

# Smuggler's Blues

## Cypress Hill

[B-Real]

I got the sawed off shotgun  
hand on the pump  
with the fucking red bastard  
snitching like a punk  
I had the operation tight the flaws  
faded doors  
there's no growin room on the basement floor  
I'm holding weight every 30 days  
business pays  
so many ways  
many methods of moving my white haze  
I got the cellophane, get this money tonite  
I got the shipment goin out  
got to be air tight  
so when you fuck around  
no time for me to fuck around  
I got the ballin niggaz waitin on me  
at the compound  
so get the trucks ready, and let's hit the back roads  
to scam this motherfuckin' ass border patrol  
I got my cousin Huey paid  
for lookin away  
back on the 405 on the way to LA  
\*talking\*I'm multiplying in my head  
just how much stash it's gonna take for me  
to double and triple up all my cash  
I hit the city limits, time for me to check myself  
cause I don't wanna sit inside no fuckin cell  
slope the rolls down, hold down, I see the gate  
so I'm pulling up, and I hope these fools ain't late  
or I'm outta here, wait, no, I see them in the rear  
with 3 or 4 fools holding 2's in the real  
I got the double barrel shit, hidden under my coat  
for any crazy eyed motherfucker rockin the boat  
I got the big boss hoss, just sippin the sauce  
you got the shit? you got the money?  
then break the shit off(sang reggae style)  
check out the herb man smugglin'

bright and early in the mornin'  
this is for the herb man smugglin'  
I know the DEA is waitin'  
take out the herb man smugglin'  
It's my ass that I'm risking  
this is for the herb man sumgglin'  
I know it's your daily livin'I came a long, long way from slangin the herb  
sometimes I think about when I was kickin it to the curb  
now it's dirt in my pocket  
but shit done changed  
tatoos on my body and fat gold chains  
got the mega shipment that must go out  
on the same route me and my cousins started out  
head back to Mexico for a friend of mine  
we're gonna bring this shit load back, 4-0 pounds  
it's like crack rock, cause we done this shit before  
now I loaded up the stash on the hollow floor  
double checkin everything, now it all looks cool  
now we rollin to the border like we used to do  
we pulled up at the border, but something was wrong  
I began to realize that the swoop was on  
I had the DEA and immigration closin' in  
they had dogs all around my shit, no way to win  
they lookin in the truck, now I know the shit's for blast  
DEA agent sayin "now I got your ass"  
it's been a long time smugglin, now I'm done  
it's all over now, it's lookin' like I'm Audi, sonNow I'm headed up the river with the boat and no paddle  
and they got me in lock down.(reggae)big up to the herb man smugglin'  
... now they got me in lock down  
peace to the herb man smugglin'  
... now they got me in lock down  
respect to the herb man smugglin'  
... now they got me in lock down  
what's up to the herb man smugglin'  
... now they got me in lock downshootouts to Method Man, Redman, Bob Marley  
2pac keep ya head up

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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