

# Steel Magnolia

## Cypress Hill

[Barron Ricks]

"Yeah, once again, (that's right)

We about to attack this

(Harlem Inc, Murder Inc) Yeah

(Nicky Bond)

Jimmy Cagney type shit, Nicky Santoro

All my little short niggas

Joe Pesci and all that shit like this yo" Filling out the cards to your eulogy

Murder that ass, send my regards to your family, fuck it

That's what niggas get for fucking with this maniac depressive nigga

with aggression, Smith and Wesson, in his possession

Harlem got me like that, too many grimy, slimy niggaz on the take

For short cake, we won't hesitate

I miss inhabitants who politic in residence for presidents

Across 110th, to 55th

My covenant is protected, I'm doministic

Survival principles my ethics, eastern philosophy's my method

Good Samaritans need paremedics, so what's your premise

I hope you fucking with Glocks and fo' fifths

Wrath's Napoleon, so teach your origin, slash wrists

Shatter chins, and bust clips

Check it, "here is something you can't understand"

Steel Magnolia[B-Real]

I got the steel magnum, bragging, leaving my toe tagged

As I get ragga muffin, no bluffing, the body bagged

Breaks all your bad habits, bad blood fanatics

Clean up the magic, chrome startin up static

Greed means that you die quick, click the vision

Greed lies ambition, five slugs for the mission

Seven cause you go to the heaven or hell and dwell

to meet your maker, but you met the shotgun shell

Buckshots sting like bees, I smoke trees

on the hilltops, clubshops and chilling overseas

Take in the breeze, Mr. Freeze squeeze the trigger

Killa G's got you week in the knees, to take it ea-sy![Barron Ricks]

Steel Magnolia

Magnificent guns bust when 'Uzi Weighs a Ton'

And yo' Glock spits, consecutive rounds shot from clips

spells murder, sound synonymous to burner

Leave niggas ass up, gasping for air, front seats of truck  
So who the fuck want me to press on they luck, bastard they son  
When gats start to hum and whole crowds begin to run  
Annihilation, destroying all expectations  
Have relatives embrace your Harlem hospital, we all patient  
5 foot 6, concealed steel, pop more grip  
With fixed sights that drifted to right, triggers light  
So relinquish son, I'm to the finish, and you acknowledge  
Couldn't pop a clutch or light a skyrocket, nigga stop it!  
Steel Magnolia[B-Real]  
Steel Magnolia, bury ya, six niggas carry ya  
To your final rest area  
What you worried though, you ain't above that with a slug  
And your chest beats, blowing out your back, take it easy  
To your eulogy, open heart surgery  
Emergency, 911, come in a hurry  
From the Hills to the Polo realms, stacking the bills  
I put you under my lo-lo, hit my switch, then kill  
A bitch nigga stepping on my toes, fuck foes and hoes  
Get stuck in the ass like Pete Rose  
I suppose you want to get wild and throw blows, you chose  
to get you nose your broke, in a thick cloud of smoke  
You're like a fat joint, I'm taking a toke, I'm like coke  
But you ain't smiling, feeling erratic, a fucking addict  
To the dope shit, you better hope the shit stop  
Smooth, holding the Glock, rocking the hot shit[Barron Ricks]

Steel Magnolia

Steel Magnolia

Steel Magnolia

Steel Magnolia

Songwriters

FREEZE, LOUIS M. / RICKS, B. / MUGGERUD, LARRYPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent  
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>