

# Bye Bye

Cypress Hill

I rode the streets and my hood is just like a warzone  
You died if you put your use in defending your home  
If you hustling every day you hold on  
Come for mine Imma sing you a slow song

Budum-bye, bye, bye  
Let me sing you a lullaby  
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Do you know the meaning of survival  
When the rival is trifle?  
Not a gun or a rifle  
Not a knife for them to stifle  
Put my hand upon the Bible  
Open it and get an eye-full  
Tryna keep my head  
Above water and not be spiteful  
The humanity  
Vanity  
Replaced it's insanity  
So many casualties  
Casually forgotten and randomly  
Thoughts stricken on beach  
And you soft bitches are panicking  
Blackmilk on drums  
Man this shit is so fucking menacing  
What the world needs  
Baby we feed them the truth  
Lead 'em into the booth  
Kicking this shit for the youth  
They won't play it on the radio  
Fuck 'em  
If we stand together we can always overcome 'em  
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I'm having visions

Of a bunch of bad decisions  
That I might regret later  
But this is the life we living  
The streets is unforgiving man  
They colder than ice  
Gotta be holdin' while I'm rolling at night  
This ain't right  
All I hear is guns shootin'  
Police chase alludin'  
Robbin stealing lootin'  
'Round the projects I just moved in  
I feel like what fuck I'm doin'  
I'm really 'bout to lose it  
And if you come for mine I'll bring your life to a conclusion

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Hit a lick  
To help my mom  
We riding without no dad around  
My life was about pussy, basketball, and having this rapping crown  
Kill 'em with kindness and they started killing my happy smile  
I didn't tag 'em down, tie 'em up, and try to wrap no fucking cord around his neck  
So they looking for that check  
Seen a little homie die young, felt like I was looking at myself  
Hold on, I know pain  
And I ain't talking 'bout them whoopings by the belt  
Trials and tribulations we all grow and we all need help  
And yo there's some things we've been preventing  
Political strategies looking like open terrorism  
Hold on dizzy don't get her  
Talking in third person as I let my personality split 'em  
Like M. Night Shyamalan  
I'm talking mental divisions  
They been tearing families down since before Abraham Lincoln  
Real facts  
These is vocal thoughts I'm really just thinking  
Then you finding out that life is real  
I don't know how to feel  
Making all this money just to get us out my momma's crib

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