

# Marijuano Locos (stoned Raiders)

## Cypress Hill

1 for trouble, 8 for the road  
7 to get ready when I'm lettin' off all my load  
Funk, Buddha Monk, in the trunk  
I got'cha, thumpin' so hard, up and down the boulevard  
I'm a natural-born cap-peela', strapped illa  
I'm the west coast settin' it on, no one's reala'  
Get'cha fix of the uncut funk  
A small dose of the skunk weed like it's suppose to be  
Move it up, just move it on out, what'cha talkin' 'bout son  
I got the first shot, and it's all over now, one nation under a groove  
Smoke a pound for the strict of it, every time I make a move  
Smooth and togetha, raw like leatha, ain't goin' out like a punk, neva  
Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove  
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It's the numba one money maker  
Money takea, few steps back I'm on a plane to Jamaica  
Puffin' a fat wada, talk shit

For the fool I'm thinkin' about, I got the ruff shit  
Hard rock bone breaka, Stoned Raider  
In the Temple of Boom, assert to assume  
Never be lettin' shit slide, no way  
Bitch niggas can hide but, I'll find they ass some day  
Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove  
Wherever you are, put'cha muthafuckin' spliff in the air  
Some dogs, like you gotta pair  
When I kick to the metro, lone clip, be lookin' around  
'Cause this shit ain't over with yet  
People can't understand my situation  
Now they caught up in the Soul Assassination  
Fool, just take cover, it's all over  
When I break ya off a chunk of this muthafucka  
Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove  
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Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove

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