

Hole In the Head

Cypress Hill

Gangster Red, whassup yo? It's a Tribe thang
Madman gonna get cha, quick with the cuente
See a gang, no there ain't no jugate
Rollin' like a psycho with the windows rolled down
Who you lookin' at? You tryin' to fade me clown
Plato, si mon, you want static
When you reach for your gat to load your automatic
Boo-yaa, spittin' out buckshots
Homey say blood claat, so you can call a pig
'Cause no one could handle, I wind up and loco
Insane in the brain, you get the bullet
And a hole in your head, a hole in your fuckin' head
A hole in the head, a hole the head
You get a hole in the head, in your motherfuckin' head
A hole in the head, a hole in the head
Eight barrel pumpin', system thumpin'
See a fine heina, c'mon baby, jump in
I stop a cop, here let me tell you somethin'
Me and you, Bruca, we should be humpin'
If honey likes the mack, homey's got her in the bag
But there's vato's rollin' out, and they're stickin' up the flag
He jumps out with the sag, hey where ya from homes?
It's on, he sees him reachin' for his chrome
Buckshot to the dome, jumps in the Brome
Honey's in the back but she just wants to go home
But he trips to the store homeboy needs a forty white boy
At the counter's thinkin', oh Lordy, Lordy
Pushin' on the button, panickin' for nuttin'
Pigs on the way, aiyyo, he smells bacon
Dips out the store, one time hits the corner
And he hits the fuckin' alley like his homes was Pop Warner
Still had the forty, comin' at the alley
Seen the chief's son, pig officer, O'Malley
In the black and white thinkin' he's gonna check him right
Wrong, it's gonna be on that pig better suck a la chrome, P.D. 187A to the motherfucking K
You know whassup Sen
Get your ass down and by the way
You get a hole in your head, a fuckin' hole in your head
A hole in your head, a hole your head
You get a hole in the head, in your motherfuckin' head
A hole in the head, a hole in the head
A Scooby Doo y'all, a Scooby Doo y'all
A Scooby Doo y'all, a doobie doobie doo y'all
A Scooby Doo y'all, Scooby Doo y'all
A Scooby Doo y'all, a Scooby doobie doo y'all
Six rollin' up and now he's really baffled
Brother's thinkin' damn, I never got this gaffled to' up
Beat down, down on the way to the station
Gaffled up from a false accusation, oh shit
Oink to the pen, you know homes the one that's where
The attitudes apply and where the punks'll be dined

Made a comb to a shank, I'm gonna stick ya
Wet ya, you know homes the picture
Yeah, you never been to jail boy, broomstick up your ass
And by the way You get a hole in your head, a fuckin' hole in your head
A hole in the head, a hole the head
You get a hole in your head, in your motherfuckin' head
A hole in your head, a hole in your head You get a hole in your head, in your motherfuckin' head
A hole in the head, a hole in the head
You get a hole in the head, in your motherfuckin' head
A hole in the head, a hole in the head Yeah, South Central and the West side teamed up
(It's a Tribe thing)
This is hell boy
(It's a Tribe thing)
Straight up
(It's a Tribe thing)
What side is that Red? Can they kick it? Can they kick it?
Yeah, can they kick it?
I'm Sirnose and they cannot kick it

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