

# Steel Magnolia (featuring Barron Ricks)

## Cypress Hill

{That takes a fourteen shot clip  
You expectin' an army?  
No, just the division} Yeah, once again  
(That's right)  
We about to attack this  
(Harlem Inc, Murder Inc)  
Yeah  
(Nicky Bond)  
Jimmy Cagney type shit, Nicky Santoro  
([Incomprehensible])  
All my little short niggaz  
Joe Pesci and all that shit like this yo  
Fillin' out the cards to your eulogy  
Murder that ass, send my regards to your family, fuck it  
That's what niggaz get for fuckin' with this maniac depressive nigga  
With aggresion, Smith and Wesson, in his possession  
Harlem got me like that, too many grimy, slimy niggaz on the take  
For short cake, we won't hesitate  
I miss inhabitants who politic in residence for presidents  
Across 110th, to 55th My covenant is protected, I'm doministic  
Survival principle's my ethics, eastern philosophy's my method  
Good Samaritans need paremedics, so what's your premise  
I hope you fuckin' with Glocks and fo' fifths  
Wrath's Napoleon, so teach your [Incomprehensible], slash wrists  
Shatter chins, and bust clips  
Check it, here is somethin' you can't understand  
I got the steel magnum, braggin', leavin' my toe tagged  
As I get raggamuffin', no bluffin', the body bagged  
Breaks all your bad habits, bad blood fanatics  
Clean up the magic, chrome startin' up static  
Greed means that you die quick, click the vision  
Greed lies ambition, five slugs for the mission  
Seven 'cause you go to the Heaven or Hell and dwell  
To meet your maker, but you met the shotgun shell  
Buckshots sting like bees, I smoke trees  
On the hilltops, clubshops and chilling oas  
Take in the breeze, Mr. Freeze squeeze the trigger  
Killa G's got you weak in the knees, yo take it easy!  
Steel Magnolia, magnificent guns bust when Uzi weighs a ton  
And yo' Glock spits, consecutive rounds shot from clips

Spells murder, sound synonymous to burner  
Leave niggaz ass up, gaspin' for air, front seats of truck  
So who the fuck want me to press on they luck, bastard  
they son  
When gats start to hum and whole crowds begin to run  
Annihilation, destroyin' all expectations  
Have relatives embrace your Harlem hospital, so we all patient  
We 5 foot 6, concealed steel, pop more grip  
With fixed sights that drifted to right, triggers light  
So relinquish son, I'm to the finish, and you acknowledge  
Couldn't pop a clutch or light a skyrocket, nigga stop it!  
Steel Magnolia, bury ya  
Six niggaz carry ya to your final rest area  
What you worried though? You ain't above that with a slug  
And your chest beats, blowin' out your back, take it easy  
To your eulogy, open heart surgery  
Emergency, 911, come in a hurry  
From the Hills to the Polo Realms, stackin' the bills  
I put you under my lo-lo, hit my switch, then kill  
A bitch nigga steppin' on my toes, fuck foes and hoes  
Get stuck in the ass like Pete Rose  
I suppose you wanna get wild and throw blows, you chose  
To get you nose your broke, in a thick cloud of smoke  
You're like a fat joint, I'm takin' a toke, I'm like coke  
But you ain't smilin', feelin' erratic, a fuckin' addict  
To the dope shit, you better hope the shit stop  
Smooth, holdin' the Glock, rockin' the hot shit  
Steel Magnolia, Steel Magnolia  
Steel Magnolia, Steel Magnolia  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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