Once Again

Markus Schulz feat. Carrie Skipper

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, I bring to you
Once again it's Cypress Hill
(Once again)
Once again it's Cypress Hill
(The greatest show on earth)
Once again it's Cypress Hill
(Back again)
Once again it's Cypress Hill
(I bring to you)
Welcome everyone, take ya places
It's great seein' all these familiar faces
You want thug shit? We got a lot of it
You wanna get high? I'm on top of it
You want bottles? C'mon, we poppin' it
You want a revolution? Ain't no stoppin' it
Enemies try to fire back, desire that, find you where the tire track
'Cause we run ya down son, but in spite of that
Got a joint? Fools give me my lighter back
I'm a light up the bomb, I'm a blaze till we set off the fire alarm
No need for evacuation, find a honey that's ill for ejaculation
She got friends, well the more the merrier
No limits, no worries, no more barriers
Once again it's Cypress Hill
We some ill ass niggaz straight bumpin' the field
Smoke it up, from now until
Somebody calls out steel and we live for the thrill
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We some ill ass niggaz straight bumpin' the field
Smoke it up, from now until
Somebody calls out steel and we live for the thrill
Plug the mic in, and I'll move the crowd
Neighbors get mad 'cause the music's loud
I send a few girls in the hall to talk
Crusty old man never called the cops
No pistols, if you get my drift yo
You pull one and miss better slit your wrists bro
This ain't a gangsta party
But if you turn it into one a bullet might pierce your body
Relax, there's a lot of girls in here

You shit faced niggaz, don't earl in here
Don't break shit or take nothin', mind your manners
Or your head goes 'boom' like it's fuckin' skanless

But we ain't for all that right now, just chill out
We can pop bottles or let the blood spill out
Cuanta, suck it up, shut your trap
Before you lose that fine ass girl on your lap
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Smoke it up, from now until
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Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill
Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill
You wanna room? Let me clear one out
But while I'm gone, just don't let the beers run out
In the morn' we can watch all the tears come out
When the pigs come, a nigga wanna hear one out
For now, we can pass the time
Blazin' it up, if you slow you the last in line
Got a roach, so what? You ain't spent a dime
You ungrateful-ass critter, back the hell of mine
You can, lose the life or lose the knife
Use the pipe, but I can't lose tonight
All the girls bein' picky who they chose tonight
You better hope you chillin' with the right crew tonight
See that girl over there? Yeah she like your style
Probably seen her on the video "Girls Gone Wild"
Hesitation is constipation
Of your game when you're in for a night of elation
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