

Cypress Hill "Steel Magnolia"

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(feat. Barron Ricks)

[Attendant:] "That takes a fourteen shot clip

You expecting an army?"

[Serpico:] "No....just the division"

[Barron Ricks]

"Yeah, once again, (that's right)

We about to attack this

(Harlem Inc, Murder Inc) Yeah

(Nicky Bond)

Jimmy Cagney type shit, Nicky Santoro

All my little short niggaz

Joe Pesci and all that shit like this yo"

Fillin out the cards to your eulogy

Murder that ass, send my regards to your family, fuck
it

That's what niggaz get for fuckin with this maniac
depressive nigga

with aggression, Smith and Wesson, in his possession
Harlem got me like that, too many grimy, slimy niggaz
on the take

For short cake, we won't hesitate

I miss inhabitants who politic in residence for
presidents

Across 110th, to 55th

My covenant is protected, I'm doministic

Survival principles my ethics, eastern philosophy's my
method

Good samaritans need paremedics, so what's your
premise

I hope you fuckin with Glocks and fo' fifths

Wrath's Napoleon, so teach your origin, slash wrists

Shatter chins, and bust clips

Check it, "here is somethin you can't understand"

Steel Magnolia

[B-Real]

I got the steel magnum, braggin, leavin my toe tagged

As I get raggamuffin, no bluffin, the body bagged

Breaks all your bad habits, bad blood fanatics

Clean up the magic, chrome startin up static
Greed means that you die quick, click the vision
Greed lies ambition, five slugs for the mission
Seven cause you go to the heaven or hell and dwell
to meet your maker, but you met the shotgun shell
Buckshots sting like bees, I smoke trees
on the hilltops, clubshops and chilling overseas
Take in the breeze, Mr. Freeze squeeze the trigger

Killa G's got you week in the knees, to take it ea-sy!

[Barron Ricks]

Steel Magnolia

Magnificent guns bust when 'Uzi Weighs a Ton'
And yo' Glock spits, consecutive rounds shot from clips
spells murder, sound synonymous to burner
Leave niggaz ass up, gaspin for air, front seats of truck
So who the fuck want me to press on they luck, bastard
they son

When gats start to hum and whole crowds begin to run
Annihilation, destroyin all expectations
Have relatives embrace your Harlem hospital, we all
patient

5 foot 6, concealed steel, pop more grip
With fixed sights that drifted to right, triggers light
So relinquish son, I'm to the finish, and you
acknowledge
Couldn't pop a clutch or light a skyrocket, nigga stop it!
Steel Magnolia

[B-Real]

Steel Magnolia, bury ya, six niggaz carry ya

To your final rest area

What you worried though, you ain't above that with a
slug

And your chest beats, blowin out your back, take it easy
To your eulogy, open heart surgery

Emergency, 911, come in a hurry

From the Hills to the Polo realms, stackin the bills

I put you under my lo-lo, hit my switch, then kill

A bitch nigga steppin on my toes, fuck foes and hoes

Get stuck in the ass like Pete Rose

I suppose you wanna get wild and throw blows, you
chose

to get you nose your broke, in a thick cloud of smoke

You're like a fat joint, I'm takin a toke, I'm like coke

But you ain't smilin, feelin erratic, a fuckin addict

To the dope shit, you better hope the shit stop

Smooth, holdin the Glock, rockin the hot shit

[Barron Ricks]

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