

# 16 Men Till There's No Men Left

## Cypress Hill

{Ladies and Gentlemen  
We would like to present to you  
A group that is simply  
Just marvelous, just marvelous  
Ladies and Gentlemen  
Cypress Hill} Sixteen men on a dead man's list  
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo  
Sixteen men till there's no one left  
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo So many fuckin' emcees claim supremacy  
On whose got hip hop locked, it could never be  
One who is solo, runnin' the whole game  
That's bullshit, like cops never sniffed Cocaine  
But I'm takin' on all comers, droppin' bombers  
Reducin' numbers, makin' it hot like the summer  
(Pay) This, one MC, he couldn't deal with the skill  
Like Jack did Jill, I rolled his ass down the hill  
Beaten broken and coughin' and chokin' on the rhyme  
Like a hooker, suckin' a dick for the first time  
His, rhyme was hollow with no flow to follow  
(Follow)  
Bust a nut, all in your mouth, and made him swallow  
(Fuck them) I take sixteen MC's, lock 'em in a room  
Make 'em feel the contact, eatin' the mushrooms  
Playin' with your mind, makin' you feel the force  
Had to cancel out, two punk niggaz up in the source  
(Hahahahaha)  
Tried to get double XL, they still fell  
Bitches go tell your troubles to Montel Sixteen men now there's thirteen left  
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo  
Sixteen men now there's thirteen left  
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo I'm trippin' on the people controllin' the airwaves  
(Ohh)  
Got it goin' on, you know it all, but God save  
(Hhh)  
Your ass for clashin' with the soul assassin'  
(Hey, hey)  
That's like Mike fuckin' with Poppa Joe Jackson  
(Hhh) Ass whoop all over the place, you can't hide behind  
The physical, better run to the spiritual

Ass whoop critical, or you can get it  
From the lyrical, bitch made niggaz are invisible  
Dysfunctional, hypocritical, smile in your face  
The fuckin' cynical shit brains  
(The fuck in your brain)As I sit back and say, tally ho  
One of these days your punk ass gonna go  
(Bye bye)  
Guess you had a key to figure the fuckin' flow  
(Hahaha)  
But you're locked out, and the bombs about to blow  
(Bey)Sixteen men let me see who's next?  
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo  
Sixteen men till there's no one left  
Yo ho ho and a bag of indoTwelve punks to go, who's next on the list  
Matter of fact I got one in my head to fix  
There was one particular fool in the circle who fell off  
Greed overcame the nigga who at all costs  
(That came in way)  
Changed up to gain it all, but shared none  
(Ohh)  
Who made him all the money to overcome?Niggaz up on the hill, in the lab  
He was rollin' big balla style, high profile  
(Big balla)  
Oh child, make me wanna act juvenile  
All smiles, right in my face, but wait a minute now  
(Wait a minute now>Welcome to the 360 degrees  
Pay a fee when you fuckin' your people over the cheese  
No soul, no conscience, no loyalty  
To the niggaz who got him treated, like royalty  
(Fuck them)  
Aey yo time's up, you're gonna end up seein' visions  
Of everybody, you fucked over, you're scared soberSixteen men till there's no one left  
Yo ho ho them niggaz gotta go  
Sixteen men till there's no one left  
Yo ho ho them niggaz gotta goFuck the hater with the symbol and no soul  
And that bitch nigga who stole my car stereo  
Trick Deez, gets no love, she gets nuts  
Like ass Miller, and that fuckin' ex dealer  
Can't forget the nigga who was down with the hilla  
And that punk who tried to dip into the squealerYou get bucked like C Tucker and Will Bennett  
Let me step, over the hump, and represent it  
You go down like Jerry, and get smacked  
Like Trick Leo, now here's your fuckin' eulogy oThat was sixteen men now there's no one left  
Yo ho ho and a bag of indo  
Sixteen men now there's no one left

Yo ho ho and a bag of indo There were sixteen men  
Now there's no men left  
Watch them all by slow  
While I lied of the indo  
There were sixteen men

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