

Throw Your Set In The Air (Clean Album Version)

Cypress Hill

(Whispered)

"Who there, who there."

"Ahh, Showtime, that's that little young maybe here man. I got all fuck goin' on everyday,
what you want man?" "Hey what's up O.G. showtime man?"

"What's up homes."

"Hey man, I've been thinkin' man an' I'm-"

"Been thinkin' about what."

"Hey I'm ready to get put down on this set."

"You ready to get put down on this set?"

"I'm ready to represent shit"

"On this one right here?"

"Yes baby."

"You ready to die for this?"

"I'm ready to die for this nigga."

"What you ready to do ni?"

"An' I'm ready to put in."

"What you (Whack)ready to do! You ready to (Whack)GET yeah! GET IT! GET
IT! (Slap!)Hmmm get it! Yeah. Hit 'im! What set you from now, huh?"

Word. What set you from..."

Every nigga out there wanna be down with our crew

Some ain't got enough heart let me ask you

This: Would you be down like a soldier

Loyal an' do everything I told ya

I can mold ya into a warrior down for you neighborhood

Glockin' out, do a G with the flavor

Criminal behavior on the mind

When I got your back You know I got your crack each and every time Throw your set in the air - Come on!

Wave it around like you just don't care

Throw your set in the air - Throw it up homes!

Wave it around like you just don't care

It's time to exit that buster nigga

Get your hands out your pockets and your finger on the trigger

Lead will fly we don't die we multiply

Throw your set up in the sky

I asked you kid 'cause you can't fuck with this

Nigga, when I got the glock ya better duck quick

'Cause I ain't havin' it

If ya got your gatt You better start grabbin' it, I can handle it

Soy numero uno Mero mero

You know I run with Muggs and the Perro
Firin' up that heater
When I'm givin' up my set I got my nina-millametre
Los Scandalous, Killaforia: where I'm from
Dum diddy dum, diddy diddy dum dum
I'm workin' on your ass now you know where I'm from
Dum diddy dum, diddy diddy dum dum Throw your set in the air - Come on!
Wave it around like you just don't care
Throw your set in the air - Throw it up!
Wave it around like you just don't care Throw your set in the air - Throw up your hood homes!
Wave it around like you just don't care - Come, come on!
Throw your set in the air - Give it up!
Wave it around like you just don't care "Nigga throw your set in the air, nigga you know what I'm sayin', you
scared, you be takin' your mothafuckin' punk ass to church, 'cause where
I'm from nigga on the East side, every mothafuckin' day is a job, nigga.
You gotta handle your business, because if you don't, your mothafuckin'
gatt will get peeled back! And that ain't no bullshit. If you wanna test
it nigga, bring it on nigga, you know what I'm sayin'. Throw your
mothafuckin' set up in the air." Let me take you to the dark side of the moon
Tell Mama that you won't be comin' home anytime soon
'Cause I got ya under my thumb nigga, what's that you claimin'?
Better be the same set I'm claimin'
Take a look around, count this amount of soldiers
when I'm chillin' on the eastside of town
And it won't stop 'till I'm done
Dum diddy dum, diddy diddy dum dum Throw your set in the air - Come on!
Wave it around like you just don't care
Throw your set in the air - Throw it up!
Wave it around like you just don't care Throw your set in the air - Throw your hood up!
Wave it around like you just don't care
Throw your set in the air - Get it up!
Wave it around like you just don't care "Yeah, that's right. Straight givin' up the hood all day fool.
Cypress Hill mo'fucker what you wanna do? Ah huh. Givin' my shit up in
your FACE fool!"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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