

Dead Men Tell No Tales

Cypress Hill

Pa pa ra ra

Pa pa ra ra

Pa pa ra ra

Pa pa ra ra

Any die, if the beholder the soldier begins to bore

Four score, seven bullets

Yeah, hit the floor nigga

Take you outdoor, darkness frightens you even more

I'm here to enlighten you with the hardcore

Bring it raw, like the red, dead meat, in your plate

(Bring it raw, motherfucka)

And I'll fill you up with the energy the hill create

(Will the hill create?)

I get sticky, like a green bag of the bomb diggy

Now I'm fuckin' with your head, and you realize that it's tricky

(Hey hey hey)

Got you paranoid, feelin' the void, you can't take it

The reward bein' destroyed, freakazoid toy

With ya mind, all styles deployed, you find danger

In the stranger's eye, the killin' comes second nature

Your battle filled up the mind it's fallin' out, hear you callin' out

For help, and all the fuckin' yellin' to is yourself

(Ha ah ah motherfucka', motherfucka')

Crawlin' and beggin' for mercy means nothing when you bluffin'

I'm pushin the button and straight dumpin on fools frontin'

Boo yah, come on

Pa pa ra ra

(Motherfucka', yea)

Pa pa ra ra

Pa pa ra ra

Pa pa ra ra

War pigs, you dig, see kickin' out Mr. Big

Take a sip of wine, engage in a battle of the mind

(Checkmate motherfucker)

You feelin' the force, meant for remorse, right from the source

Your head is, gettin' fucked and I'm skippin' the intercourse

Behold, the Mic horse, you're takin' a loss nigga

Got the Nina Ross, don't need no cross, my fuckin' paper

Chaser green bag gladiator, terminator, weed germaniator

The greater the risk you fuckin' hater
Hit you with the pyscho beta, clickin' the fader slow
With the hi lo, servin' the blow, who got the glow
Dead men tale no tales, you fail to see the reason
I'm easin' to squeeze the trigger, go figure, it's killin' season
Nighty night, mothafucka'
Pa pa ra ra
Pa pa ra ra
Pa pa ra ra
...

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