

# Once Again

## Virtual Mode

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, I bring to you  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
(Once again)  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
(The greatest show on earth)  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
(Back again)  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
(I bring to you)  
Welcome everyone, take ya places  
It's great seein' all these familiar faces  
You want thug shit? We got a lot of it  
You wanna get high? I'm on top of it  
You want bottles? C'mon, we poppin' it  
You want a revolution? Ain't no stoppin' it  
Enemies try to fire back, desire that, find you where the tire track  
'Cause we run ya down son, but in spite of that  
Got a joint? Fools give me my lighter back  
I'm a light up the bomb, I'm a blaze till we set off the fire alarm  
No need for evacuation, find a honey that's ill for ejaculation  
She got friends, well the more the merrier  
No limits, no worries, no more barriers  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
We some ill ass niggaz straight bumpin' the field  
Smoke it up, from now until  
Somebody calls out steel and we live for the thrill  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
We some ill ass niggaz straight bumpin' the field  
Smoke it up, from now until  
Somebody calls out steel and we live for the thrill  
Plug the mic in, and I'll move the crowd  
Neighbors get mad 'cause the music's loud  
I send a few girls in the hall to talk  
Crusty old man never called the cops  
No pistols, if you get my drift yo  
You pull one and miss better slit your wrists bro  
This ain't a gangsta party  
But if you turn it into one a bullet might pierce your body  
Relax, there's a lot of girls in here

You shit faced niggaz, don't earl in here  
Don't break shit or take nothin', mind your manners  
Or your head goes 'boom' like it's fuckin' skanless

But we ain't for all that right now, just chill out  
We can pop bottles or let the blood spill out  
Cuanta, suck it up, shut your trap  
Before you lose that fine ass girl on your lap  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
We some ill ass niggaz straight bumpin' the field  
Smoke it up, from now until  
Somebody calls out steel and we live for the thrill  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
We some ill ass niggaz straight bumpin' the field  
Smoke it up, from now until  
Somebody calls out steel and we live for the thrill  
Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill  
Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill  
You wanna room? Let me clear one out  
But while I'm gone, just don't let the beers run out  
In the morn' we can watch all the tears come out  
When the pigs come, a nigga wanna hear one out  
For now, we can pass the time  
Blazin' it up, if you slow you the last in line  
Got a roach, so what? You ain't spent a dime  
You ungrateful-ass critter, back the hell of mine  
You can, lose the life or lose the knife  
Use the pipe, but I can't lose tonight  
All the girls bein' picky who they chose tonight  
You better hope you chillin' with the right crew tonight  
See that girl over there? Yeah she like your style  
Probably seen her on the video "Girls Gone Wild"  
Hesitation is constipation  
Of your game when you're in for a night of elation  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
We some ill ass niggaz straight bumpin' the field  
Smoke it up, from now until  
Somebody calls out steel and we live for the thrill  
Once again it's Cypress Hill  
We some ill ass niggaz straight bumpin' the field  
Smoke it up, from now until  
Somebody calls out steel and we live for the thrill  
Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>