

When The Shit Goes Down

Cypress Hill

Livin' on fat pockets on flat wit tha gat
Rollin' around a nine deuce Cadillac
Still got my homies to watch my back
And they'll smoke ya ass if you wanna come and chat
That's why some pigs and the kids come sweatin', they follow
A hollow point shell's hard to swallow
Why wallow when you come to roll on? I put the clip
And before I bring ya ass on, what chu gonna do
Kickin' dust on your head like I bust
My grip surrounded, I'm about ta get rushed, I'm brushed wit death
How many shells stuffed in my closet, with my big Cognacs, cut
When tha shit goes down ya better be ready
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I told tha boyz get tha sawed off glock
And tha rest of tha gats
As I strapped on tha bullet-proof vest
Boom I think I got one to tha chest
Hot damn I didn't want to kill a man shit
I still stand tall with tha Hill Clan
Y'all better stand back, niggaz 'bout ta fall
I'm comin out blastin like Yosemite Sam
Gt tha cheese an tha bread for tha ham
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