

# Put Em in the Ground

Cypress Hill

Put 'em in the ground, put 'em, put 'em in the ground  
Nigga 'bout to run up in your house and  
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Nigga 'bout to run up in your house and  
Every morning I wake up in a bad mood  
Attitude fucked up, he's a bad dude  
No emotion, numb, wanna lace 'em up  
Step out the door like a warrior facing up (what)  
Embrace fate, can't wait till I see your brains  
You can't look into my eyes I'm made of stone, you got a heart of glass, keep your distance  
I set the tone on the crested moon, soon, bitches  
Growing up in the cut, soaking gangs vital  
So insane, pick your brain - cannibal style  
The nightmares that I'm living when Pieces where like a bitch, I hope you fall off  
Squeeze, click, bang - body gets hold off  
Send the dogs on you 'fore you get slaughter  
I'm laughing at you, when I lit my

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Stay Staying hungry but your fear is what I fed on  
What I'm holdin'? Dumb if you pop your chest  
Lights out, see the Broken dreams what I see when my eyes open  
Like it's Monday and I'm just going through the motions  
See the dream, I want the nightmares come to life  
Fighting my demons, heard a voice, coming to the light  
Soul burning like coal in a steam engine  
Silence my enemies swift with a clean endin'  
The way looking for somethin' upliftin'  
Intoxicated by the blind lust, fuck sleepin'  
I was raised like a Nomad, stay driftin'  
Two wheels, sideways bitch, heart skippin'  
A fire with the ice, hit you twice, no Eliminate these motherfuckers in no order (yeah)

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