

Hill Cypress

"Boom Biddy Bye Bye"

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Boom biddy bye bye

Boom biddy bye bye

Step back as I'm kicking up dust

For a while

As I put mothafuckas to rest

And pull their files

Out from the cabinet

With the picture

Get the 45 and settle it

With this punk nigger

Slow your roll

As I take control

Take your tokes from the Indo'

Then hit and hold

Now let it out

How you feel when the herb

Got you by the balls

And you're coughing up a lung anyhow

You can't shake

That nigger that's gonna brake

Fool

On any one member of your bitch crew

As I pull the trigger

On my nine

Say goodnight nigger

Boom biddy bye bye

Boom biddy bye bye

Put your ass on the floor an' don't ask why

Boom biddy bye bye

I put my Glock to your dome and you started to cry

Boom biddy bye bye

Any last prayers before you die

Boom biddy bye bye

Rock-a-bye nigga boom biddy bye bye

You ain't never caught a rabbit

So you ain't no friend of mine

It's a habit

Barkin' up your tree with my nine

Keep your bitch on a leash or at home

A nick knack

Paddywack

Give the dog a bone

The raw dog

Fuck a law dog

Still handin' out beat-downs wit' my sawed-off

'Cause a every now and then I got to knuckle up

Buckle up

Chin checking

It's on I reckon

It's the wild wild west

Get your 40 and your blunt and your Glock and your
bulletproof vest

Let me guess

Everybody wanna test

Everybody burning up, gonna get burned like Ses

Laudy daudy

We're fucking everybody

Boom biddy bye

Sing the lullaby

In the party

Boom biddy bye bye

Put your ass on the floor an' don't ask why

Boom biddy bye bye

I put my Glock to your dome and you started to cry

Boom biddy bye bye

Any last prayers before you die

Boom biddy bye bye

Rock-a-bye nigga boom biddy bye bye

Yes yes ya'll

To the beat ya'll

Watch a punk slipin' see the pouta fall

I'm buck-loody

Looking for the nigga who wanna cut me

'Cause the nigger gets so funky

Fool I'm the one

From

The big bad Cypress Hill clique, a

Number one son of the funk freaka

Yes yes ya'll

I'll be the one with the mad Buddha blast ya'll

Comin' from the west ya'll

But I figure

You'd cry like a bitch

Don't twitch

'Cause I just might pull the trigga

Now lay down

Stay down

Don't move a muscle if you see your homeboy's brains
on the ground

Don't fuck don't say nothin'

You fuck around and I might get ragamuffin

Boom biddy bye bye

Line up on the floor now you' all gonna die

Boom biddy bye bye

Put your ass on the floor an' don't ask why

Boom biddy bye bye

I put the Glock to your dome and you started to cry

Boom biddy bye bye

Any last prayers before you die

Boom biddy bye bye

Rock-a-bye nigga boom biddy bye bye

Boom biddy bye bye

Put your ass on the floor an' don't ask why

Boom biddy bye bye

I put the Glock to your dome and you started to cry

Boom biddy bye bye

Any last prayers before you die

Boom biddy bye bye

Rock-a-bye nigga boom biddy bye bye

Boom biddy bye bye

It's time to die

Boom biddy bye bye

Time to say good-bye

Boom biddy bye bye

Now it's time to die

Boom biddy bye bye

Now it's time to die

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