

Pigs (Atticus Ross Remix)

Cypress Hill

This pig harassed the whole neighborhood
Well this pig worked at the station
This pig, he killed my homeboy
So the fuckin' pig went on a vacation This pig, he is the chief
Got a brother pig, Captain O'Malley
He's got a son that's a pig too
He's collectin' pay-offs from a dark alley This pig is known as a Narco
If he's a pig or not, we know that he could be
This pig, he's a fuckin' fag
So all his homepigs, they call him a pussy Well this pig he's really cool
So in this class, we know he rides all alone
Well this pig's standin' eatin' donuts
While some motherfuckers out robbin' your home This pig he's a big punk
And I know that he can't stand the sight of me
'Cos pigs don't like it when ya act smart
And when ya tell 'em that your a group from society This pig works for the mafia
Makin' some money off crack
But this little pig got caught
So when he gets to the Pen it's all about the pay-back 'Cos once he gets to the Pen
They won't provide the little pig with a bullet-proof vest
To protect him from some mad nigga
Who he shot in the chest and placed under arrest An' it's all about breakin' off sausage
Do ya feel sorry for the poor little swine?
Niggas wanna do him in the ass
Just ta pay his ass back, so they're standin' in line That fuckin' pig, look what he got himself into?
Now they're gonna make
Some pigs feet outta the little punk
Anybody like pork-chops?
How 'bout a ham sandwich?
How 'bout a ham sandwich?

Songwriters

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