

## Cypress Hill "Hands 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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