

Hill Cypress

"We Live This Shit"

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Chorus: Sen Dog

Eastside L.A.

Cypress Hill all day

Spark the lah

We live this shit

We latin-thug type

Gat-blasters

Weedsmokers

Moneyholders, that's right

[B-Real]

Well it's the alleycat looking for the buddhasack

On my side is my ese can't fuck with that

Starting out venom but if you wanna bill though

Come in peace and you can come on the Hill bro

But if it ain't in peace bro turn it to a homicide

Throw you in the trunk take a ride to the Eastside

It's a suicide when you're fucking with the Hill

Fool drop your weapon or I'm comming for the kill

Duck from the gunshots that is sticking to ya

Standing all alone shotgun goes boo-ya

Watch it go through ya

Ya smelling like manure

Fools all bloody body chilling in the sewer

Enemy's a viewer I'm sipping on caluha

Sitting back chilling with my nigga SonDuhla

Heading to the Eastside watch your back busta

Ain't no hood for you here it's all about the hustlas

Chorus

[Sen Dog]

Rhyme for my neighbourhood banging out hits

For ever backing up that Cypress Hill click

To my man on the corner with the shotgunshell

Singing sad songs for the ones that fell

To me it's kind of funny watching all these dummies

Straight turn tricks for the fame and the money

Walk a little bold 'cause their record went gold

Got him a new ride and up rid it their ho

Need this looking raw before you come acting

Flexing on some brothers that is twelve times platinum

Cause I been there

Done that

Fool check the format

Sweep you and that bullshit under the doormat

Put it to your grill like I don't give a damn

Sen Dog and the Hill still fucking up the program

Yeah y'all, that big bad Cypress and perro up in that place

What the fuck you wanna do now huh?

Chorus

[B-Real]

Kicking that funky Cypress Hill shit

Think I blast another give them something to deal with

Cause I'm the ill one

Oh the cap-peel one

You comming round the Hill fucking son I gotta spill
one

Now I'm heading to the Eastside looking for revival

Living on the Eastside fighting for survival

Gotta be nifty with the Han Solo and trying to show yo

Wittnesses cause people will use it to kill your show yo

Off to the stone garden you go and stay there

When I'm dead I'm bringing my music to play there

For all the soldiers, moneyfolders, you're on my
shoulders

You can't hold us back I'm spitting out boulders

Crushing every opponent in opposition

I know you're wishing that I would bow to submission

Chorus

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