

Hole in the Head

Cypress Hill

Ganxta Ridd, whassup yo?
It's a Tribe thang

Madman gonna get cha, quick with the cuente
See a gang, no there ain't no juguete
Rollin like a pyscho with the windows rolled down
Who you lookin at, you tryin to fade me clown?
Plato, si mon, you want static
When you reach for your gat to load your automatic
(Boo-yaa!!) Spittin out buckshots
Homey say blood claat, so you can call a pig
Cause no one could handle, I wind up, and loco
Insane in the brain, you get the bullet and

A hole in your head
A hole in your fuckin head/A fuckin hole in your head
 In your head!
A hole in the/your head, a hole in the/your head
You get a hole in the head (a hole in the head) in your motherfuckin head
 Huh!/In your head
A hole in the head, a hole in the head

Eight barrel pumpin, system thumpin
See a fine heina, c'mon baby jump in
I stop to cop, here let me tell you somethin
Me and you, bruca, we should be humpin
Honey likes the mack, homey's got her in the bag
But there's vato's rollin out, and they're stickin up the flag
He jumps out with the sag, hey where ya from homes?
It's on... he sees him reachin for his chrome
Buckshot to the dome, jumps in the Brome
Honey's in the back but she just wants to go home
But he trips to the store homeboy needs a forty
White boy at the counter's thinkin oh lordy lordy!
Pushin on the button, panickin for nuttin
Pigs on the way, ayyo I smells bacon
Dips out the store, one-time hits the corner
And he hits the fuckin alley like his homes was Pop Warner
Still had the forty, comin at the alley
Seen the chief's son, pig Officer O'Malley, oink
In the black and white thinkin he's gonna check him right
Wrong, hah, it's gonna be on
That pig better suck a la chrome (P.D. 187)
A to the motherfuckin K! (You know whassup Sen)
Get your ass down! And by the way

A Scooby Doo y'all, a Scooby Doo y'all
 Scooby Doo!
A Scooby Doo y'all, a doobie doobie doo y'all
 Doobie doo!
A Scooby Doo y'all, Scooby Doo y'all!
 Scooby Doo!
A Scooby Doo y'all, a Scooby doobie Doo y'all

Six rollin up and now he's really baffled
Brother's thinkin "Damn I never got this gaffled" (to' up)
Beat down (down) on the way to the station

Gaffled up from a false accusation
Oink to the pen, you know homes the one that's where the
attitudes apply and where the punks'll be dined
Made a comb to a shank, I'm gonna stick ya
Wet ya, you know homes the picture
(Yeah you never been to jail boy!)
 Broomstick up your ass
And by the way, you get

Yeah South Central and the Westside teamed up
This is hell boy
It's a Tribe thang... straight up! It's a Tribe thang
What side is that Ridd?
Can they kick it?
Can they kick it?
Yeah, can they kick it?
I'm Sirnose and they cannot kick it