

## Cypress Hill "No Rest For The Wicked"

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Bitch ass motherfucker  
You that pie ass nigga  
Stand on your own two feet bitch  
And the fuck you gon' buy somebody else's dick  
Nigga, yo, as it long enough to put in your mouth  
Turn that shit up louder  
What's up wit that shit?  
Yo Muggs, make it rough

So many fools swingin' from my sack  
Let's talk about the one who had my back  
Down in the west coast, so lemme kick it  
To the motherfucker who calls himself 'Wicked'  
No rest, no peace! No sleep  
Doughboy rolling down the hill 'cause it's so steep  
Jackson, lemme figure out the name  
Jack 'cause you be stealing other niggaz game

But I'm the wrong nigga you wanna fuck with  
On my dick so hard, that ya wanna suck it  
Go on the head, gobble up the nuts  
Get your lips ready and tear this motherfucker up  
Talk about Ezy, correct yourself  
Cube, better step back and check yourself

Let's talk about this  
First solo album on the east coast dick  
The east coast niggaz all showed ya love  
Especially the one known as the 'King Sun'  
He tried to warn us niggaz aboutcha  
But nobody would listen, even but then dissin'  
Two albums later, you callin' my crew  
All because ya wanna be Cypress Cube!

Shoulda known you couldn't hang in the alley  
Good boy went to school, out in the valley  
Fuck it, lemme make this understood  
Speakin' on mama's little boys in da hood  
No vaseline, just a rope and a chair and gasoline!  
Lench Mob is a friend of mine  
But you talk about them niggaz from behind  
You know what the Hossack is, O'Shea?

A motherfucking pig, that don't fly straight  
Where ya gonna run to? Where ya gonna hide?  
Taadow! Look at who's running outside!

Natural born bullshitta! Lemme hitcha  
With a dose of reality when I get witcha  
Your homie [Incomprehensible]  
Put a pipe on the cover, even though you don't smoke  
Buddha  
Let me take you down under on a plane  
Where everybody was going insane  
Took a look at the real one  
Afro Comb! The next morning you didn't have yours on

How many ways will you bite my shit?  
Would ya wet me or start throwing up a set?  
Caution, when you enter the zone  
Never used to bang 'til you heard the microphone  
I got Cube melting in a tray  
Pulling up his card and fucking up his good day  
Unoriginal rap veteran, the nigga who say  
He don't steal from his friends  
Don't trust that nigga named O'Shea  
Fuck him, and send him on his way

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