

## Cypress Hill "Scooby Doo"

Visit "[Scooby Doo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Scooby doo, y'all  
Scooby dooby doo, y'all

Scooby doo, y'all  
Scooby dooby doo, y'all

Scooby doo, y'all  
Scooby dooby doo, y'all

I remember the time them niggas tried to get me  
(I ain't havin' it)  
Throw your hands in the air, the Hill's live and direct,  
see  
So let me put my clip in, watch this nigga start flippin'  
My, why must they always be trippin'?

Shut up, what up, fool tried to nut up  
Dropped the gat, ricocheted, the fool got cut up  
(Why'd you drop the gat, G?)  
I got hit from behind  
Now a nigga like me, I gotta go for mine

Bring it on, bing, make ya bells ring  
When ya hit that pavement, what a feeling  
It's on, cracked like a baseball bat  
Oh shit, out the boot came a gat

Pointed the nigga said, "You're through"  
(Aimed)  
Scooby doo, 'cause I had a boy too

Scooby doo, y'all  
Scooby dooby doo, y'all

Scooby doo, y'all  
Scooby dooby doo, y'all

Scooby doo, y'all  
Scooby dooby doo, y'all

I remember the time them niggas tried to get me  
(I ain't havin' it)

Throw your gats in the air if you wanna come test me  
So let me just run through, as I pull out my Scooby doo  
I get the chills when I see that dead man's crew

I got to get up, let's go head up, dead up  
I'm loc'ed like that, punk, that's why you're gettin' wet-  
up  
Want me to let up, but I ain't tryin' to hear that  
Bullshit cryin', punk, let me just clear that

Buck a shot, lick a two shot, lick a three shot  
Ran out of ammo, damn, I ain't tryin' to get got  
Two niggas standin', dirty under-handed  
Lighter shade of fire, check my slug expanded

Now tell me what the fuck are you gonna do  
When I pull out my Scooby Doo?

Scooby doo, y'all  
Scooby dooby doo, y'all

Scooby doo, y'all  
Scooby dooby doo, y'all

Scooby doo, y'all  
Scooby dooby doo, y'all

Take a good look 'cause this is the last time you're  
gonna see  
Fat bell like this again, you fat piece a chit  
Kid muchacho, muchacho kid, get flabby  
(Oh, choot that piece a chit)  
You fuckin' lobsta piece a chit, I'll stomp you like a duck

And you, you with your little happy chain of lighters  
You wanna fuck with me, you fuck with the best  
And you you with the burly haircut, the Stawberry Quik  
guy  
You around the way, main, I know where you at

Visit [Cypress Hill](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.