

Hill Cypress

"Bitter"

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B-Real]

I lost my innocence at birth but I make no excuses

for the trivial things and the pain life induces

Bitches are wild, and so was I, young and stupid

it's incredible, what a shitty circumstance produces
them

Criminals, led by the originals, high strung, motivated
by the, principles

some of us out - he used to think we were invincible

on the corner bangin' and slangin' the high bitual

Deadly rituals fill my head, nothin' spiritual

Bullets filled up bodies like hands from my physical

I got touched by the hot hands of bitter fools

Divided and tempted snake bitten by the ridicule

Frustration and hate filled my adrenaline

I play doctors here's two bullets for your medicine

I carry those days like a weapon close to me

The memories of hot lead rippin' a hole through me

[Chorus: B-Real]

Son, fill your heater, how bout chase killer

Rock 'em up and show you're no quitter

Snakes' pit every ground I landed on

Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong

You hate the songs that you pump up all day long

Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong

Snakes' pit, every ground I landed on

Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong

Stand...

[B-Real]

So many, come and go in this lifetime that you serve

Faces change, liscenses' everywhere you turn

Gangsta's become blinded, visions become blurred

Learned to stay alive to the real side of the curb

You came along way but some still refuse to notice

they turned they back on us and they tried to provoke
us

You ask about us, you talk trash about us

walk fast around us, but my block fast allowed us

Don't try to crowd us nigga, we'll smack you up

Look around and see who's willin' to back you up

You're in a ghost town and home alone like Macaulay
nigga

don't say my name nigga, don't even think of me

Fire start spittin' from my grill piece, ya scorched up,
touched up

I'm the C4 that blew up your porch

I spit venom quicker than the punch on your Porsche

Venom so deadly I'll make your fuckin' life divorce ya

Ask for Alamoney, bitches, you all phoney

I'll make you sing the blues like you're Paulpau Coloney

Go ask Moley, you in the middle of shit

And anything you say I'll be known the shit

The force drops hits a ball, makin' me die of laughter

Cause I know what these son-of-a-bitches are after

Your mind and soul, if your blind and cold

then your true sign is shown, then your fuckin' mind is
blown

[Chorus: B-Real]

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Stand

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