

# Boom Biddy Bye Bye [Fugees Remix]

## Cypress Hill

Boom biddy bye bye  
Boom biddy bye bye Step back as I'm kicking up dust  
For a while  
As I put motherfuckers to rest  
And pull their files Out from the cabinet  
With the picture  
Get the 45 and settle it  
With this punk nigga Slow your roll  
As I take control  
Take your tokes from the Indo'  
Then hit and hold Now let it out  
How you feel when the herb  
Got you by the balls  
And you're coughing up a lung anyhow You can't shake  
That nigga that's gonna brake  
Fool  
On any one member of your bitch crew As I pull the trigger  
On my nine  
Say goodnight nigga  
Boom biddy bye bye Boom biddy bye bye  
Put your ass on the floor an' don't ask why  
Boom biddy bye bye  
I put my Glock to your dome and you started to cry  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Any last prayers before you die  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Rock-a-bye nigga boom biddy bye bye You ain't never caught a rabbit  
So you ain't no friend of mine  
It's a habit  
Barkin' up your tree with my nine Keep your bitch on a leash or at home  
A nick knack  
Paddywack  
Give the dog a bone  
The raw dog  
Fuck a law dog  
Still handin' out beat-downs wit' my sawed-off  
'Cause a every now and then I got to knuckle up  
Buckle up  
Chin checking

It's on I reckon  
It's the wild wild west  
Get your 40 and your blunt and your Glock and your bulletproof vest  
Let me guess  
Everybody want to test  
Everybody burning up, gonna get burned like Ses  
Laudy daudy  
We're fucking everybody  
Boom biddy bye  
Sing the lullaby  
In the party Boom biddy bye bye  
Put your ass on the floor an' don't ask why  
Boom biddy bye bye  
I put my Glock to your dome and you started to cry  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Any last prayers before you die  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Rock-a-bye nigga boom biddy bye bye Yes yes y'all  
To the beat y'all  
Watch a punk slipin' see the puto fall  
I'm buck-loody  
Looking for the nigga who want to cut me  
'Cause the nigga gets so funky  
Fool I'm the one  
From  
The big bad Cypress Hill clica  
Number one son of the funk freaka  
Yes yes y'all  
I'll be the one with the mad Buddha blast y'all  
Comin' from the west y'all  
But I figure  
You'd cry like a bitch  
Don't twitch  
'Cause I just might pull the trigga  
Now lay down  
Stay down  
Don't move a muscle if you see your homeboy's brains on the ground  
Don't fuck don't say nothin'  
You fuck around and I might get ragamuffin  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Line up on the floor now you' all gonna die Boom biddy bye bye  
Put your ass on the floor an' don't ask why  
Boom biddy bye bye  
I put the Glock to your dome and you started to cry  
Boom biddy bye bye

Any last prayers before you die  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Rock-a-bye nigga boom biddy bye bye Boom biddy bye bye  
Put your ass on the floor an' don't ask why  
Boom biddy bye bye  
I put the Glock to your dome and you started to cry  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Any last prayers before you die  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Rock-a-bye nigga boom biddy bye bye Boom biddy bye bye  
It's time to die  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Time to say good-bye Boom biddy bye bye  
Now it's time to die  
Boom biddy bye bye  
Now it's time to die

Songwriters

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