

Hill Cypress

"Lil Putos"

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quot;Live and direct"

One little two little three little putos

Tried to jack me they got the boot-o

Taking no shit when push comes to shove

'Cause the niggas showed me no love

Step back punk 'cause I'm a Latino

What I bring you is the hardcore lingo

Funky, but ya don't understand

Now I gotta stand with the Glock in my hand

No scope

And there's no hope

'Cause I'm dishin'

Out my .45 slug and it ain't missin'

Here it comes hissin'

Here it comes hummin' at ya

Now the slug is comin' at ya

One little two little three hoodlums

Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes

What do you know, click clack goes the gun

Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

Cuando entro, loonie es el fuerte

Speakin' to the gente

'Cause I'm insane in the mente

Movin' em back, click-click goes the gun

Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

It's no fun

When I got to break you off some

Of the psicobeta beatdown, boy you get done

Serio

Here we go

Off for the muchacho

Come if you really want some of the chingazo

Me caso you don't hear this little lazo

Cypress Hill, breaking you off a pedazo

Humming at ya

Don't make me come gatt ya

Punk 'cause I still will be comin' at ya

One little two little three hoodlums

Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes

What do you know, click clack goes the gun

Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

When I come in, kickin' with a vengeance

Swift of the engines

Coming like the three little indians

Stompin' around on the ground on the plains

'Cause a nigga like me is goin' insane

In the brain
So I gotta maintain
My direction
What I mighta gained
Without my protection
Not a damn thing
So when I come just bring
That new style, break ya off like a chicken wing
Buckooock!!
So you can just suck my cock
Like a fat blunt, stoned is the way of the walk
When I'm peepin'
Checkin' out the punk-ass creepin'
I let the dogs loose then I let the dogs sick 'em
Graaah! Nigga don't make me catch ya
Punk 'cause I still will be comin' at ya
One little two little three hoodlums
Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes
What do you know, click clack goes the gun
Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

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