

Southland Killers (Featuring M.C. Ren & King Tee)

Cypress Hill

[MC Ren]

Yeah, y'all know what the fuck this is
Emcee motherfuckin' Ren up in this bitch, nigga
Yeah, all y'all bitch-ass niggas out here talkin' all that shit
We 'bout to drop this motherfucker on y'all like this
Punk ass niggas out here, nigga
We some Southland Killers in this motherfucker[MC Ren]
Niggas all across town, all up in the suburbs
While niggas makin' faces like The Rock on the curb
Nigga People's Elbow, the loud-mouthed hold
And groupie niggas bangin' for passes to the show (Can I get in?)
Big-ass cheques wit' plenty of O's (O's)
And hos wit' big lips doin' what they supposed (yeah)
Didn't have shit till I started to bust
And y'all got shit 'cause of my balls are cussed
Ren and Cypress Hill - they ain't liver than us
Nigga legendary villain, who started the fuss
Nigga double glock, cocked, get your shit rocked
Get your crib knocked, nigga, have that rib popped
Under bosses and trouble; they under my rubble
Clone motherfuckers always the villain like The Hubble
Fuck your bubble; I bust them shits
Plaques and shit, grab my dick, spit these hits[Chorus]
All my niggas, do you want to ride wit' us? (Do ya want to ride wit us?) (Killers!)
Throw your clips up, man, we's about to bust (man, we's about to bust) (Killers!)
Cypress Hill click, yeah, we ready for war (yeah, we ready for war) (Killers!)
All y'all niggas better just hit the floor (Killers!)[King Tee]
I'm close to the best thing on the West Wing
Blown out your set, flames when the best sing
It's a rep thing; haters feel they chest pain
They feel it in they heart: I was there to test things
Didn't arrest aim, the bullet-proof vest came
These niggas shoot first, then askin' check names
It's less strain
It's all real; I bet fame; it's a chess game
Wrong move and it's checkmate (That's right)
I might sound funny out here
But, really, niggas get money out here
And, hey, everyday is sunny out here

So listen, don't play dummy out here
King try for bust, make your whole pack run
Stacked enough cash, so now I stack guns
Fat ones, all cold and black ones
Southland Killin' - it's just how that's done[Chorus][Sen Dog and B-Real]
You can try to ride with the Hill, lie on the Hill
When your shit talks is when die on the Hill
We get hot on the heel, rely on the steel
When your paper gets pulled, and you design is steeled
Like you, signed the deal, or signed over your will
Busters get slayed![B-Real]
When you fuck around with Real
Take time to feel what I'm tellin' you hos (tellin' you hos)
You couldn't fuck around with me if I was sellin' you blows
Just goes to show the incredible skill tell
Bitch nigga, now you trapped under my wig well
Gettin' trampled, dumped on, and thumped on
Scraped on the six-five with the hand on the pump song[Sen Dog]
Don't even fuck with these Southland grands
We the vatos that run on Los Angeles
Call me Mad Dog if you think you know me
If you're not sure, then turn around and leave slowly![Chorus]

Songwriters

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