

No Rest For The Wicked

Cypress Hill

Bitch ass motherfucker
You that pie ass nigga
Stand on your own two feet bitch
And the fuck you gon' buy somebody else's dick
Nigga, yo, as it long enough to put in your mouth
Turn that shit up louder
What's up wit that shit?
Yo Muggs, make it rough So many fools swingin' from my sack
Let's talk about the one who had my back
Down in the west coast, so lemme kick it
To the motherfucker who calls himself 'Wicked'
No rest, no peace! No sleep
Doughboy rolling down the hill 'cause it's so steep
Jackson, lemme figure out the name
Jack 'cause you be stealing other niggaz game But I'm the wrong nigga you wanna fuck with
On my dick so hard, that ya wanna suck it
Go on the head, gobble up the nuts
Get your lips ready and tear this motherfucker up
Talk about Ezy, correct yourself
Cube, better step back and check yourself Let's talk about this
First solo album on the east coast dick
The east coast niggaz all showed ya love
Especially the one known as the 'King Sun'
He tried to warn us niggaz aboutcha
But nobody would listen, even but then dissin'
Two albums later, you callin' my crew
All because ya wanna be Cypress Cube! Shoulda known you couldn't hang in the alley
Good boy went to school, out in the valley
Fuck it, lemme make this understood
Speakin' on mama's little boys in da hood
No vaseline, just a rope and a chair and gasoline!
Lench Mob is a friend of mine
But you talk about them niggaz from behind
You know what the Hossack is, O'Shea?
A motherfucking pig, that don't fly straight
Where ya gonna run to? Where ya gonna hide?
Taadow! Look at who's running outside! Natural born bullshitta! Lemme hitcha
With a dose of reality when I get witcha
Your homie [Incomprehensible]

Put a pipe on the cover, even though you don't smoke Buddha
Let me take you down under on a plane
Where everybody was going insane
Took a look at the real one
Afro Comb! The next morning you didn't have yours on
How many ways will you bite my shit?
Would ya wet me or start throwing up a set?
Caution, when you enter the zone
Never used to bang 'til you heard the microphone
I got Cube melting in a tray
Pulling up his card and fucking up his good day
Unoriginal rap veteran, the nigga who say
He don't steal from his friends
Don't trust that nigga named O'Shea
Fuck him, and send him on his way

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