

Hand on the pump - Muggs' blunted mix

Cypress Hill

Well I'm an alley cat, some say a dirty rat
On my side is my gat, see I'm all of that
Spittin' out buck shots, boy I'm gonna wet'cha
Runnin' hot, but I'm still comin' to get'cha
Thinkin' like a peace smoke, comin' on a homicide
You talkin' shit, tryna take me for a ride
I'm not a bad guy, but I'm the funky feel
Finger on the trigger with my hands upon the steel
Lettin' out a bullet, this is goin' boo-ya
You're stuck in my hood, so what ya gonna do now?
Being the hunted one is no fun
Here I come son, yo I think ya better run
Better run more, and move a little faster
Second of thought and I'm coming to blast ya
With my Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Left hand on a forty, [puffin onna blunt]
Pumped my shotgun, [niggas didn't jump]
Lala la la lala la la Comin at you like a stiff blow, fuckin up your program
Ain't takin shit from you him or no man
Master mind maniac and a menace soooo
How they want to pass sentence
All because a nigga tried to play me on the trigger
He missed, so now the nigga's pissed
Rude and crude like a pit bull, get to the point
Your fuckin card will get pulled, now
I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And I'm handin out beatdowns
I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And I'm handin out beatdowns [get your face down!]
Put me in chains, try to beat my brains
I can get out, but the grudge remains
When I see ya punk ass, I'm gonna getcha
Fucking do ya, shotgun go boo-yaa! Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Left hand on a forty, [puffin onna blunt]
Pumped my shotgun, [niggas didn't jump]
Lala la la lala la la Kickin that funky Cypress Hill shit
Take a lot of mental for the blunted to chill with
Cuz I'm the chill one, known to get ill one
They stepped to the Hill "What's up?", I had to kill one

Now I'm headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And they got me on lock down
Headed up the river with a boat and no paddle
And they got me on lock down
Living like a nigga who done lost his mind
Cause I ain't goin out like a spineless jellyfish
Some say life is a bitch
Ask that punk who dug his own ditch
Out for the Hill fuckin up at a party
Tried to get funny, put a hole in his body
Lala la la lala la laa
Look at all of those funeral cars
Cause I'mmaSawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Left hand on a forty, [puffin onna blunt]
Pumped my shotgun, [niggas didn't jump]
Lala la la lala la laa

Songwriters

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