

I Ain't Goin' Out Like That

Cypress Hill

Let's kick it eseComin' out the slums! It's da hoodlums
I'm pullin' my gat out on all you bums
So bring it on when you want to come fight this
Outlaw, kicking like Billy Ray Cypress Hill
Chill, I'll bust that grill
Grab my gat, and load up the steel
And if you want to get drastic
I'll pull out my plastic glock, automatic
Synthetic material, burial plots in order
Headed down to the Mexican border
Smokin' that smellie, Northern Cali
Gonna put a slug in Captain O'Malley
Ho, hum, hear the gat come, boom!
Let me see what you'll do
It's a sin to kill a man
But I'll be damned if I don't take a standWe ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that
"We ain't goin' out!"
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"We ain't goin' out like that!"I'm high strung, click I'm sprung
Cause I don't live on the hum-drum
Where I'm from, the gats'll be smokin'
I'll be damned if you think I'm jokin'
Know, that I'll come with the static
Erratic, .45 automatic
Screamin' at ya, the red lights beamin' at ya
No need to run after
The punk-ass hook, in the oven I'll cook
Dig the grave for the one who got played
Now he's under, don't make Stevie Wonder why
Cause he'll testifyWe ain't goin' out like that
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"We ain't goin' out like that!" I got you thinkin' "What the fuck is this?"
Lettin' you know I take care of business
Can, I, get a witness?
To verify when I depict this style
That makes you ecstatic
Tragic, when I get a poof of the magic buddha
When I roll with my crew
I betcha one time can't find my hootah
In my vehicle with the belt unbuckled
Pig rollin' up but he ain't that subtle
Pulled to da curb, so we exchange a few words
But he got me stirred up, enough to grab the handcuffs
I'll huff-n-puff and blow ya head off! We ain't goin' out like that
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Songwriters

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