3 Lil' Putos

Cypress Hill

One little two little three little putos
Tried to jack me they got the boot-o
Taking no shit when push comes to shove
'Cause the niggas showed me no love
Step back punk 'cause I'm a Latino
What I bring you is the hardcore lingo
Funky, but ya don't understand
Now I gotta stand with the Glock in my hand

No scope

And there's no hope

'Cause I'm dishin'

Out my .45 slug and it ain't missin'

Here it comes hissin'

Here it comes hummin' at ya

Now the slug is comin' at yaOne little two little three hoodlums

Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes

What do you know, click clack goes the gun

Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em runCuando entro, loonie es el fuerte

Speakin' to the gente

'Cause I'm insane in the mente

Movin' em back, click-click goes the gun

Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

It's no fun

When I got to break you off some

Of the psycobeta beatdown, boy you get done

Serio

Here we go

Off for the muchacho

Come if you really want some of the chingazo

Me caso you don't hear this little lazo

Cypress Hill, breaking you off a pedazo

Humming at ya

Don't make me come gatt ya

Punk 'cause I still will be comin' at yaOne little two little three hoodlums

Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes

What do you know, click clack goes the gun

Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em runWhen I come in, kickin' with a vengeance

Swift of the engines

Coming like the three little indians

Stompin' around on the ground on the plains 'Cause a nigga like me is goin' insane

In the brain

So I gotta maintain

My direction

What I mighta gained

Without my protection

Not a damn thing

So when I come just bring

That new style, break ya off like a chicken wing

Buckooock!

So you can just suck my cock

Like a fat blunt, stoned is the way of the walk

When I'm peepin'

Checkin' out the punk-ass creepin'

I let the dogs loose then I let the dogs sick 'em

Graaah! Nigga don't make me catch ya

Punk 'cause I still will be comin' at yaOne little two little three hoodlums

Gotta hit the ground 'cause here the slug comes

What do you know, click clack goes the gun

Make 'em run boy, make 'em run boy, make 'em run

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