

Cock The Hammer

Cypress Hill

On a chicken-hunt, huntin' for a chicken
Get paranoid when you hear my Glock clickin'
 Speakin' to the punk that's tweakin'
With the bitch-ass styles I hit you like Deacon
 Jones house, cough without the bones
I rolled ya up and smoked you like cones
 Split the seed and grow you like clones
Don't start-me-up, cause I'm not the Rolling Stones
 But I get stoned with a little help from my friends
With the (gubla), then I passed it round back to me again
 I can make you famous like Amos
Same as the last punk, when I stuck the gatt up his anus
 Hear me growl, howl!
I got the night vision just like the wise old owl
 I'm comin' ta fetch ya
 Yeah home direct ya
 Bury them bones
Under my home andCock the hammer!
Cock the hammer, it's time for action!
 Cock the hammer!
Cock the hammer, it's time for action!Take my weapon, step into a whole new realm
And step back, as I take up the helm
 On the pirate ship I'm steerin'
 Droppin' the geran
Just realize what you're hearin'
 The cannon sounded
That's my companion: surrounded
 As my crew comes bounding
 As the captain
 Afro-america
 Whole lotta gattin'
 With the loc'ed out latin
Busted!You're a red beard with a musket
Better talk quick 'cause ya might get dusted
 Your gatt looks rusted, disgusted
Oh look away, look away boy as I rush it
 Yes I know that you can't withstand it
Watch that ass cause punk I'll brand it
 With a steel-toe, how you feel now

When my boot stuck in that ass like a dildo
Cry on a pillow, weeper that's willow
The Hill got the skill for the static like brillo
Hmmm, what you talkin' 'bout punk
Gimme room as I light up the boom
Cock the hammer, wave the white banner
Ever heard a Glock go 'click' like a camera?

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