

Cypress Hill

"Strike The Match"

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[22 seconds instrumental]

[B-Real:]

I'm loaded like a Shotgun. - Got one - under my coat!
It's late night, no stage fright. - I'm going for broke
While I'm hittin' my smoke.
I'm contemplatin' how to hit 'em hard, hit 'em fast, get
away; it's all she wrote!
It's a heartbreaking habit, when you gotta have it
You grab it! - Stare at an album, so good at it!
Certified hood magic! - Look at it!
Throwin' too much in your face. - And money's gone; so
am I so long?
But now my hustle's changed. - No more stickin' you
up!
I've got some weed, I know that for sure; that can pick
you up!
Just spark it up! I got a dime or a twenty sack!
All sales are final. - Don't ask for your money back!
Don't even look at the money, stack! - It's funny that
It still wasn't enough, I'm like still searchin' for honey
flack!
No I'm servin' the boulders, looking over my shoulders!
Every step that I take - a rock might knock me over!

[Chorus: B-Real]

Strike - the match! - Sparks - the flame!
It starts - the fire that burns down the system!
Hit 'em hard! Hit 'em fast! - Keep the gas on 'em!
We're gonna char! - Get the dogs, go gas on 'em!

[Sen Dog:]

The hoodrange - a brace to be a gangster
They grew up! - And blew up the rock stages!
A long way from the gate, but I got Gauges!
Dumb 'em out! Pullin guns out on strangers!
A bunch a wild niggas, nobody can tame us!
The sixteen in the clip. - One in the chamber!
Drive-by's, homicide; shit! I gotta roll a dime!
Every day I ran away, my life's one Columbine.
And I'd like to see heads get [?]

So it's a problem? - That's how I solve 'em, there's no discussion!

Go for my mind, tell it's task force, rush 'em!

Until the day all I gotta say - is: "Fuck 'em! "

[Chorus]

[B-Real:]

Post it on the top son! - Claw some!

Makin' my way through the jungle, and then they like I call something!

[?] hustle, the streets need

To a hit single, put down bitch, [?] bring a leader!

When you're in the top spot, you better be top notch;

Or not watch, the haters take pop shots!

It's non-stop shit talkin', [?] the conflict

Whoever slick talkin', I'm ready to harm him!

Disarm him! - Send his ass away in a coffin

My game is [?], you don't seein' it that often!

But every [?] day I felt time slip away

Like a heavy ticket on the train to an early grave!

I never worried hater, that what happens, I'm okay!

Reap what you sough! - And every kinda game you play

Never had a handout! - Had my hustle's brand out!

[?] brand out! You wish my luck would run out!

[Chorus]

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