

Hand on the Pump (Muggs Blunted mix)

Cypress Hill

Well I'm an alley cat
Some say a dirty rat
On my side is my gat
See I'm all of that
Spittin' out buck shots, for I'm gonna wetcha
Running hard, but I'm still coming to getcha
Thinking like a peace smoke, comin' on a homicide
You talkin' shit, try to take me for a ride
I'm not a bad guy
But I'm the funky feel one
Finger on the trigger with my hands upon the steel
Lettin' out a bullet, this is going boo-ya
You're stuck in my hood, so what ya gonna do now?
Being the hunted one is no fun
Here I come son
Yo I think you better run
Better run more, and move a little faster
Second of thought and I'm coming to blast ya
With my
Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
left hand on a forty, puffin' on a blunt
Pumped my shotgun, niggas didn't jump
Lala la la lala la laaaaComin' at you like a stiff blow, fuckin' up your program
Ain't takin' shit from you him or no man
Master mind maniac and a menace
Oh, how they want to pass a sentence
All because a nigga tried to play me on the trigger
He missed
So now the nigga's hist'
Rude and crude like a pitbull
Get to the point, your fuckin' going to get pulledNow, I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And I'm handin' out beatdowns
I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And I'm handin' out beatdowns
Get your face down!
Put me in chains
Try to beat my brains
I can get out, but the grudge remains
When I see ya punk ass, I'm gonna get yaGatt ya

Fucking do ya
Shotgun goes boo-ya!Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
left hand on a forty, puffin' on a blunt
Pumped my shotgun, niggas didn't jump
Lala la la lala la laaaaKickin' that funky Cypress Hill shit,
Think I'll light another for the blunted to chill with
'Cause I'm the chill one
Known to get ill when
They stepped to the Hill
'What's up?', I had to kill oneNow I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And they got me on lock down
Headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And they got me on lock down
Livin' like a nigga who done lost his mind
'Cause I ain't goin out like a spineless jellyfish
Some say life is a bitch
Ask that punk who dug his own ditch
Up on the Hill fuckin' up at a party
Tried to get funny, put a hole in his body
Lala la la lala la laa
Look at all of those funeral cars
'Cause I'm aSawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
left hand on a forty, puffin' on a blunt
Pumped my shotgun, niggas didn't jump
Lala la la lala la laaaa
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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