

Dead Men Tell No Tales

Cypress Hill

Pam Pa Ra Ra
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Any die, if the beholder the soldier begins to bore
Four score, seven bullets (Yeah hit the floor nigga!)
Take you outdoor, darkness frightens you even more
I'm here to enlighten you, with the hardcore
Bring it raw, like the red, dead meat, in your plate
And I'll fill you up with the energy the Hill create
I gets sticky, like a green bag of the bomb diggy
Now I'm fuckin with your head, and you realize that it's tricky
Got you paranoid, feeling the void, you can't take it
The reward bein destroyed, freakazoid toy
With ya mind, all styles deployed, you find danger
in the stranger's eye, the killin comes second nature
Your battle filled up the mind it's fallin out, hear you callin out
for help, and all the fuckin yellin to is yourself
Crawlin and beggin for mercy means nothing when you bluffin
I'm pushin the button and straight dumpin on fools frontin

Boo-yah!... come on, motherfucker

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WAR pigs, you dig, see kickin out Mr. Big
Take a sip of wine, engage in a battle of the mind (Checkmate motherfucker!)
You feelin the force, meant for remorse, right from the source
Your head is, gettin fucked and I'm skippin the intercourse
Behold, the Mic Horse, you're takin a loss nigga
Got the Nina Ross, don't need no cross, my fuckin paper
chaser green bag gladiator, terminator weed germaniator
The greater the risk you fuckin hater
Hit you with the psycho beta, clickin the fader slow
with the Hi-Lo, servin the blow, who got the glow
Dead men tale no tales, you fail to see the reason
I'm easing to squeeze the trigger, go figure, it's killin season

Nighty-night, mothafucka

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