

Cypress Hill "Southland Killers"

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Yeah, you all know what the fuck this is
MC motherfuckin' ran up in this bitch nigga
Yeah, all you all bitch-ass niggas out here talkin all that
shit
We about to drop this motherfucker on you all like this
Punk ass niggas out here, nigga
We some southland killers in this motherfucker

Niggas all across town, all up in the suburbs
While niggas makin' faces like the rock on the curb
Nigga people's elbow, the loud-mouthed hold
And groupie niggas bangin' for passes to the show
Big-ass cheques wit' plenty of O's
And hoes wit' big lips doin' what they supposed
Didn't have shit till I started to bust
And y'all got shit 'cos of my balls are cussed

Ren and Cypress Hill, they ain't liver than us
Nigga legendary villian, who started the fuss
Nigga double glock, cocked, get your shit rocked
Get your crib knocked, nigga have that rib popped
Under bosses and trouble, they under my rubble
Clone motherfuckers, always the villain, like the hubble
Fuck your bubble, I bust them shits
Plaques and shit, grab my dick, spit these hits

All, my niggas, do you wanna ride wit' us?
(Do ya wanna ride wit us?)
(Killers!)
Throw your clips up, man we's about to bust
(Man we's about to bust)
(Killers!)
Cypress Hill click, yeah we ready for war
(Yeah we ready for war)
(Killers!)
All you all niggas, better just hit the floor
(Killers!)

I'm close to the best thing, on the west wing
Blown out your set, flames when the best sing
It's a rep thing, haters feel they chest pain
They feel it in they heart, I was there to test things

Didn't arrest them, the bullet-proof vest team
These niggas shoot first they they askin' check names
It's less strain, it's all real, I bet fame, it's a chess game
Wrong move and it's checkmate

I might sound funny out here
But really, niggas get money out here
And hey, everyday is sunny out here
So listen, don't play dummy out here
King try for bust make your whole pack run
Stacked enough cash so now I stack guns
Fat ones, all cold and black ones
Southland killin', it's just how that's done

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You can try to ride with the hill, lie on the hill
But when your shit talk starts is when die on the hill
We get, high on the hill, rely on the steel
When your paper gets pulled and you design is steeled
Like you, signed the deal, or signed over your will
Busters get slayed when you fuck around with real
Take time to feel, what I'm tellin' you hoes
You couldn't fuck around with me if I was sellin' you
blows

Just goes to show the incredible skill tell
Bitch nigga, now you trapped under my wig well
Gettin' trampled, dumped on and thumped on
Scraped on the six-five with the hand on the pump song
Don't even fuck with these Southland grandes
We the vatos that run on Los Angeles
Call me mad dog, if you think you know me
If you're not sure then turn around and leave slowly

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