

Hill Cypress

"Southland Killers"

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Southland Killers"

(feat. King Tee, MC Ren)

[Intro: MC Ren]

Yeah, y'all know what the fuck this is

MC motherfuckin' Ren up in this bitch nigga

Yeah, all y'all bitch-ass niggas out here talkin all that shit

We 'bout to drop this motherfucker on y'all like this
[gun being loaded]

Punk ass niggas out here, nigga

We some Southland Killers in this motherfucker [gun is cocked]

[GUNSHOT]

[MC Ren]

Niggas all acrosss town, up in the suburbs

While niggas makin' faces like The Rock on the curb

Nigga People's Elbow, the loud-mouthed hold

And groupie niggas bangin' for passes to the show
(Can I get in?)

Big-ass cheques wit' plenty of O's (O's)

And hoes wit' big lips doin' what they suposed (yeah)

Didn't have shit 'till I started to bust

And y'all got shit 'cos of my balls are cussed

Ren and Cypress Hill, they ain't liver than us

Nigga Legendary Villian, who started the fuss

Nigga double glock, cocked, get your shit rocked

Get your crib knocked, nigga have that rib popped

Under bosses and trouble, they under my rubble

Clone motherfuckers, always the villain, like The Hubble

Fuck your bubble, I bust them shits

Plaques and shit, grab my dick, spit these hits

[Chorus: B-Real]

All, my niggas, do you wanna ride wit' us? (Do ya wanna ride wit us?) (Killers!)

Throw your clips up, man we's about to bust (Man we's about to bust) (Killers!)

Cy-press, Hill click, yeah we ready for war (Yeah we ready for war) (Killers!)

All y'all niggas, better just hit the floor (Killers!)

[King Tee]

I'm close to the best thing, on the West Wing

Blown out your set, flames when the best sing

It's a rep thing, haters feel they chest pain

They feel it in they heart, I was there to test things

Didn't arrest (?), the bullet-proof vest team

These niggas shoot first they they askin (?) names

It's less strain

It's all real, I bet fame, it's a chess game

Wrong move and it's checkmate (That's right)

I might sound funny out here

But really, niggas get money out here

And hey, everyday is sunny out here

So listen, don't play dummy out here

King try for bust make your whole pack run

Stacked enough cash so now I stack guns

Fat ones, all cold and black ones

Southland Killin', it's just how that's done

[Chorus]

[Sen Dog and B-Real]

You can try to ride with the Hill, lie on the Hill

but when your shit (?) is when die on the Hill

We get, hot on the heel, rely on the steel

When your paper gets pulled and you design is steeled

Like you, signed the deal, or signed over your will

[Sen Dog] BUSTERS GET SLAYED...!

[B-Real]

...when you fuck around with Real

Take time to feel, what I'm tellin' you hoes (Tellin' you hoes)

You couldn't fuck around with me if I was sellin' you blows

Just goes to show the incredible skill tell

Bitch nigga, now you trapped under my wig well

Gettin trampled, DUMPED on and thumped on

Scraped on the six-five with the HAND ON THE PUMP
SONG

[Sen Dog]

Don't even fuck with these Southland grandes

We the vatos that run on Los Angeles

Call me Mad Dog, if you think you know me

If you're not sure then turn around and LEAVE SLOWLY!

[Chorus

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