

## Cypress Hill "Interlude"

Visit "[Interlude](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I wake up every morning, kiss my wife goodbye  
Hug my kids, tell em I love em, my mouth, hit the fried  
I'm out on patrol, in my squad car, do I lay  
Where you never know, if you'll be makin it home today  
So many different attitudes, that I come across  
I'm hard to console tonight, feeling nobody's lost  
Hookers hustlers killers and thieves, out on the streets  
Got my mind warped, just found another corpse on the  
beat  
Bound gagged raped, I'm frustrated, I hate it  
Found a woman in the dumpster, body was mutilated  
Bad dreams all up in my head, no lie  
Sometimes I gotta take a sniff so I can get by, why  
Don't I get hurt, cause there go my nerves, I got the  
urge  
To merge this bullet in my brain, relieve my pain  
What a fuckin shame, I don't wanna live, I paint the wall  
With the bloodstains, eye of the pig, I see it all

The eye of the pig

DJ Muggs cuts and scratches 'This pig' from Pigs

I've been on the force, over twenty years, I can say  
That I'm worse, than some of these motherfuckers I put  
away  
I'm in the biggest gang you ever saw, above the law  
Lookin through the eye of the pig, I see it all  
Drug abusers, drug dealers and the gang-bangin  
Pieces of shit who should be on the fuckin news hangin  
These days you can't tell who's-who in the world  
Is that a whore, or is that, an innocent young girl?  
Fuck, I need a drink, and I'm almost off  
At the precinct, it's like an AA meeting all gone wrong  
I.A. got an eye, on my close friend guy  
For takin a supply from evidence from a bust on a buy  
That doesn't concern me, we never rat on each other  
We went through the academy, just like frat brothers  
Midnight, I only have an hour left on my shift  
Think I'll get my dick SUCKED by this basshead bitch  
My marriage is all FUCKED, my wife is with the  
neighbors

Subpeonaed, now I gotta sign these fuckin divorce  
papers  
I recall, happier times, before the fall  
Look into the eye of the pig, I see it all

Now I'm on my way, back to the station to check out  
So I can go home, relax, take a drink and think about  
My abrupt change, out of the clean, to the corrupt  
Look into the eye of the pig, I'm all fucked  
No longer can I determine, who's the criminal  
From the innocent man down, to the pedophile  
No one gives a fuck about me, I'm slippin  
Into darkness, I'm comin to grips and feelin heartless  
Watch this, a dark green truck, tinted windows  
Duly modified, probably a dope dealer inside  
"Pull it over to the curb, take your keys out "  
And raise your hands out the window and get em in  
high position  
Don't move, or I'm gonna blast your fuckin head off  
Just tell me where the guns and dope are and you'll get  
off  
Don't give me that bullshit, I've heard about your raps  
All you talkin about is slangin and shootin off the  
scraps  
OK, Mr. Freeload, get the FUCK out of the truck  
I love it how all you fuckin rappers think it's so funny  
Hit the FUCKIN floor, I need no probable cause  
You got a big sack of coke in your truck (what?) so take  
a pause  
You find it funny? Get that smile off your face  
Motherfucker take this

Visit [Cypress Hill](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.