

Cypress Hill "Lil'putos"

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One little two little three lil' putos
Tried to jack me they got the boot-o
Taking no shit when push comes to shove
'Cause the niggas showed me no love

Step back punk 'cause I'm a Latino
What I bring you is the hardcore lingo
Funky but ya don't understand
Now I gotta stand with the Glock in my hand

No scope and there's no hope
'Cause I'm dishin' out my four five slug and it ain't
missin'
Here it comes hissinn', here it comes hummin' at ya
Now the slug is comin' at ya

One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes
What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

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Cuando entro, loonie es el fuerte speakin' to the gente
'Cause I'm insane in the mente
Movin' 'em back, click click goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

It's no fun when I got to break you off some
Of the psychobeta beat down, boy you get done
Serio here we go off for the muchacho
Come if you really want some of the chingazo

Me caso you don't hear this little lazo
Cypress Hill, breaking you off a pedazo
Humming at ya, don't make me come gatt ya

Punk 'cause I still will be comin' at ya

One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes
What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

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When I come in, kickin' with a vengeance
Swift of the engines, coming like the three little Indians
Stompin' around on the ground on the plains
'Cause a nigga like me is goin' insane

In the brain so I gotta maintain my direction
What I mighta gained without my protection
Not a damn thing so when I come just bring
That new style, break ya off like a chicken wing

Buckooock! So you can just suck my cock
Like a fat blunt, stoned is the way of the walk
When I'm peepin', checkin' out the punk-ass creepin'
I let the dogs loose then I let the dogs sick 'em
Graaah, nigga don't make me catch ya
Punk 'cause I still will be comin' at ya

One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes
What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

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