

Bitter

Cypress Hill

I lost my innocence at birth but I make no excuses
For the trivial things and the pain life induces
Bitches are wild and so was I, young and stupid
It's incredible, what a shitty circumstance produces them
Criminals, led by the originals, high strung
Motivated by the principles
Some of us out, he used to think we were invincible
On the corner bangin' and slangin' the high bitual
Deadly rituals fill my head, nothin' spiritual
Bullets filled up bodies like hands from my physical
I got touched by the hot hands of bitter fools
Divided and tempted snake bitten by the ridicule
Frustration and hate filled my adrenaline
I play doctors here's two bullets for your medicine
I carry those days like a weapon close to me
The memories of hot lead rippin' a hole through me
Son, fill your heater, how 'bout chase killer
Rock 'em up and show you're no quitter
Snakes' pit every ground I landed on
Hated on but I'm still standin' strong
You hate the songs that you pump up all day long
Hated on but I'm still standin' strong
Snakes' pit, every ground I landed on
Hated on but I'm still standin' strong
Stand
So many, come and go in this lifetime that you serve
Faces change, liscenses everywhere you turn
Gangsta's become blinded and visions become blurred
Learned to stay alive to the real side of the curb
You came a long way but some still refuse to notice
They turned they back on us and they tried to provoke us
You ask about us, you talk trash about us
Walk fast around us but my block fast allowed us
Don't try to crowd us nigga, we'll smack you up
Look around and see who's willin' to back you up
You're in a ghost town and home alone like Macaulay nigga
Don't say my name nigga, don't even think of me
Fire start spittin' from my grill piece, ya scorched up, touched
up
I'm the C4 that blew up your porch
I spit venom quicker than the punch on your Porsche
Venom so deadly I'll make your fuckin' life divorce ya
Ask for Alamoney, bitches, you all phoney
I'll make you sing the blues like you're Paulpau Coloney
Go ask Moley, you in the middle of shit
And anything you say I'll be known the shit
The force drops hits a ball, makin' me die of laughter
Because I know what these son-of-a-bitches are after
Your mind and soul, if your blind and cold
Then your true sign is shown, then your fuckin' mind is blown
Son, fill your heater, how 'bout chase killer

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