

Cypress Hill "Jack You Back"

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[B-Real]

You're a lost soul rollin down the street
Hustlin, scramblin, money you eat
You wanna jack somebody, never look at me
Cause I'm like you when I'm holdin heat
You don't want to think about re-percussions
Cause you don't give a fuck about who you rushin
So what you gonna do when the blood is gushin?
You're playin Roulette without the Russian
The stakes are high; can you feel the pressure?
Lookin at the club on top of your dresser
Born for the big bank robbin your own
Thinkin your stone but your weak ass throne
Bitches like you ain't got no heart
Paranoid, you're settin in, fallin apart
How many times will you take to see it?
You fallin away, but you don't believe it

[Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog]

Jack me and you'll never go back
Jack me and I'll jack you back
Where y'all bitches got the scheme or the stack?
Jack me and I'll jump to attack
Tell me what started a scheme at ya lap
Jack me and I'll jump to attack
Jack me and I'll jack you back
Jack me and I'll jack you back

[Sen Dog]

Clothes are settin off from the start
I'm crazy as fuck just like 2 Pac
Mash on Cypress Hill in a Catalac truck
Steels all gone, so I gotta play it ruff
Got hate for do out there, I ain't jokin
Can't hold me back these days, I'm out smokin
And I still see myself as Enforcer
Knock em in their face if they dedicate closer
A Cuban massive man (Spanish)
With real attack touch straight, from the ghetto
Walk for a twenty all day like a (Spanish)
Spit ball; lick all rhymes just like (Spanish)
I run over fools like Dorsey Leathers

And murder antiques like J-Rhyme I kill peasants
Take over ships like Female Kastro
Do anything that a nigga HAS TO

[Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog]

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Jack me and I'll jack you back
Where y'all bitches got the scheme or the stack?
Jack me and I'll jump to attack
Tell me what started a scheme at ya lap
Jack me and I'll jump to attack
Jack me and I'll jack you back
Jack me and I'll jack you back

(Jack you back, jack you back)

[B-Real]

Lights are fucked up it's confusin
Look at you now what road you choosin
You'll never be a part of the revolution
You fuck with me, feel the retribution
Punk bitches can never deal with the real
Cause you weak motherfuckers can't decide what you
feel
Always poppin shit and hide from the Hill
Comin out where you reside for the kill

[Sen Dog]

Knocked out Pluto, Super Hill thriller
Verbal assault, Soul Assassin killer
Real master Mic, ca, sex come iller
Stoned is a waste over, what you feeler
Can't make moves so you go ask Chiller
Try the Real Estate trust centipede riller
Bet your ass that I'm bangin to the fullest
And don't get in my way punk ass, not a Buddhist

[Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog]

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