

# Scooby Doo

Cypress Hill

R: Scooby-Doo, y'all  
Scooby-Dooby-Doo, y'all

I remember the time them niggas tried to get me (I ain't havin' it)  
Throw your hands in the air, the Hill's live and direct, see  
So let me put my clip in, watch this nigga start flippin'  
My, why must they always be trippin'?  
Shut up, what up, fool tried to nut up  
Dropped the gat, riccocheted, the fool got cut up  
(Why'd you drop the gat, G?) I got hit from behind  
Now a nigga like me, I gotta go for mine  
Bring it on, bing, make ya bells ring  
When ya hit that pavement, what a feeling  
It's on, cracked like a baseball bat  
Oh shiiiiiiiiit, out the boot came a gat  
Pointed (aimed) the nigga said "You're through!"  
Scooby Doo! 'Cause I had a boy too!

R:

I remember the time them niggas tried to get me (I ain't havin' it)  
Throw your gats in the air if you want to come test me  
So let me just run through, as I pull out my Scooby-Doo  
I get the chills when I see that dead man's crew  
I got to get up, let's go head up, dead up  
I'm loc'ed like that, punk, that's why you're gettin' wet-up  
Want me to let up, but I ain't tryin' to hear that  
Bullshit cryin', punk, let me just clear that  
Buck a shot, lick a two shot, lick a three shot  
Ran out of ammo, damn, I ain't tryin' to get got  
Two niggas standin', dirty under-handed  
Lighter shade of fire, check my slug expanded  
Now tell me what the fuck are you gonna do  
When I pull out my Scooby-Doo?

R:

Take a good look 'cause this is the last time you're gonna see  
fat bell like this again, you fat piece a chit! Kid muchacho,  
muchacho kid, get flabby - (oh - choot that piece a chit.) You  
fuckin' lobsta piece a CHIT! I'll stomp you like a duck. And  
you ...you with your little happy chain of lighters ...you want  
to fuck with me, you fuck with the best! And you ...you with t  
he burly haircut, the Stawberry Quik guy ...you around the way,  
main, I know where you at.