

We Live This Shit

Cypress Hill

Eastside L.A., Cypress Hill all day
Spark the lah, we live this shit
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We Latin-thug type, gat-blasters
Weed smokers, money holders that's right
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Well, it's the alley cat looking for the Buddhasack
On my side is my easy, can't fuck with that
Starting out venom but if you wanna bill though
Come in peace and you can come on the Hill, bro
But if it ain't in peace, bro, turn it to a homicide
Throw you in the trunk, take a ride to the Eastside
It's a suicide when you're fucking with the Hill
Fool, drop your weapon or I'm coming for the kill
Duck from the gunshots that is sticking to ya
Standing all alone shotgun goes boo-ya
Watch it go through ya, ya smelling like manure
Fools all bloody body chilling in the sewer
Enemy's a viewer, I'm sipping on Caluha
Sitting back chilling with my nigga SonDuhla
Heading to the Eastside, watch your back busta
Ain't no hood for you, here it's all about the hustlas
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Rhyme for my neighborhood banging out hits
For ever backing up that Cypress Hill click
To my man on the corner with the shotgun shell
Singing sad songs for the ones that fell
To me, it's kind of funny watching all these dummies
Straight turn tricks for the fame and the money
Walk a little bold 'cause their record went gold

Got him a new ride and up rid it their ho

Need this looking raw before you come acting
Flexing on some brothers better twelve times platinum
'Cause I been there done that, fool, check the format
Sweep you and that bullshit under the doormat
Put it to your grill like I don't give a damn
Sen Dog and the Hill still fucking up the program
Yeah, y'all that big bad Cypress and Perro up in that place
What the fuck you wanna do now?
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Kicking that funky Cypress Hill shit
Think I blast another give them something to deal with
'Cause I'm the ill one, oh, the cap-peel one
You coming round the Hill fucking son, I gotta spill one
Now I'm heading to the Eastside looking for revival
Living on the Eastside fighting for survival
Gotta be nifty with the Han Solo and trying to show no
Wittinesses 'cause people will use it to kill your show yo
Off to the stone garden you go and stay there
When I'm dead I'm bringing my music to play there
For all the soldiers, money folders, you're on my shoulders
You can't hold us back I'm spitting out boulders
Crushing every opponent in opposition
I know you're wishing that I would bow to submission
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