

# The Last Assassin

## Cypress Hill

[Phone Call]

Bueno...

?Cmo est todo?...

Bien, bien, qu bueno, qu bueno...

Bueno, a lo que estamos hablando, van a ser 50000 (cincuenta mil) bolas...

25 (veinticinco) ahora y 25 despus...

Y a que usted agarre noticia de que Don Miguel ha muerto...

Nos veremos en el centro de Los Angeles...

Ah por la Pico y la Figueroa...[Translation:]

Hello...how's it going?...

Great, great, that's good, that's good...

Ok, what we were talking bout before,

They're gonna be fifty thousand balls...

Twenty-five now and twenty-five later...

And you betta know that Don Miguel has died...

I'll see u in the middle of L.A....

right by The Pico and The Figueroa[B Real:]Lookin' back in the days of my youth no doubt

I didn't have any role models kickin' the truth out

So who am I supposed to look up to?

[Edit] on the corner, or the boys in blue

Now I had 2 choices, what could I be?

Down with, runnin' with the pigs or the g's,

Let's see, a pig ain't done nothin' for me

But try to guide me to the penitentiary

The g's on the other hand wanna see me

Callin' shots in the hood, recruitin' homies

Either way I'm [edit] unfortunatley

So I think I'll roll with the neighborhood family

G's in the hood are influential

Pigs on the street are detrimental

A g's got stripes on his credentials

Growin' up ain't easy in the Central[Chorus:]

In the soul of the one holdin' the gun

Of the Assassin, elimination, blastin', assassination

The lone hard core to the bone individual

Highly adavanced than your average criminal

Through the shadows I lurk through the alleys

And rooftops, scoped and aimed at your brain

Until we meet in the next world again,

Until the year 2000 come on in my friend  
An OG told me How to make some ends  
To get the Rolex and the phat [edit] Benz  
All I gotta do is take out a few friends  
Disappear for a while then come back again  
I used to have to hit them with the long range shot  
In time I got better in the closer I got  
The last thing I learned was the knife in hand  
Blade to the throat, Oh, how I could kill a man  
You could never understand how my mind works  
The professional methods I use when I do dirt  
Enemies and adversaries on the contract  
No combat, I catch them in their Z's [Chorus]  
No one ever knows how the cards get dealt  
In the hands of the maker when you break yourself  
Why do I do do do things I do  
Nobody was ever there for me to talk to  
Once I was youngster, pure and true  
Now I'm runnin' with the sick, sick crew  
You could never understand what I go through  
There could never be another [edit] fillin' my shoes  
Sometimes I wonder how I made this far  
In the gang set trippin',  
Givin' up the set I claim  
Pigs lookin' at me and they wanna take aim  
But I don't give a [edit] cause it's all the same [Chorus] [last line is different]  
Until the year 2000 my friend

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