

Illusions

Cypress Hill

Some people tell me that I need help
Some people can fuck off and go to hell
God damn, why they criticize me
Now shit is on the rise so my family despise me
Fuck em! And feed em cause I don't need em
I won't join em if I can beat em
They don't understand my logic
To my gat to my money and I'm hooked on chronic
I never wanted to hurt a nigga
Unless ya come flexing that trigga, I dig ya
That grave on the east side of town
Lay ya six feet underground
From man, to the dust to the ashes
All I remember tell me where the cash is
Clic Cloc barrel at my dome
Give all your loot or you ain't going home
But I ain't going out wit the pain[Chorus]
I'm having illusions I'm having illusions driving me mad inside
I'm having illusions I'm having illusions fucking me up in my mind
I'm having illusions I'm having illusions driving me mad inside
I'm having illusions I'm having illusions fucking me up in my mind
Motherfuckers be driving me up the walls
Hoping that I fall but they can suck my balls
Straight jacket, strap it
In a padded room when some punk niggas can't hack it
Distracted from our reality
Now I'm let out on a minor technicality
They all fucked up now
Cause they let a nigga back on the street somehow
I'm looking for someone like me
Living in my own world to my own degree
On the loose in the city looking at the ho wit the big titties
Looking at me and I feel shitty
A little tensed up getting hot
Cause she looks like my girl who just smoked at the crack spot
I'm trying to find ways to cope
But I ain't fucking round wit the gauge or a rope[Chorus]I'm having illusions

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