

Guess who's back?!?!
Mommy! We're home!!
Say hello to my little friends
DJ Muggs, Soul Assassins, Cypress Hill
Everybody! Put your hands where my eyes can see!!!

Everywhere we go people know that we roll deep as fuck
Fourty fifty Samoans, they knowing when D-Bo was
50, Tweezy, Obie there won't be no ho in us
They pop shit like they gon do shit but no one does
From New York down to Texas, back up to Los Angeles
We've changed the way we move so man up if you can't adjust
You may end up getting rushed by too many to handle us
It's funny, I guess money does have its advantages
And it isn't that we just think that we can't be touched
It's not like we're just feeling ourselves that much
It's just, that if someone ever does put us in the clutch
We just know that y'all ain't gon be the one who's gon do it
Cause first of all you're pussy and everybody can see that
You fuck around, get caught in a spot that you shouldn't be at
That you got no business being in, we ain't even gon be in it
No one's gunna hear nothing, no one's gunna see this shit
And they'll be in and up out of it, them boys is bout it, bout it
The noise from clips and rounds be drowned out by the crowd
And you'll be laying on the ground getting trampled by people dancing
Till the club closes, and clears out
And that's when they see you flatened
Nobody saw it happen, all cause your jaws are flapping
And you couldn't stop yapping and took it past rapping
It ain't about the music no more, it's bout trying to show off
And it feels like any minute the bomb is bout to go off

Shit about to change, cause we ain't playing no games
We ain't budging neither are they, we ain't saying no names
Shit just ain't the same, when the Aks gettin' sprayed cause
Hip-hop is in a state of 911
It ain't about hip-hop, cause those days are gone
It ain't about trying rip shots, to get props no more
It's about trying not to get popped, and get dropped to the floor
Cause hip-hop is in a state of 911

Step off my holster cause shit it's getting serious
All theses drugs you be fucking with make you delirious
Thinking you coming with heat, yo son, I'm curious
How long are you gunna hate us and judge us and jury us?
Some people can never fade us, that make us so furious
Mistake us for fakers, homie we greater and glorious
We living for real and others just making the stories up
Illusions are broken, so live it up, you corny fucks
If you take a fucking minute to think about what you've done
When you stood against a gangsta who live and die by the gun
Got a hot one, spraying you bitches til there is none
I'm like a rolling stone homie, I got you under my thumb
Silly little bitches can end up right up in ditches
We cut you and give you stitches, for envy and all my riches
Your game's just like a midget, you're clocking a small digit
Dealing with the Giant Goliath, people that's how we live it, c'mon

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Uh, gangsta Ganxsta who come to pay you a visit
On this shit you call hip-hop, this function is where did it
When I - put it in motion, my focus is getting branded
My appetite for destruction is blasted because I said it
Got you - stumbling for cover, this music dying in numbers
But you wouldn't pause and wonder, admitting it's all glamour
When you - enter the business you thinking you running shit
You witness that funny shit, your bitches they ain't shit!
We gangstas we blast first, ask questions later
All these - imitators parading like they some playas
Trying to - save hip-hop the task is something greater
Cause we old fashioned coded with loyalty motivaters
Get caught, I'm not telling, or more like killing not caring
I'm riding a - gangsta feeling, no fearing when gangstas dying
I'm in a - full circle with homies that's supposed to bleed
On an 8 Mile mission with Cypress and O.G.'s

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