

Another Victory

Cypress Hill

Get ready motherfuckers You can't fuck with the [unverified], please no interruptions
Your crew pull up guns get waxed in the sun
Like my rag top six five, smash you with the switches
The hitch is, you're gettin' too big for your britches
Why you runnin' like bitches with your tail up, I'm the thug pirate Put the sail up, your whole crew frail, what
You want this joint, suck it inhale nut
Niggas are feelin' this track in Braille, huh
We're grade a while you motherfuckers fail, what You understand, imitators gotta bail up
To all the males and females gangin' up
All on my cell phone talkin' shit, hangin' up
I gotta show you how a nigga bang it up, slangin' cuts Your squad against mine
Your minor leagues with major
Detail the plans like verse
Hit hard, catch you off guard, another victory I slay rappers with precision, I got vision like anakin'
You panicin', I'm leavin' you stiffer than a mannequin
My high lyrics constantly brain damagin'
Brandishin' a fire arm, still managin'
Hurt niggas, bandagin' who give my lyrics that play like a mandalin' I hold my mic like my dick, but you
handlin'
I kill flows on tracks who abandonin'
I eat you like pussy, then take a sample
Then spit fire in the places you standin' in I take a fool to the hill
Light a candle then you in the dark stuck part in the scandalin'
Now I see your whole brain's scramblin'
Don't like what you hear, change the channel then nigga Your squad against mine
Your minor leagues with major
Detail the plans like verse
Hit hard, catch you off guard, another victory I spark cells of a rhythm, you best listen, get it over with
Stolen shit, rollin' it, Cypress ownin' it, bitin' niggas clonin' it
I got a dog got a bone to pick, you holdin' it
Suck it hard swallow easy, put a soul in it
Your body's on the floor, head got a hole in it The weed master, rhyme killer, mic controllin' it
You still fuckin' but your wack, ain't throwin' it
Stepped in shit, now your chillin' all alone in it
Head full of hair, still ain't combin' it Five child in the world who's ropin' it
Never know if I'm high or I'm throwin' shit
I got you stuck in the twilight zone on shit
I'm the owner of the fat joint you rollin' with, bitch Your squad against mine
Your minor leagues with major

Detail the plans like verse
Hit hard, catch you off guard, another victory

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