

It Ain't Nothin

Cypress Hill

I used to carry a glock
On the waist line
Man I don't waste time
I'm strong on the bass line
You'll never taste mine
See me on the screen
Fuckers beggin' for face time
Get your own tape
But don't bother to chase mine
I got a block
Man we havin' a great time
You couldn't fill the shoes
Anytime that I lace mine
Light up the stage
For the homies we make shine
Sick the dogs on you
Get more by the K-9
Homies on the yard never walk in the main line
The manes find that they can never be in the game
I'm lettin' off rounds
Hittin' blunts at the same time
Pick a crew homie
You a neon to save time
Bitches like you always spittin' the same rhymes
We put you all to shame
You never went through the same grind
Put you in the bind the minute you came by
So stay in your lane and get wet by the rain

You wanna step up get your ass touched
You wanna rap son get your ass buff
Try to test us
You's gunna get smashed up
You wanna run wit the dogs?
Get your cash up

Git it
You gotta get your straps up
Git it
You gotta get your stash up
Git it
You gotta get amped up
You wanna run wit the dogs?
Get your cash up

I'm right here on the block
when it's time to ride out, you know what I'm all about
Hundred Harley bikes on site when it goes down
Me and my homies always holdin' the fort down
Come up in our town and your pissin' a fourth now
Got 4 ounces and 3 bottle's of jack
2 fifth's in the back and everyone i'm with's strapped
What ever happens
I'm chin checkin' and wreckin' fools
Try disrespecting me
My Smith & Wesson is endin' you
And I ain't changed since back in the day

Get your shit split quick if you get in my face
You wanna run wit' the dog
Better stay in your place
Cuss your little ass name don't hold no weight
And your little ass safe couldn't hold my cake
Get your asks denied down the road I take
And let me tell you one more thing before I skate
If you a fake or a snake
Imma send you to your grave

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Im a First Staff OG from outta the gutter
With a fucked up demeanor for you punk mothafuckas
Get played like some dicks who try to start ruckas
Im a real gun busta so dont ever try to rush us
Can't nobody touch us that dont leave on crutches
Or worse
Get a ride in a hurse with their bodies covered
It's gunna be a cold summer
As soon as the hilt drops
ALL BULLSHIT WILL STOP

A couple scums in the street
We don't care what you bustas think
It might sink in sometime
But I won't blink
We go against everything
Smoke all the green
Got the flow wrong
Swing it aint nothing to me
We put it down anywhere
Like it's something to see
So all you bitches goin rogue with your haters degree
And when you wanna get loud son I'm ready to work
Punks act up and you bound to get hurt

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