

Cypress Hill "I Ain't Goin' Out Like That"

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Let's kick it ese

Commin' out tha slums, it's da hoodlums
I'm pullin' my gat out on all you bums
So bring it on when you wanna come fight this
Outlaw, I'll kick ya like Billy Ray Cypress Hill

Kill, I'll bust that grill
Grab my gat, and load up the steel
And if you wanna get drastic
I'll pull out my blasted glock, automatic

Synthetic material, bury your blocks-n-mortar
Headin' down to da Mexican border
Smokin' that smellie, Northern Cali,
Gonna put a slug in Captain O'Malley

Ho, hum, hear the gat come
Boo boom, let me see what you'll do
When you're sent to kill a man
But I'll be damned, if I don't take a stand

We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out!

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I'm high strung, think I'm sprung
'Cause I don't live on the hum-drum
Where I'm from the gats'll be smokin'
I'll be damned if you think I'm jokin'

Know that I come with the static, erratic, 4 5 automatic
Screamin' at ya, the red lights beamin' at ya
No need to have to run after the punk-ass who'd run up
to my crew
Dig the grave for the one who got played
Now he's under, don't make me wonder why, 'cause
you'll testify

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I've got to thinkin', 'What the fuck is this?'
Lettin' you know I take care of business
Can I get a witness?
To verify, when I'm to bring this

Style that makes you ecstatic
Tragic, when I got a poof of the magic, Buddha
When I roll with my crew
I betcha, one time can't find my hooda

Hits'll be hitting with the belt unbuckled
Pigs rollin' up but he ain't that subtle, pulled to da curb
So we exchange a few words but he got me stirred up
Ought not to grab the handcuffs, I'll huff-n-puff-n-blow
ya head off

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Yeah takin' your disses and dissin' yo' right back
Is the Cypress Hill Crew, like main shit
Yo and I'm talk this damn rappa
Eat a bowl a dick up, there ya go my man over here
You can eat a bowl o' dick up too
Anybody else need from runnin' away
Yo, eat a bowl of dick up G!

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