

Stoned Raiders

Cypress Hill

1 for trouble, 8 for the road
7 to get ready when I'm lettin' off all my load
Funk, Buddha monk, in the trunk
I got'cha, thumpin' so hard
Up and down the blvd
I'm a natural-born cap-peela', strapped illa
I'm the west coast settin' it on, no one's reala'
Get'cha fix of the uncut funk
A small dose of the skunk weed, like it's suppose to be
Move it up, just move it on out
What ya talkin'bout son
I got the first shot, and it's all over now
One nation under a groove
Smoke a pound for the strict of it
Every time I make a move
Smooth and together
Raw like leather
Ain't goin' out like a punk, never
Check it out, 1,2, Cypress groove
It's the number one money maker
Money take a, few steps back I'm on a plane to Jamaica,(Am I)
Puffin' a fat wada, talk shit
For the fool I'm thinkin' about, I got the ruff shit
Hard rock bone breaker
Stoned Raider, in the Temple of Boom
Assert to assume
Never be lettin' shit slide, no way
Bitch niggas can hide
But, I'll find they ass some day
Check it out, 1,2, Cypress groove
Wherever you are, put ya motherfuckin' spliff
in the air
Some dogs, like you gotta pair
When I kick to the metro
Lone clip, be lookin' around
Cause this shit ain't over with yet
People can't understand my situation,
Now they caught up in the Soul assassination
Fool, just take cover, it's all over
When I break ya off a chunk of this motherfucker
Check it out, 1,2, Cypress groove

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