

## Hill Cypress

### "Steel Magnolia"

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Featuring Barron Ricks]

Attendant: "That takes a fourteen shot clip

You expecting an army?"

Serpico: "No....just the division"

[Barron Ricks]

"Yeah once again (that's right)

We about to attack this

(Harlem Inc Murder Inc) Yeah

(Nicky Bond)

Jimmy Cagney type shit Nicky Santoro

All my little short niggaz

Joe Pesci and all that shit like this yo"

Fillin out the cards to your eulogy

Murder that ass, send my regards to your family, fuck  
it

That's what niggaz get for fuckin with this maniac  
depressive nigga

with aggresion, Smith and Wesson, in his possession

Harlem got me like that, too many grimy, slimy niggaz  
on the take

For short cake, we won't hesistate

I miss inhabitants who politic in residence for  
presidents

Across 110th, to 55th

My covenant is protected, I'm doministic

Survival principles my ethics, eastern philosophy's my  
method

Good samaritans need paremedics, so what's your  
premise

I hope you fuckin with Glocks and fo' fifths

Wrath's Napoleon, so teach your origin, slash wrists

Shatter chins, and bust clips

Check it, "here is somethin you can't understand"

Steel Magnolia

[B-Real]

I got the steel magnum, braggin, leavin my toe tagged

As I get raggamuffin, no bluffin, the body bagged

Breaks all your bad habits, bad blood fanatics

Clean up the magic, chrome startin up static

Greed means that you die quick, click the vision

Greed lies ambition, five slugs for the mission

Seven cause you go to the heaven or hell and dwell

to meet your maker, but you met the shotgun shell

Buckshots sting like bees, I smoke trees

on the hilltops, clubshops and chilling overseas

Take in the breeze, Mr. Freeze squeeze the trigger

Killa G's got you week in the knees, to take it ea-sy!

[Barron Ricks]

Steel Magnolia

Magnificent guns bust when 'Uzi Weighs a Ton'

And yo' Glock spits, consecutive rounds shot from clips  
spells murder, sound synonymous to burner

Leave niggaz ass up, gaspin for air, front seats of truck

So who the fuck want me to press on they luck, bastard  
they son

When gats start to hum and whole crowds begin to run

Annihilation, destroyin all expectations

Have relatives embrace your Harlem hospital, we all  
patient

5 foot 6, concealed steel, pop more grip

With fixed sights that drifted to right, triggers light

So relinquish son, I'm to the finish, and you  
acknowledge

Couldn't pop a clutch or light a skyrocket, nigga stop it!

Steel Magnolia

[B-Real]

Steel Magnolia, bury ya, six niggaz carry ya

To your final rest area

What you worried though, you ain't above that with a  
slug

And your chest beats, blowin out your back, take it easy

To your eulogy, open heart surgery

Emergency, 911, come in a hurry

From the Hills to the Polo realms, stackin the bills

I put you under my lo-lo, hit my switch, then kill

A bitch nigga steppin on my toes, fuck foes and hoes

Get stuck in the ass like Pete Rose

I suppose you wanna get wild and throw blows, you  
chose

to get you nose your broke, in a thick cloud of smoke

You're like a fat joint, I'm takin a toke, I'm like coke

But you ain't smilin, feelin erratic, a fuckin addict

To the dope shit, you better hope the shit stop

Smooth, holdin the Glock, rockin the hot shit

[Barron Ricks]

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