

## Locos

Cypress Hill

Orale loco  
Orale loco, Ponte las pilas wey e?  
Aquí se va a hacer el jale ahorita de volada  
Estos vatos tienen un chingo de feria  
Listo? ponte la máscara, vámonos...

Five and four, and three, and two, and one  
And we smash through the door with the quickness up  
Looking for the crop, and I heard you pussies talk about  
Don't try nothin', if you lead me to the Don't say a word, it'd be over, suicide  
smoked out, where the (cash? Dash in the room)  
Five and four, and three, and two, and one  
That's how many seconds left before your ass is done (click-clack)  
Now you heard the sound, tell me somethin' new  
This homie here won't hesitate to put a hole in you  
(Death threat, get your ass up), that's a good boy  
Would you rather put the cameras out for your Don't even think about the strap up in your backpack  
Cooperative when I leave you're still alive  
In fact, I only want your cash crop, not your life jack'  
(you can get crop), but not your life back  
So settle down, I don't wanna let the metal spray  
Lead the way, give it up and live another day  
Trees and sacks, backpack full of cash, out the door  
Hit the ride, hear my tires screechin' in the back

Yeah  
Amonos, dámelo, caete con ese paquetón  
Yo no quiero usar el cuhete no  
Es muy baqueton  
El bote no me asusta a mi  
Es como vacación  
Pero yo te asusto a ti  
Miados en el pantalón  
Cinco, cuatro, tres, dos y uno  
Yo quiero la hierba y el nudo  
Es lo que le queda a este cuetazo de budo  
Pierde puro verde o pierdes el culo  
Tu di

Ahí esta la otra que te decía loco  
Estos vatos tienen más feria  
Aquí vamos a chingar, ¿listo?  
Vámonos pues...

Weed and dough, and hoes, and hit and run  
As we graspin' for more with our pockets full  
Layin' down the plot, blueprints for another pull  
Smokin' up the spot while I quit, we're invincible  
Jack your spot and we take your shit and run  
Got my eye on my [?], it's just around the way  
Searchin' for the dogs, no guards, so it's down to play  
Judgin' by the odds we can hit it and lets hondalē  
Somos locos pocos, here we come  
Grippin' outta site  
Takin' it to other heights

Homie, go around the back  
Go in when I kill the lights  
Sack up everything  
Don't mean nothin' with a fuckin' knife  
Five and four, and three, and two, and one  
Now we in the buildin', take it all until it's done  
Fifty pounds, smell it all around, yeah we comin' up  
Easy pickin', don't be tellin' hoes, leave fucked up

Yeah  
Vámonos, dámelo, caete con ese paquetón  
Yo no quiero usar el cuhete no  
Es muy baqueton  
El bote no me asusta a mi  
Es como vacación  
Pero yo te asusto a ti  
Miados en el pantalón  
Cinco, cuatro y tres y dos y uno  
Yo quiero la hierba y el nudo  
Es lo que le queda a este cuhetazo de budo  
Pierde puro verde o pierdes el culo  
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