt
Pumped my shotgun, niggaz didn't jump
La la la la la la la la

Comin' at you like a stiff blow, fuckin' up your program
Ain't takin' shit from you, him or no man
Master mind maniac and a menace so
How they want to pass sentence

All because a nigga tried to play me on the trigger
He missed, so now the nigga's pissed
Rude and crude like a pitbull, get to the point
Your fuckin' car to get pulled, now

I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And I'm handin' out beatdowns
I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And I'm handin' out beatdowns, get your face down!

Put me in chains, try to beat my brains
I can get out, but the grudge remains

When I see ya punk ass, I'm gonna getcha
Fuckin' do ya, shotgun go boo-yaa

Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Left hand on a forty, puffin' onna blunt
Pumped my shotgun, niggaz didn't jump
La la la la la la la la

Kickin' that funky Cypress Hill shit
Take a lot of mental for the blunted to chill with
'Cuz I'm the chill one, known to get ill one
They stepped to the Hill, "What's up?", I had to kill one

Now I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And they got me on lock down
Headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And they got me on lock down

Hit me like a nigga who done lost his mind
'Cuz I ain't goin' out like a spineless jellyfish
Some say life is a bitch
Ask that punk who dug his own ditch

Out for the Hill fuckin' up at a party
Tried to get funny, put a hole in his body
La la la la la la la la
Look at all of those funeral cars 'cause I'ma

Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Left hand on a forty, puffin' onna blunt
Pumped my shotgun, niggaz didn't jump
La la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la

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