

Armed & Dangerous

Cypress Hill

Ready set go
I'm ready to run
Steady we get though, under the sun
About to let go
Show me respect though
Uno memento
We came from the bottom and rose to the top
Like the cream in your coffee, burning hot
Climbing the billboards for the number one spot
King or the block, stop for a second to watch
Look and learn and loose your top
No more bottles to drop
We still rolling
Pocket's swollen
We're locked and loaded
And the scene exploded
And we're solid as ever on any endeavor
Cypress Hill forever doesn't get any better
We came and saw and conquered it all
We're hungry for more like the kids in Darfur

We live hard still armed and dangerous
We young love be alarmed, don't play with us
Play this song, gotta bounce just to stay with us
Come along hit the bong and blaze with us

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I'm the dog and I'm undisputed
And you've been recruited
I'm the general that your boy saluted
Give you a minute to see how we do it
You've never seen such finesse 'cause you're so polluted
I'm the king in this area hombre
Knocked em out the park when I'm standing on home plate
(Come on)
So many years of blood sweat and tears
Without me the dogs stay switching the gears
I'm still the same man from back in the day
And I'm still getting luck from Africa to L.A.
Tape one hit play
Burst started to sway
Every time I leave the city fools want me to say
'Cause they stay loyal so it's harder to go
And like the lights I got's to grow
That means I'll roll but I'll return later
Give props to my and buckshot's to haters
Bup-bup!

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Raise your hands in the air like you're supposed to
And everybody scream like you're on a roller coaster
We're down with the Costra Nostra
We smashing, we sick jackin' and the Soul Assassins
Hip hop culture we fuck you both
Just as you caught in the rapture
All I hear is laughter
In a year's time some of you punks won't matter
Let's see if you can hang if you can climb the ladder
You're not a rapper you're a fucking joke
A one-track hack on a track get your pass revoked
I got keys to the city and we locking you out
Come hard for the paint and I'm blocking you out
So run for the hills and hide in the can
Just put the mic down
And be that fan
With your petty hands outside the lobby
I'm a pro get my signature
This ain't no hobby

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