

Cock the Hammer

Cypress Hill

On a chicken hunt, huntin' for a chicken
Get paranoid when you hear my glock clickin'
Speakin' to the punk that's tweakin'
With the bitch ass styles I hit you like deacon

Jones' house, cough without the bones
I rolled ya up and smoked you like cones
Split the seed and grow you like clones
Don't start me up, 'cause I'm not the Rolling Stones
But I get stoned with a little help from my friends
With the gubla, then I passed it round back to me again

I can make you famous like Amos
Same as the last punk
When I stuck the gatt up his anus
Hear me growl, howl
I got the night vision just like the wise old owl

I'm comin' to fetch ya
Yea home to wreck ya
Bury them bones
Under my home and

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Cock the hammer, it's time for action
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[Foreign content]

Take my weapon, step into a whole new realm
And step back, as I take up the helm
On the pirate ship I'm steerin'
Droppin' the gearin'
Just realize what you're hearin'

The cannon sounded
That's my companion, surrounded
As my crew comes bounding
As the captain, Afro America
Whole lotta gattin'
With the loc'ed out Latin
Busted

You're a red beard with a musket
Better duck quick 'cause ya might get dusted
Your gatt looks rusted, disgusted
Oh look away, look away boy as I rush it
Yes I know that you can't withstand it
Watch that ass 'cause punk I'll brand it

With a steel toe, how you feel now?
When my boot stuck in that ass like a dildo?
Cry on a pillow, weeper that's willow
The hill got the skill for the static like brillo

What you talkin' 'bout punk?

Gimme room as I light up the boom
Cock the hammer, wave the white banner
Ever heard a glock go 'click like a camera?

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