

## **Cypress Hill "Nothin' to Lose"**

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I got nothin' to lose, I'm goin' all out  
The deuce never stop, I refuse to play by the rules  
Uptight, when you steppin' into the night, right  
Pigs comin' up and shinin' the bright light

Nothin' better to do, than fuck with the pride  
When you hide behind your badge, your gun and ride  
Billy club show me no love, think you above  
All the fuss and the locs is rushin' in too close

Let me lay it on the table, forget stable  
Freak niggaz, comin' to slay to the label  
You got nothin' to lose, come on choose  
Stay away from niggaz that bring down your crew

Whatever it takes, you make or break yourself  
With the wealth or the chance to stay in good health  
Sword blade swingin' you back off away  
And the track off the real, straight off the hill  
What the deal, motherfucker?

I got nothin' to lose  
(I'm goin' all out)  
Nothin' to lose you gonna fall out  
Time run out  
(I'm goin' all out)  
Nothin' to lose  
(I'm goin' all out)  
Lightin' the fuse to the bomb, better run out

Nothin' to lose  
(I'm goin' all out)  
Nothin' to lose, you gonna fall out  
Time run out  
(I'm goin' all out)  
Nothin' to lose  
(I'm goin' all out)  
Lightin' the fuse to the bomb, better run out

I'm goin' all out, showin' y'all what I'm about  
Gettin' in your mental, knockin' niggaz out  
Takin' this pencil, across the brain

Ain't stoppin' there till the rhymes all drained

All out my system, take 'em and then I twist 'em  
Put 'em out one day and see, who wanna diss 'em  
As you fold I'll sting ya, run up and you bitch up  
Y'all get the picture, just call Mr. Excitement

Comin' with the thunder and lightning  
Shit is quite frightening how niggaz keep biting  
So I keep the writing, down for the fighting  
Cold with the flows, they both quite exciting  
And let me take space up, heat your face up  
I'm goin' all out, before the raise up

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Come on, come on  
I'm goin' all out, nothin' to lose, you better roll out  
Sold out, niggaz be livin' in times run out  
In the present smell the presence of what you stressin'  
You get sent a lesson ain't missin' the point blessin'

Expression, feelin' the tension over the session  
The question, fillin' your body with intention  
Don't mention the profession, keep adressin'  
The real motherfuckers in the crowd pay attention

I'm goin' the fuck out, Smith and Wesson  
You better stall me out, no extension  
Only the strong will ever be settin' the pace  
When you look up I'm gone and never left a trace

No worries, set you with flurries and no juries  
Eight million stories in the city of furies  
Don't get the twist, you listen or get the fist

I got nothin' to lose so I gat fools with this

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(I'm goin' all out)  
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Oh yeah, Cypress Hill massive once again  
Comin' to your record shop  
Check this out, we ain't takin' no prisoners  
We choppin' heads off  
And you steppin' at me, you better be goin' all out,  
baby  
This is war, baby, from now until the new millennium

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