

Cypress Hill "Psychodelic Vision"

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I'll admit, I was a wild seed when I was a kid
Slangin' dope, poppin' Shroomz and droppin' lots of sin
Psychodelic visions would ensue my view
Feelin' the alter-states as they altered my fate

But I [Incomprehensible], all that distorted shit brought
it up
I came short and couldn't afford to store it up
So I began to record it on audio
The autobiography of Luis Mario

Somethin' that's unbelievable, inconceivable
That half the shit I set out to do was achievable
But alas, look at all the shit come to pass
While we remained strong, others broke like glass

'Cause you lack style, and you need all the help brother
'Cause you're fragile, and it should say it on your cover
This side up, for the celebrity
Who lacks intelligence, integrity, intensity

Oh, it's true, I got you in an angle like Kurt
But don't go gettin' your fuckin' feelin's hurt
I spit many bars of heat, that burn like a furnace
I pour rhymes out like coffee spillin' out your dermis

I got my 9 millimeter at my waist, papa
I got my shotgun in the escalade, papa
If you feel groggy then jump and get sprayed, papa
I don't wanna but you dug your own grave, papa

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You know me and you've grown with me
And if I had a big enough pad, I'd take you all home
with me
I don't walk around with bodyguards, that's not me
I'm hangin' out with the people of my posse

Used to have a lot of enemies with bad intentions
Spreadin' gossip like disease, creatin' lots of tension
People turn around when you become a star it seems
But others hate you all 'cause you've fulfilled all your
dreams

They smile in your face and act like nothin's wrong
When you turn your back, they hate, and play one of
your songs

Why don't you take your mask off, look me in the eye?
You afraid I might blast-off and call you on your life?

Take a deep one, and peep son
Retribution comes around more than once, like a re-run
You're a cheap one to kill, so steep son
You're just another one who gets thrown in the quay,
son

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You know they smile in your face
You know they try to take space
I let you punks know you ain't safe
'Cause you know you're just dead-weight

But at the present day they gettin' stalled out for some
reason
But not from me, because it's punk-hunt season
Charged with high-treason, I'm easin' the blow never
[Incomprehensible], that you're leasin', ain't gonna roll
forever

So think about that, is it worth the pain?
When you flirt with pain, bitch you don't hurt your brain
But you're thick-headed, numskull and rick said it
"It was the moment you feared, when my venom
spreaded"

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