Red, Meth & B

Cypress Hill feat. Method Man & Redman

Y'all ready for this?
Ha! I don't think so
Yeah! Oh, listen to this
We gonna come at ya
Yo yo yo, all my niggas say, jump up, doc broke out the kennel
A dog on four paws spittin' out the window
Jump up! It ain't no need to fight
We may squeeze the pipe, you gonna bleed tonight
I eat beans and rice, shit up a storm
I walk the streets with shark fin off my arms
Doctor Dolittle, lit off the bone
My bracelet like I raised it off the farm
Home-grown, thick, dirty
My family feud dudes who pack 2's on survey
Jersey and house gun like an elephants snout
Pull ya ambulance out
Ya whole team'll get bombarded
Ya on target and bombed by some unsigned artists
We leave ya hair cut like a blind barber
Cut it, and gave you a line with fine markers
I won't leave till the job is done
Till the last prick nigga take ya wallet, run
Doc with the shotty and we both catch a body with Cypress Hill
Yeah!
We don't give a fuck, we live it up till the day we die
You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high
You won't be real with us, but ya reelin' us and you want to ride
You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high
Yo, yo, blunt smokin', half a bottle of Remi open
You either holdin' or half-assed like semi-colon
I leave ya chokin' on them lollipop, rhymes ya callin'
So hard, hell I crack the shell on ya candy coatin'
If the shoes fit like Alan I be too thick
Ever since you hit, yo my new chicks a new bitch
Ya know if I can't eat, ya can't sleep
Plus I'm in denial, I just can't admit defeat
My mind is my Glock, keep my third eye cocked
Bust mines off tops, leave a rapper's nerves shocked
Now who's hot and who's not

I want them rocks and that money in ya two socks
Meth the mister, if crime is an art, then let me paint a picture
I'm gone, Kodak can't even frame the riddler
Gold realin', Meth, doc, Cypress Hiller
Whoever think they fuckin' with that, let's be realer
We don't give a fuck, we live it up till the day we die
You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high
You won't be real with us, but ya reelin' us and you want to ride
You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high
Take the back seat and smash beats
Smoke blunts through ya lungs and flips ya brain cells like athletes
Run a track meet, the rhymes on ya rap sheet
With the foot long crush bong, look your collapsing, sicko
They go on the break-off, mental breakdown
And shit you wouldn't think of
I spread it to Reggie, chances are better but deadly
You wanna be friendly on the get high Bentley
You twisted up, burnt out within seconds
'Cause you couldn't hang with the John Blaze methods
Bong hittin', doc spittin', shark bitten
Star stricken, Glock clickin', stop shittin'
Inhale the smoke from the master's lungs
You wanna roll up, yo I'm the fastest one
You wanna test with the sess, well first off
That shit is funny like Kid Rock with his shirt off
We don't give a fuck, we live it up till the day we die
You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high
You won't be real with us, but ya reelin' us and you want to ride
You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high
We don't give a fuck, we live it up till the day we die
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