

Catastrophe

Cypress Hill

I slay punks who don't know their own identity
You spit my name and use it like an obscenity
You got more skulls in your closet than a Kennedy
You're on my nuts, so you better hold tenderly I can tell you what's crackin' and done get splitten
You corrosin' on the floor, shaken and snake bitten
You're in a cold sweat like James of the names you knew
Don't mean shit to me and you ain't got a clue Of what's about to happen, interaction
Two worlds collide, one survives the reaction
Hold tight, keep yourself together
'Cause we're about to storm you like shitty weather I can see what you see what you asked for, it has to be
You set yourself up for catastrophe Set yourself up for catastrophe
And that's the only way that is has to be
The whole damn world is mad at me
But I don't give a damn, I'm just glad to be All pain and the fame a society
Actuality, it's a formality
How can I say, "You ain't shit to me"
Without you takin' it personally? Ten, proper years of bringin' funk
I still count mine, it's hella gettin' over the hump
I got the loads on the skull, I got my hand on the pump
Still got the boss to go nutty on you punks I don't wanna be the King of the Sing
Just a Soul Assassin for the Cypress Team
I rhyme and sing and make bitches scream
They love that old South Side gangsta lean Call the Psychobeta, I guess you're crackin'
Turn into Mad Dog when I start rappin'
Look at hostile, ah, damn wild
Shake you up in a hurry from the voodoo child
Don't get caught up hangin' on the mortar
Hold on and I'll turn y'all punks all wild I can see what you see what you asked for, it has to be
You set yourself up for catastrophe Set yourself up for catastrophe
And that's the only way that is has to be
The whole damn world is mad at me
But I don't give a damn, I'm just glad to be All pain and the fame a society
Actuality, it's a formality
How can I say, "You ain't shit to me"
Without you takin' it personally? 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, come on I'm tired of whack rappers and fame seekers
Like you know the deal to be in my same sneakers
I don't mind exposin' you hollow bitches
I got the medicine over the swallow bitches You play roles like an actor but get no Oscar
Gun spray, gunned away, cut from the roster

You're just an impostor, you lost your composure
Respect your exposure to bring you to your closureBut you're in denial and still remain vile
In a place within last style and senseless wild
I take you down the long trail, you failed to keep up
That's when you get introduced to the street sweeperI can see what you see what you asked for, it has to be
You set yourself up for catastrophe
I can see what you see what you asked for, it has to be
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You set yourself up for catastrophe
I can see what you see what you asked for, it has to be
You set yourself up for catastropheSet yourself up for catastrophe
And that's the only way that is has to be
The whole damn world is mad at me
Man, I don't give a damn, I'm just glad to beAll pain and the fame a society
Actuality, it's a formality
How can I say, "You ain't shit to me"
Without you takin' it personally?

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