16 Men Till There's No Men Left

Cypress Hill

Ladies and gentlemen We would like to present to you A group that is simply just marvelous, just marvelous Ladies and gentlemen, Cypress, Hill

16 men on a dead man's list Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo! 16 men till there's no one left Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!

So many fucking emcees claim supremacy On whose got hip-hop locked, it could never be One who is solo, running the whole game That's bullshit, like cops never sniffed cocaine But I'm taking on all comers, dropping bombers Reducing numbers, making it hot like the summer This, one emcee he couldn't deal with the skill Like Jack did Jill, I rolled his ass down the Hill Beaten broken and coughing and choking on the rhyme Like a hooker, sucking a dick for the first time His, rhyme was hollow with no flow to follow Bust a nut, all in your mouth, and made him swallow I take 16 emcees, lock em in a room Make em feel the contact, eating the mushrooms Playing with your mind, making you feel the Force Had to cancel out, two punk niggas up in The Source Tried to get XXL, they still fell Bitches go tell your troubles to Montel

16 men now there's 13 left Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo! 16 men now there's 13 left Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!

I'm tripping on the people controlling the airwaves Got it going on, you know it all, but God save Your ass for clashing with the Soul Assassin That's like Mike fucking with Poppa Joe Jackson Ass-whoop all over the place, you can't hide behind The physical, better run to the spiritual Ass-whoop critical, or you can get it From the lyrical, bitch-made niggas are invisible Dysfunctional, hypocritical, smile in your face The fucking cynical shit brains As I sit back and say, tally-ho! One of these days your punk ass gonna go Guess you had a key to figure the fucking flow But you're locked out, and the bomb's about to blow

16 men let me see who's next Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo! 16 men till there's no one left Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!

Twelve punks to go, who's next on the list Matter of fact I got one in my head to fix There was one particular fool in the circle who fell off Greed overcame the nigga who at all costs Changed up to gain it all, but shared none Who made him all the money to overcome? Niggas up on the Hill, in the lab He was rolling big balla style, high profile Oh child, make me want to act juvenile All smiles, right in my face, but wait a minute now Welcome to the 360, degrees Pay a fee when you fucking your people over the cheese No soul, no conscience, no loyalty To the niggas who got him treated, like royalty Hey yo time's up, you're gonna end up seeing visions Of everybody, you fucked over, you're Scared Sober

16 men till there's no one left Yo-ho-ho them niggas has gotta go 16 men till there's no one left Yo-ho-ho them niggas has gotta go

Fuck the hater with the symbol and no soul And that bitch nigga who stole my car stereo Trick Deez, gets no love, she gets nuts Like Ass Miller, and that fucking ex-dealer Can't forget the nigga who was down with the Hill-a And that punk who tried to dip into the squealer You get bucked like C. Tucker and Will Bennett Let me step, over the hump, and represent it You go down like Jerry, and get smacked Like Trick Leo, now here's your fucking eulogy-o!

That was 16 men now there's no one left Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo 16 men now there's no one left Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo