

## Saian Supa Crew

### "Cisco Kid / How High Soundtrack"

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Artist: Cypress Hill f/ Method Man, Redman

Album: How High Soundtrack

Song: Cisco Kid

We gonna get you high (\*whispered in background 6 times\*)

Let's get high (\*whispered in background 2 times\*)

(B-Real)

I flow rhymes off just like weed in your chest  
Think you got endo, hold your breath  
Spittin on the track with Red and Meth  
Holdin up a fat, when you smoke a cassette  
Or CDs, we bees the ones with the Ouija's  
Spread it on the arm, come on believe me  
Look who it is, it's the funky feel  
Smokin assassin from Cypress Hill  
We think she's just resonated?  
Fillin my brain till it's saturated  
When you get the kush weed and cultivate it  
Give it to the hoes who love to hate it  
Cause blunts get filled like Hershey Highways  
I don't give a fuck who sits where I blaze  
Chillin at the rainbow high and faded  
You sittin' at home feelin isolated

(Method Man)

Is there a Doctor in the house?  
We like fuck that, nut sacks in your mouth  
Lemme show you what a thug about  
We can talk or we can slug it out  
Better yet, you can bark like a bitch when I thug it out  
There it is, a better a kid, ahead of his  
Time to settle this, like men  
I'm pipin hot, exciting  
Right in the gym or hype in them, alright then  
All day I drink and smoke  
Shell toe with ankles in ya both  
Cent, five cents, ten cents, dollar  
Rock while I blend the track and then holla  
At your boy, now pass your boy something to smoke

Cause you have had nothing to throat, swallow  
Bang the track, bring your bat  
Ain't too many that can hang with that  
So why bother

(Chorus)

Cisco Kid was a friend of mine  
Hell yea  
Cisco Kid was a friend of mine  
Hell yea  
He drank whiskey, Pancho drank the wine  
Hell yea  
He drank whiskey, Pancho drank the wine  
Hell yea

(Cypress Hill)

Yea, send all, and fall back  
And who wrote on this track  
I don't really give a fuck  
Put the pen down lets toss them up  
Soul assasins, Latin thugs  
Whole damn world know about us  
Rhymes we kick and weed we puff  
Get tus vatos all fucked up  
And sing along to my get high song  
Had you choking off of four foot bong  
Cypress Hill and weed, can't go wrong  
Keep you smoking like Cheech and Chong

(Redman)

Yo, call me that Doctor  
P-Funk or chronic blower  
Pussy stroker, strap toker, back broker  
Hash burns in your pull out sofa  
This is my brain on drugs  
Move out my way cuz, cause I might run you over  
Bitches bounce your titties  
I bounce with a pump shotgun  
Look out, the highest man in the world  
Walkin off with my hand on your girl  
Can't drink and can't stand in the world  
Niggas, two puffs and then pass me the L  
What you talking about I'm not high enough to start that  
party  
Triple beater enter the stage with a gauge  
Don't shoot nobody  
What you ain't high enough?  
Do I gotta jump out there and tie you up?  
Strap a bong to your mouth  
Till you wired up  
Till the Park Ranger call the Firetruck

And said "Hey motherfucker, what you be smoking  
on?"  
I said "A blunt, motherfucker, why do you want some?"  
Yo, yo, give me the gun, we don't need to fight  
Hold that blunt, I'll give you a light  
Don't no nigga want to die tonight  
With all this weed, get high tonight.. BITCH!

Chorus 2 times

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