

## **Cypress Hill**

# **"We Live This Shit"**

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Eastside L.A., Cypress Hill all day  
Spark the lah, we live this shit  
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Spark the lah, we live this shit

We Latin-thug type, gat-blasters  
Weed smokers, money holders that's right  
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Weed smokers, money holders that's right

Well, it's the alley cat looking for the Buddhasack  
On my side is my easy, can't fuck with that  
Starting out venom but if you wanna bill though  
Come in peace and you can come on the Hill, bro

But if it ain't in peace, bro, turn it to a homicide  
Throw you in the trunk, take a ride to the Eastside  
It's a suicide when you're fucking with the Hill  
Fool, drop your weapon or I'm coming for the kill

Duck from the gunshots that is sticking to ya  
Standing all alone shotgun goes boo-ya  
Watch it go through ya, ya smelling like manure  
Fools all bloody body chilling in the sewer

Enemy's a viewer, I'm sipping on Caluha  
Sitting back chilling with my nigga SonDuhla  
Heading to the Eastside, watch your back busta  
Ain't no hood for you, here it's all about the hustlas

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Rhyme for my neighborhood banging out hits  
For ever backing up that Cypress Hill click

To my man on the corner with the shotgun shell  
Singing sad songs for the ones that fell

To me, it's kind of funny watching all these dummies  
Straight turn tricks for the fame and the money  
Walk a little bold 'cause their record went gold  
Got him a new ride and up rid it their ho

Need this looking raw before you come acting  
Flexing on some brothers better twelve times platinum  
'Cause I been there done that, fool, check the format  
Sweep you and that bullshit under the doormat

Put it to your grill like I don't give a damn  
Sen Dog and the Hill still fucking up the program  
Yeah, y'all that big bad Cypress and Perro up in that  
place  
What the fuck you wanna do now?

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Kicking that funky Cypress Hill shit  
Think I blast another give them something to deal with  
'Cause I'm the ill one, oh, the cap-peel one  
You coming round the Hill fucking son, I gotta spill one  
Now I'm heading to the Eastside looking for revival  
Living on the Eastside fighting for survival

Gotta be nifty with the Han Solo and trying to show no  
Wittinenses 'cause people will use it to kill your show yo  
Off to the stone garden you go and stay there  
When I'm dead I'm bringing my music to play there

For all the soldiers, money folders, you're on my  
shoulders  
You can't hold us back I'm spitting out boulders  
Crushing every opponent in opposition  
I know you're wishing that I would bow to submission

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