

16 Men Till There's No Men Left

Cypress Hill

Ladies and gentlemen
We would like to present to you
A group that is simply just marvelous, just marvelous
Ladies and gentlemen, Cypress, Hill

16 men on a dead man's list
Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!
16 men till there's no one left
Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!

So many fucking emcees claim supremacy
On whose got hip-hop locked, it could never be
One who is solo, running the whole game
That's bullshit, like cops never sniffed cocaine
But I'm taking on all comers, dropping bombers
Reducing numbers, making it hot like the summer
This, one emcee he couldn't deal with the skill
Like Jack did Jill, I rolled his ass down the Hill
Beaten broken and coughing and choking on the rhyme
Like a hooker, sucking a dick for the first time
His, rhyme was hollow with no flow to follow
Bust a nut, all in your mouth, and made him swallow
I take 16 emcees, lock em in a room
Make em feel the contact, eating the mushrooms
Playing with your mind, making you feel the Force
Had to cancel out, two punk niggas up in The Source
Tried to get XXL, they still fell
Bitches go tell your troubles to Montel

16 men now there's 13 left
Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!
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I'm tripping on the people controlling the airwaves
Got it going on, you know it all, but God save
Your ass for clashing with the Soul Assassin
That's like Mike fucking with Poppa Joe Jackson
Ass-whoop all over the place, you can't hide behind
The physical, better run to the spiritual
Ass-whoop critical, or you can get it
From the lyrical, bitch-made niggas are invisible
Dysfunctional, hypocritical, smile in your face
The fucking cynical shit brains
As I sit back and say, tally-ho!
One of these days your punk ass gonna go
Guess you had a key to figure the fucking flow
But you're locked out, and the bomb's about to blow

16 men let me see who's next
Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!
16 men till there's no one left
Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!

Twelve punks to go, who's next on the list
Matter of fact I got one in my head to fix
There was one particular fool in the circle who fell off

Greed overcame the nigga who at all costs
Changed up to gain it all, but shared none
Who made him all the money to overcome?
Niggas up on the Hill, in the lab
He was rolling big balla style, high profile
Oh child, make me want to act juvenile
All smiles, right in my face, but wait a minute now
Welcome to the 360, degrees
Pay a fee when you fucking your people over the cheese
No soul, no conscience, no loyalty
To the niggas who got him treated, like royalty
Hey yo time's up, you're gonna end up seeing visions
Of everybody, you fucked over, you're Scared Sober

16 men till there's no one left
Yo-ho-ho them niggas has gotta go
16 men till there's no one left
Yo-ho-ho them niggas has gotta go

Fuck the hater with the symbol and no soul
And that bitch nigga who stole my car stereo
Trick Deez, gets no love, she gets nuts
Like Ass Miller, and that fucking ex-dealer
Can't forget the nigga who was down with the Hill-a
And that punk who tried to dip into the squealer
You get bucked like C. Tucker and Will Bennett
Let me step, over the hump, and represent it
You go down like Jerry, and get smacked
Like Trick Leo, now here's your fucking eulogy-o!

That was 16 men now there's no one left
Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo
16 men now there's no one left
Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo