

## Bitter

Cypress Hill

I lost my innocence at birth but I make no excuses  
for the trivial things and the pain life induces  
Bitches are wild, and so was I, young and stupid  
it's incredible, what a shitty circumstance produces them  
Criminals, led by the originals, high strung, motivated by the, principles  
some of us out - he used to think we were invincible  
on the corner bangin' and slangin' the high bitual  
Deadly rituals fill my head, nothin' spiritual  
Bullets filled up bodies like hands from my physical  
I got touched by the hot hands of bitter fools  
Divided and tempted snake bitten by the ridicule  
Frustration and hate filled my adrenaline  
I play doctors here's two bullets for your medicine  
I carry those days like a weapon close to me  
The memories of hot lead rippin' a hole through me

Son, fill your heater, how bout chase killer  
Rock 'em up and show you're no quitter  
Snakes' pit every ground I landed on  
Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong  
You hate the songs that you pump up all day long  
Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong  
Snakes' pit, every ground I landed on  
Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong  
Stand...

So many, come and go in this lifetime that you serve  
Faces change, liscenses' everywhere you turn  
Gangsta's become blinded, visions become blurred  
Learned to stay alive to the real side of the curb  
You came along way but some still refuse to notice  
they turned they back on us and they tried to provoke us  
You ask about us, you talk trash about us  
walk fast around us, but my block fast allowed us  
Don't try to crowd us nigga, we'll smack you up  
Look around and see who's willin' to back you up  
You're in a ghost town and home alone like Macaulay nigga  
don't say my name nigga, don't even think of me  
Fire start spittin' from my grill piece, ya scorched up, touched up  
I'm the C4 that blew up your porch  
I spit venom quicker than the punch on your Porsche  
Venom so deadly I'll make your fuckin' life divorce ya  
Ask for Alamoney, bitches, you all phoney  
I'll make you sing the blues like you're Paulpau Coloney  
Go ask Moley, you in the middle of shit  
And anything you say I'll be known the shit  
The force drops hits a ball, makin' me die of laughter  
Cause I know what these son-of-a-bitches are after  
Your mind and soul, if your blind and cold  
then your true sign is shown, then your fuckin' mind is blown

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