

Jagged Edge F/ Lil' Bow Wow, JD, % Da Brat "Cisco Kid"

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We gonna get you high (*whispered in background 6 times*)

Let's get high (*whispered in background 2 times*)

(B-Real)

I flow rhymes off just like weed in your chest
Think you got endo, hold your breath
Spittin on the track with Red and Meth
Holdin up a fat, when you smoke a cassette
Or CDs, we bees the ones with the Ouija's
Spread it on the arm, come on believe me
Look who it is, it's the funky feel
Smokin assassin from Cypress Hill
We think she's just resonated?
Fillin my brain till it's saturated
When you get the crushed weed and cultivate it
Give it to the hoes who love to hate it
Cause blunts get filled like Hershey Highways
I don't give a fuck who sits where I blaze
Chillin at the rainbow high and faded
You saving that bump(??), then isolate it

(Method Man)

Is there a Doctor in the house?
We like fuck that, nut sacks in your mouth
Lemme show you what a thug about
We can talk or we can slug it out
Better yet, you can bark like a bitch when I thug it out
There it is, a better a kid, ahead of his
Time to settle this, like men
I'm pipin hot, exciting
Right in the gym or hype in them, alright then
All day I drink and smoke
Shell toe with ankles in ya both
Cent, five cents, ten cents, dollar
Rocwilder blend the track and getting hotter
Ask your boy, now pass your boy something to smoke
Cause you have had nothing to throat, swallow
Bang the track, bring your bat
Ain't too many that can hang with that
So why bother

(Chorus)

Cisco Kid was a friend of mine

Hell yea

Cisco Kid was a friend of mine

Hell yea

He drank whiskey, Pancho drank the wine

Hell yea

He drank whiskey, Pancho drank the wine

Hell yea

(Cypress Hill)

Yea, send all, and fall back

And who wrote on this track

I don't really give a fuck

Put the pen down lets toss them up

Soul assassins, Latin thugs

Whole damn world know about us

Rhymes we kick and weed we pour

Get tus vatos all fucked up

And sing along to my get high song

Had you choking off of four foot bong

Cypress Hill and weed, can't go wrong

Keep you smoking like Cheech and Chong

(Redman)

Yo, call me that Doctor

P-Funk or chronic blower

Pussy smoker, strap toker, back broker

Hash burns in your pull out sofa

This is my brain on drugs

Move out my way cuz, cause I might run you over

Bitches bounce your titties

I bounce with a pump shotgun

Look out, the highest man in the world

Walkin off with my hand on your girl

Can't drink and can't stand in the world

Niggas, two puffs and then pass me the L

What you talking about I'm not high enough to start that party

Triple beater enter the stage with a gauge

Don't shoot nobody

What you ain't high enough?

Do I gotta jump out there and tie you up?

Strap a bomb to your mouth

Till you wired up

Till the Park Ranger call the Firetruck

And said "Hey motherfucker, what you be smoking on?"

I said "Hey motherfucker, why do you want some?"

Yo, yo, give me the gun, we don't need to fight

Hold that blunt, I'll give you a light
Don't no nigga want to die tonight
With all this weed, get high tonight.. BITCH!

Chorus 2 times

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