

It Ain't Nothin' (feat. Young De)

Cypress Hill

I used to carry a glock on the waist line, man, I don't waste time
I'm strong on the bass line, you never will taste mine
See me on the screen, fuckers beggin' for face time
Get your own tape but don't bother to chase mine I got a block, man, we havin' a great time
You couldn't fill the shoes anytime that I lace mine
Light up the stage, for the homies we make shine
Sick the dogs on you, get more by the K-9 Homies on the yard never walk in the main line
The manes find they can never be in the game
I'm lettin' off rounds, hittin' blunts at the same time
Pick crews, homie, you a neon to save time Bitches like you always spittin' the same rhymes
We put you all to shame, you never went through the same grind
Put you in the bind from the minute you came by
So stay in your lane and get wet by the rain You wanna step up, get your ass touched
You wanna rap, son, get your ass buff
Try to test us, you's gonna get smashed up
You wanna run with the dogs, get your cash up Git it, you gotta get your straps up
Git it, you gotta get your stash up
Git it, you gotta get amped up
You wanna run with the dogs, get your cash up I'm right here on the block
When it's time to ride out, you know what I'm all about
Hundred Harley bikes on site when it goes down
Me and my homies, we always holdin' the fort down
Come up in our town and you're pissin' a fourth now Got four ounces and three bottles of Jack
Two fifth's in the back and everyone I'm with is strapped
Whatever happened to chin checkin' and wreckin' fools?
Try disrespectin', my Smith & Wesson is endin' you And I ain't changed since back in the day
Get your shit split quick if you get in my face
You wanna run with the dog, better stay in your place
'Cause your little ass name don't hold no weight And your little ass safe couldn't hold my cake
Get your asses denied down the road I take
And let me tell you one more thing before I skate
If you a fake or a snake, I'mma send you to your grave You wanna step up, get your ass touched
You wanna rap, son, get your ass buff
Try to test us, you's gonna get smashed up
You wanna run with the dogs, get your cash up Git it, you gotta get your straps up
Git it, you gotta get your stash up
Git it, you gotta get amped up
You wanna run with the dogs, get your cash up Backed up, backed up, backed
Backed up, backed up, backed

Backed up, backed up, backed
Backed up and you bound to get hurt I'm a First Staff OG from outta the gutter
With a fucked up demeanor for you punk mothafuckas
Get played like some dicks who try to start ruckas
I'm a real gun busta so don't ever try to rush us Can't nobody touch us that don't leave on crutches
Or worse, get a ride in a hearse with their bodies covered
It's gonna be a cold summer soon as the hilt drops
All bullshit will stop A couple scums in the street, so we don't care what you bustas think
It might sink in sometime but I won't blink
We go against everything, smoke all the green
Got the low wrong swingin', ain't nothing to me We put it down anywhere like it's something to see
So all you bitches goin' rogue with your haters degree
And when you wanna get loud, son, I'm ready to work
Punks act up and you bound to get hurt You wanna step up, get your ass touched
You wanna rap, son, get your ass buff
Try to test us, you's gonna get smashed up
You wanna run with the dogs, get your cash up Git it, you gotta get your straps up
Git it, you gotta get your stash up
Git it, you gotta get amped up
You wanna run with the dogs, get your cash up

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