

## Cypress Hill

### "Put It Down"

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Lights off, shit comin' at you live and on fire  
Kottonmouth Kings and Cypress Hill

You know southern California be home of the highest  
Between the Hill and Kottonmouth, we smoking nothing  
but the finest  
The weed incredible, we unstoppable teams  
We down with Cypress like how essays be down with  
13's

Never punk rice 'cuz they simply below us  
Don't mess around with street vendors, strictly go to  
the growers  
And everybody who know us, we get outta space high  
Be like, bye bitty, bye biddy, biddy, bye, bye

Put the blunt down, here's the rundown, riding  
sundown  
Slide us out the front, I'll get you high, won't come  
down  
Catch a contact, homie, watch as I take hits  
Show me who you know that take nigga vap hits

Everybody grows, let me know if you need some  
Tell me what you want, you can call Dr. Green thumb  
Put the blunt down if I'm wrong, well, homie, then I'm  
stoned  
That's what happens when you hit the fuckin' bong well

Put the pipe down, put the, put the, put the pipe down  
Put the, put the, put the pipe down, put the pipe down  
Put your bong down, put your, put your, put your bong  
down  
Put your, put your, put your bong down put the bong  
down

Put the blunt down, put the, put the, put the blunt down  
Put the, put the, put the blunt down put the blunt down  
Put the pipe down, put your bong down, put the blunt  
down  
And listen up now

Ya'll mothafuckers, know the deal  
It's Kottonmouth Kings and Cypress Hill  
Gotta sip that bud, ya'll know what's up  
It's D double dash, don't give a fuck

Got a kush wrapped up and I gotta kill  
Don't act tough or you will get real  
Nickel bags don't, be slick  
I'm feelin' kinda good, I got an itch

It's time for your mind  
Here I go with my rhyme  
I'm gonna get him from the front  
You can get him from behind

Sen Dog gonna be real  
Puttin' it down for tha krown  
Got the people shook up  
Off the smoke from the pounds

Pack another bowl in the pipe if you want hell  
Maybe we can lace another load, make the song sell  
Let me roll this hash leaf kush in the middle, son  
If you never puttin' then we rollin' you a little one

Dude, put the brownie down, you fuckin' light weight  
We smoking after 21, just searchin' for the right date  
High, [unverified] get you hammered in a second, son  
Take a fuckin' hit and get in line for the second one

Put the pipe down, put the, put the, put the pipe down  
Put the, put the, put the pipe down, put the pipe down  
Put your bong down, put your, put your, put your bong  
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Put your, put your, put your bong down put the bong  
down

Put the blunt down, put the, put the, put the blunt down  
Put the, put the, put the blunt down put the blunt down  
Put the pipe down, put your bong down, put the blunt  
down  
And listen up now

So now you know, you better stop  
All you busts, better hit the back door  
We ain't frontin', that's what it's all about  
Somebody put this gun up in his mouth

Welcome to the West Coast, where the real tokers stay  
They should rename this the Cannabis State

(Cannabis State)

We can't relate if you ain't from the area  
We got the one hitter quitter that'll bury ya

It gets scarier when clones cross polonaise  
Hydro, criptnotic, super sonic, madocnize  
You wake up and you still feelin' groggy, yeah  
Heads foggy like cereal that's soggy, yeah

You pack a bowl, but you can't find your lighter still  
[Unverified] somebody call Cypress Hill  
Sen Dog, you got some fire for a brother, man?  
"I got some fire but your lighter's still up in your hand"

Put the pipe down, put the, put the, put the pipe down  
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Put the blunt down, put the, put the, put the blunt down  
Put the, put the, put the blunt down put the blunt down  
Put the pipe down, put your bong down, put the blunt  
down  
And listen up now

Hit 'em with a sick shit, just like the misfits  
Kottonmouth and Cypress Hill, always kick the dope  
shit  
Down with Daddy X, D-Loc and Johnny Richter  
Southern Cali most high, do ya get the picture?

We don't stop, we just keep on thumping  
[Unverified] home boy ain't lackin' nothing  
From the streets of [unverified] all the way to the O.C.  
Any way around the world we smoke the dope weed

We got what it takes, cush, bud, hash, cakes  
Smoke filled room when the hits take place  
I becoming mad, stoned on the phone with Tommy  
Chong  
Beatin' on my chest, mad dog, King Kong

Here's another verse from the dirt that came first  
We comin' at ya hard from the ghetto to the surf  
I be putting in work, so just stay up off my turf  
Or I'll have your homeboys straight callin' for a hurst

Put the blunt down and listen up now

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