

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
Runnin' hard, but I'm still comin' to getcha
Thinkin' 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
Finer on the trigger with my hands upon the steel
Lettin' out a bullet, this is goin' boo-ya
You're stuck in my hood, so what ya gonna do now?
Bein' 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 comin' 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 laa
Comin' 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' goin' to get pulled
Now, 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 ya
Gatt ya, fuckin' 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 laa
Kickin' 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 one
Now 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 a, 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 laa

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