

Stoned Raiders

Hector & Peter JD

1 for trouble, 8 for the road
7 to get ready when I'm lettin' off all my load
Funk, Buddha Monk, in the trunk
I got'cha, thumpin' so hard, up and down the boulevard I'm a natural-born cap-peela', strapped illa
I'm the west coast settin' it on, no one's reala'
Get'cha fix of the uncut funk
A small dose of the skunk weed like it's suppose to be Move it up, just move it on out, what'cha talkin' 'bout son
I got the first shot, and it's all over now, one nation under a groove
Smoke a pound for the strict of it, every time I make a move
Smooth and togetha, raw like leatha, ain't goin' out like a punk, neva Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove
Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove It's the numba one money maker
Money takea, few steps back I'm on a plane to Jamaica
Puffin' a fat wada, talk shit
For the fool I'm thinkin' about, I got the ruff shit Hard rock bone breaka, Stoned Raider
In the Temple of Boom, assert to assume
Never be lettin' shit slide, no way
Bitch niggas can hide but, I'll find they ass some day Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove Wherever you are,
put'cha muthafuckin' spliff in the air
Some dogs, like you gotta pair
When I kick to the metro, lone clip, be lookin' around
'Cause this shit ain't over with yet People can't understand my situation
Now they caught up in the Soul Assassination
Fool, just take cover, it's all over
When I break ya off a chunk of this muthafucka Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove
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