

Ice Cube Killa

Cypress Hill

Cypress Hill - Fuck Westside Connection

[Shag]

Gimmie that beat, bitch! (vocal sample: "We Are At War")

Ding Ding Muthafucka

It's round two

I got my lunch and my dinner fool

You think we gon bow down to some punk ass niggaz

We from the evil side, boyChorus: B-Real [Shag]

Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]

Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]

Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa]

Doughboy [Killa], Wack 10 [Killa][B-Real]

In about four seconds some east side niggaz

Is gonna put the foot in the ass of Doughboy and Wack 10

I suggest you stay tuned muthafuckas[B-Real's verse]

It takes two of you faggets to get with one of me

Now I'm running up in you hoes

With "No Vaseline"

You could be the big fish

Bring your drama

Fuck your mama

I'll bring the pack of piranhas

You tried to pull a ditty, ho

But you the one who got the alternative rockers up in your video

You get addicted

You can take your four W fingers and stick it in Mack 10's ass and lick it

Ice Cube is a thing of the past

If I got no nuts it's because they're still stuck in your ass

You're the King of punks

King of busters

King of thieves

Now get down of your fuckin' knees (Shag: Bow Down)

Start to suckingYou try to remake NWA without Dre and Ren

Dub's cool

But you're fuckin' up with Mack 10

Silly little philly

I'm back tearing'

Can you really see my machine gun turrets?

Open and aimed at your fat little frame

How can I miss?
I'll twist your cap and take your name
 Analyze it
My name should be Mack 11
 I'm a higher caliber MC
 There's no question
Anytime you wann run up
 You get dealt with
 You get melted
 "Check Yo' self" (bitch check it)

Ice Cube, you better tell'em (tell 'em mutha-fucka)
Muggs made the best songs on your third album (biatch!)[Shag Talkin']
 You and Wack 10
 Can't deal with this
Cypress Hill to the muthafuckin' fullest
 Fuck y'all
 So what'cha wanna do?
 Bring it on, nigga

This is Shag from the Neighborhood Family[Shag's verse]
 Mack 10 is a bitch
 Suckin' Ice Cube's dick

But what you faggets know about some gangsta shit (B-Real: Nothin)
 Let's take it to the streets
 And fight like real g's
What you niggaz wanna do?
 You can't fuck with these
 Ain't never had a strap
Now you wanna gangsta rap
 Come can't to your hood
'Cause you're scared to get jacked
 Fuck peace, this is war
 Everybody on the floor
 When I see your fat ass
I'm takin' one to your jaw
 Fuck you
 Fuck your mama
 Fuck your whole clique

Better yet, fuck every nigga that you're down wit'
 Unoriginal
 Can't stand bitch made niggaz
 Ice Cube, youse an actor
 Not a muthafuckin' killa
What neighborhood you from?
 What dirt you ever done?
 When the shit goes down

You the first one to run
Everytime you talk
Got a mouth full of drama
Only missing you done
Is going to church wit'cha mama[B-Real's verse]
You got the Real-a
Swingi' of my nuts
Cube Killa
Break yourself niga, huh!
Dick-a lick-a
You ain't a killa
You a busta
Muthafucka
Bitch made niggaz
I never trust ya --Cube's "Can't trust 'em"--
Hoes like you can't figure out where you're from
Are you from South Central, the Westside or Compton?
Mack 10, the only thing you hoggin' on
Is Ice Cube's nuts
Now he's all in your guts
You wannabe like him
But you got no skills
If he's the king
You must be the queen of the Hill
But I shank the Cube's fat neck
'Cause "A Bitch Iz A Bitch"
And a bitch don't get no respect
No doubt
Westside Connections means
Ice Cube's stickin' his dick in Mack 10's mouth (Aahhh!)
All of your homies are down wit' my clique
Why you always gotta be bitin' my shit
And you don't know one bitch on my dick
But yours is best get a blood test for your kid
Only bangin' you done was with toy figures
Your mama wouldn't let you hang
With real g niggaz
Bring your clique on
You wanna scrap
So let's get it on (bullets for some chingazos, ese!)
Mack 10
I give you a year
I guarantee
You'll realize that you're getting' fucked
And you'll run to me

You pretty little trick
You look real sweet (Mmmm!)
I should make you one of my hoes like
 Cube was for Eazy
Doughboy, you're fuckin' around wit' the real Cuban
 I'm no fictional Scarface movie land bullshit
 Actor, studio gangsta
 You should win an award
For most outstanding wax banger
 Fuck what you been through
 What you're going through
 East Side family, nigga
 What you wanna do? [Shag]
 Eastside!
 That's right nigga!
 East muthafuckin' side
 'Til' we die, nigga!
Fuck all you punk ass niggaz!

 Cube 187
 Mack 10 187
Any other punk ass nigga
Who wanna take this beat
 187
We hit niggaz up like that
 We bicoastal, nigga
 Cypress Hill family
 Niggaz better recognize
 We here to chastise
 Nigga, whoo bangin'
That's how we hoo ride nigga
No love for none of ya'll punk ass niggaz
 East coast nigga, West coast
 We don't give a fuck
 Talk shit get shot, nigga
 That's how we feel, nigga
 Niggaz get killed,
Caps get peeled fuckin' with Cypress Hill
 Yeah, I thought you knew nigga
 I represent muthafucka
 How does that sound nigga
 Cypress Hill Family
They're gonna fuck all ya'll biggaz
(Chris Tucker sample: "You got knocked the fuck out man)

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