

Here Is Something You Can't Understand

Cypress Hill

Yeah bitch
Dogpound and Cypress you fuckers
What you think about that?
You brother's don't got it
B-rizzle you know it, fo' shizzle
My nizzle, you gon' get hizzle
Relax by the kizzle
An' go get us a couple hizzles
You dizzles
Yeah with Muggs
What it is
SEN DOOOOOOOOOOG!
Keep it real gangster
Yeah, B-Real, whaddya gotta say?

Bitch you try to spit on, you best get on
Before things start to happen and I lose my calm,
Cuz I just wanna puff weed and tip my cup (Yeah),
Smoking on a Kush Weed, not giving a Fuck,
Rhyme Flow, Mack-o-hoes and stack dough!
But niggas wanna do shit to make me react
So "Insane In The Brain", let it rain on a bitch nigga
Haning on my chain cuz you wanna be a rich nigga
You can t feel me without the Braile
I m like that shit that will catch you without the Yale
Make busters pale 'cos they seen too much
But really what they saw was me and Kurupt

R: Here is something you can't understand
How I Could Just Kill A Man
(4x)

Penetentionaries stuffed for centuries
You gotta be real like me and B-Real
See you shoot, you ride but we kill
Concentrate unloadin' our steel
Dippin', hit up niggas, yes we will
Riding on niggas that when the spilled
Pistols launch off and travel like arrows, animals, Hannibal
and unmanageable
What you gonna get, nigga?
I sic the hot girls on you, so struck by
Get em up drive by,
Watch em gone drive by
Yeah paranoid, we drive by till we die
You niggas really don't know shit,
I treat niggas like hoes when they silly dumb BIATCH!

Here is something that they just don't get
I don't give a fuck nigga, I don t give a shit
Here is something that they just know
Back/Crack to Fo, creepin' through the back door

I just DOPE BLAST 'em...

... 'Cos I ain t finished yet
I see remains of someone you ain't deminished yet

We re like a pack of *panorama*
In Your *Soul Assessino*
Attackin you, till there is nothing left for your mama
East side, do or die? Niggas wanna ride
Hitting switches in the Cadillac, getting thru real high
'Cos we live this, this, beatin' like a pistol whip
Don't pull out ya gat if ya gunna let ya pistol slip

I'm ignorin' all the DUMB SHIT, 'cos these vatos can't hang
With the Mad Dog, nigga, out here runnin' thangs
Dump on that ass if you fuck with my business
Stop Pop, and drop all of you witness
Glocks lock, and unlock if you listen
Buck shots, hard stops, no more snitches
That's what you get when you fuck with the Real
Hardcore Nigga said "Pack That Steel"

R: (4x)

Yeah
The streets is ran, by heats and mini vans
Invadin the spaces, chucks and fat laces
The "I Don't Give A Fuck" committee's just arrived
With millis and fifty-fives
Homicidally, I've seperated the busters
Blasted the snitches, broke the switches
Fucked the bitches, invaded the glitches
Stole the riches, booked the
Like fuck ya, nigga

Poet in the streets, niggas livin' on the edge
We take it to the Darkside, gettin' in your head
While you haunt us like a fed, we twist you like a dreadlock
Has I got to hammer talkin bitches in the bed?
While you fuckin' with the Soul Assassins in the dark town
And all my latin dog-niggas get to hold it down
Now your violatin' 'cos you haters know i'm waitin'
In the silver stack in the parkin' lot
With the handle cocked

Here is something, that I think you just can t understand
{How I could just kill a man!}
And you wonder why and how it is I could just kill a man
{How I could just kill a man!}
You see, in these streets I pack my heat cuz should it be for real
{How I could just kill a man!}
And if you think you wanna come and test me, then come deal with my steel
{How I could just kill a man!}

You just don't understand
How I could just, kill a man (yeah)
La la la la, la la la la-la