

Dead Men Tell No Tales

Cypress Hill

Pa pa ra ra
Pa pa ra ra
Pa pa ra ra
Pa pa ra raAny die, if the beholder the soldier begins to bore
Four score, seven bullets
Yeah, hit the floor nigga
Take you outdoor, darkness frightens you even more
I'm here to enlighten you with the hardcore
Bring it raw, like the red, dead meat, in your plate
(Bring it raw, motherfucka)
And I'll fill you up with the energy the hill create
(Will the hill create?)
I get sticky, like a green bag of the bomb diggy
Now I'm fuckin' with your head, and you realize that it's tricky
(Hey hey hey)
Got you paranoid, feelin' the void, you can't take it
The reward bein' destroyed, freakazoid toy
With ya mind, all styles deployed, you find danger
In the stranger's eye, the killin' comes second nature
Your battle filled up the mind it's fallin' out, hear you callin' out
For help, and all the fuckin' yellin' to is yourself
(Ha ah ah motherfucka', motherfucka')
Crawlin' and beggin' for mercy means nothing when you bluffin'
I'm pushin the button and straight dumpin on fools frontin'
Boo yah, come onPa pa ra ra
(Motherfucka', yea)
Pa pa ra ra
Pa pa ra ra
Pa pa ra raWar pigs, you dig, see kickin' out Mr. Big
Take a sip of wine, engage in a battle of the mind
(Checkmate motherfucker)
You feelin' the force, meant for remorse, right from the source
Your head is, gettin' fucked and I'm skippin' the intercourse
Behold, the Mic horse, you're takin' a loss nigga
Got the Nina Ross, don't need no cross, my fuckin' paper
Chaser green bag gladiator, terminator, weed germaniator
The greater the risk you fuckin' hater
Hit you with the psycho beta, clickin' the fader slow
With the hi lo, servin' the blow, who got the glow

Dead men tale no tales, you fail to see the reason
I'm easin' to squeeze the trigger, go figure, it's killin' season
Nighty night, mothafucka'Pa pa ra ra
Pa pa ra ra
Pa pa ra ra
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