WorldWide

Divine Rhyme

Verse 1: Sen-Dog
You better hope I'm chained up, shackled with a yard
I'll snatch you by the neck, bide you like a tech
Wreck fools when I disconnect, make you sweat
Shit your pants, get in yuor step on my advance
Catch a glance of the legendary brother who carries
Your body and buries two more lyrics in styles varied
Fool what? You ain't got nothin' to say
I been backin' up east side LA, all day
Blowin' up the best techs, the best flex
Havin' the best sex, fuckin' in Wessex
The hardcore shit, I know you like it raw
'Cause ain't no other Dog breakin' the last straw
Chorus (2x): B-Real
You better bounce, nigga, smoke an ounce, nigga
'Cause you rollin' with the Hill and what counts is uh,
Can you hang with us? You wanna bang with us?
Cypress Hill, worldwide, Los Angeles
Verse 2: Sen-Dog
I don't bark, I just bite, mangle and maim niggas up
Check your strap, they mangle us and pick us up
Fool, now you tremblin', I give you three seconds
To break out before you resemblin' a dead man

A hole through your headband
My gat's in my right hand, my plug's in my left hand, punk
Cypress Hill worldwide, you just a local
Don't anger me, or you can hear it in my vocal
You don't want that strap on my hip
To deal out, the repercussions dug a fat lip
I'm buckin' at the room soon to the boom
Fuckin' with your head like the 'shroom you consume
Chorus
Verse 3
(BR) Bitches, you're all thick-eyed, a weak ride
I take money-money, make dummies all night
Use the mic, bruise the mic, we choos the mic
When you sorry niggas go off and lose the mic
(SD) We choose a life right, we roll with crew tight

See the light at the end of a tunnel - a gat barrel
Wettin' up your flyest apparel, a cane ray
You forget me and I'll be back to refresh your fuckin' memory
Remember me now, Cypress Hill soldier
Up and down the boulevard, big money folder
You bring descript sequence with no defense
The whole defense hittin' the bones while you sleepin'
Chorus

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