

Redman

"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 gotta win, don't hold your breath
Spittin on the track with Red and Meth
Rollin 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
DJ D just resonate it
Over my brain till it's saturated
Gotta get the cush weed and cultivate it
Give it to the hoes who love to hate it
Cause lungs 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 that hump, better isolate it

(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
Write a gem or hype in them, alright then
All day I drink and smoke
Shell toe with a anchor sink yo boat
Cent, five cents, ten cents, dollar
Rocwilder blend the track and getting hotter
Ask 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

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