

Hill Cypress

"16 Men Till There's No Men Left"

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16 men on a dead man's list yo ho ho, and a bag of
indo.

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So many fuckin' MC's claim supremacy,
on who's got hip hop locked it could never be,
one crew or solo runnin the whole game
that's bullshit. Like cops never sniff cocaine.
But I'm takin on all comers, droppin bombers
reducing numbers, makin it hot like the summer.
this one MC couldn't deal with the skill
like Jack did Jill I rolled his ass down the Hill.
Beaten, broken, and coughin, and chokin on the
rhyme,
like a hooker suckin a dick for the first time.
His rhyme was hallow with no flow to follow
bust the nut all in his mouth and made him swallow.
I'll take 16 MC's and lock 'em in a room,
make 'em feel the contact, eatin the mushrooms.
Playin with your mind makin you feel the force,
Had to cancel out 2 punk niggas up in the Source.
They tried to get double XL they still fell,
bitches go tell your troubles to Montell.

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I'm trippin on the people controlling the airwaves
got in goin on, you know it all but God save,
youass for clashin, with a Soul Assassin
that's like Mike fuckin with poppa Joe Jackson.
Ass whoop all over the place,
you can't hide behind the physical
better run to the spiritual.
Ass whoop critical or you can get it from the lyrical
dysfunctional, hypocritical smile on your face
fuckin' cynical shit braines.
As I sit back and say tally ho

one of these days your punk ass gonna go
wish you had a key to figure the fuckin flow
but you're locked out and the bombs about to blow.

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12 punk to go who's next on the list
matter of fact I got one in my head to fix.
There was one particular fool in teh circle who fell off
greed over came a nigga, who at all cost.
Changes up to gain it all but shared none.
Who made him all the money to over come,
Niggas upo on the Hill in the lab,
while he was rollin big baller style high profile.
Oh child, make wanna act juvenile,
all smiles right in my face, but wait a minue now.
Welcome to the 360, degrees pay a fee
when you're fuckin your people over the cheese.
No soul, no conscience, no loyalty,
to the niggas who got him treated like royalty.
When your4 times up you're gonna end up seein
visions
of everybody you fucked over, you're scared sober.

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Fuck the hater with the symbol and soul
nad the bitch niggas who stole my care stereo.
Trick Dees get no love he gets nuts like ass Miller
and the fuckin x dealer.
Can't forget the niggas who was down with the Hilla,
You get bumped like C Tucker and Will Benette
let step over the Hump and represent it.
You go down like Jerry and get smacked like Trick Leo
now here's your fuckin eulogy o.

There was 16 men now there's no one left
yo ho ho, and a bag of indo.
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