

Saian Supa Crew "Cisco Kid"

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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 assassins, 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!

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