

Hill Cypress

"Hand on the Pump"

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Verse One

Well I'm an alley cat some say a dirty rat
On my side you see my gat see I'm all of that
Sendin off buck shots for I'm gonna wetcha
Running hard but I'm still coming to getcha
Thinking like a peace smoke comin on a homicide
You talkin shit try to take me for a ride
I'm not a bad guy but I'm the funky feel one
Finger on the trigger with my hands upon the steel
Lettin out a bullet this is going boo-yaa
You're stuck in my so hood, so what ya gonna do now?
Being the hunted one is no fun
Here I come son, yo I think you better run
Better run more, and move a little faster
Second of thought and I'm coming to blast ya
With my

Chorus

Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Left hand on a forty, [puffin onna blunt]
Pumped my shotgun, [niggaz didn't jump]
Lala la la lala la laaaaa...

Verse Two

Comin at you like a stiff blow, fuckin up your program

Ain't takin shit from you him or no man

Master mind maniac and a menace soooo

How they want to pass sentence

All because a nigga tried to play me on the trigger

He missed, so now the nigga's pissed

Rude and crude like a pitbull, get to the point

Your fuckin car to get pulled, now

I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle

And I'm handin out beatdowns

I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle

And I'm handin out beatdowns [get your face down!]

Put me in chains, try to beat my brains

I can get out, but the grudge remains

When I see ya punk ass, I'm gonna getcha

Fucking do ya, shotgun go boo-yaa!

Chorus

Verse Three

Kickin that funky Cypress Hill shit

Take a lot of mental for the blunted to chill with,

Cuz I'm the chill one, known to get ill one

They stepped to the Hill "What's up?", I had to kill one

Now I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle

And they got me on lock down

Headed up the river with a boat and no paddle

And they got me on lock down

Hit me like a nigga who done lost his mind

Cause I ain't goin out like a spineless jellyfish

Some say life is a bitch

Ask that punk who dug his own ditch

Out for the Hill fuckin up at a party

Tried to get funny, put a hole in his body

Lala la la lala la laaa

Look at all of those funeral cars

Cause I'ma

Chorus

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