

## **Cypress Hill "Stoned Raiders"**

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1 for trouble, 8 for the road  
7 to get ready when I'm lettin' off all my load  
Funk, Buddha Monk, in the trunk  
I got'cha, thumpin' so hard, up and down the boulevard

I'm a natural-born cap-peela', strapped illa  
I'm the west coast settin' it on, no one's reala'  
Get'cha fix of the uncut funk  
A small dose of the skunk weed like it's suppose to be

Move it up, just move it on out, what'cha talkin' 'bout  
son  
I got the first shot, and it's all over now, one nation  
under a groove  
Smoke a pound for the strict of it, every time I make a  
move  
Smooth and togetha, raw like leatha, ain't goin' out like  
a punk, neva

Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove  
Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove

It's the numba one money maker  
Money takea, few steps back I'm on a plane to Jamaica  
Puffin' a fat wada, talk shit  
For the fool I'm thinkin' about, I got the ruff shit  
Hard rock bone breaka, Stoned Raider  
In the Temple of Boom, assert to assume  
Never be lettin' shit slide, no way  
Bitch niggas can hide but, I'll find they ass some day

Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove

Wherever you are, put'cha muthafuckin' spliff in the air  
Some dogs, like you gotta pair  
When I kick to the metro, lone clip, be lookin' around  
'Cause this shit ain't over with yet

People can't understand my situation  
Now they caught up in the Soul Assassination  
Fool, just take cover, it's all over  
When I break ya off a chunk of this muthafucka

Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove  
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