

## Hill Cypress "Stoned Raiders"

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1 for trouble, 8 for the road  
7 to get ready when I'm lettin' off all my load  
Funk, Buddha monk, in the trunk  
I got'cha, thumpin' so hard  
Up and down the boulevard  
I'm a natural born cap peela', strapped illa  
I'm the west coast settin' it on, no one's reala'  
Getcha fix of the uncut funk  
A small dose of the good weed, like it's suppose to be  
Move it up, just move it on out  
What'cha talkin'bout son  
I took the first shot, and it's all over now  
One nation under a groove  
Smoke a pound for the strict of it  
Everytime I make a move  
Smooth and togetha  
Raw like leatha  
Ain't goin' out like a punk, neva  
Check it out, 1,2, Cypress groove  
Check it out, 1,2, Cypress groove  
It's the numba one money maker

Money take a, few steps back I'm on a plane to Jamaica  
Puffin' a fat wada, talk shit  
For the fool I'm thinkin' about, I got the ruff shit  
Hard rock bone breaka  
Stoned Raider, in the Temple of Boom  
Assurt to assume  
Never be lettin' shit slide, no way  
Bitch niggas can hide  
But, I'll find they ass some day  
Check it out, 1,2, Cypress groove  
Wherever you are, put'cha muthafuckin' spliff in the air  
Some dogs, like you gotta pair  
When I kick to the metro  
Lone clip, be lookin' around  
Cause this shit ain't over with yet  
People can't understand my situation  
Now they cought up in the Soul Assasination  
Fool, just take cover, it's all over  
When I break ya off a chunk of this muthafucka  
Check it out, 1,2, Cypress groove  
Check it out, 1,2, Cypress groove  
Check it out, 1,2, Cypress groove

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