

Stoned Raiders

Cypress Hill

1 for trouble, 8 for the road
7 to get ready when I'm lettin' off all my load
Funk, Buddha monk, in the trunk
I got 'cha, thumpin' so hard
Up and down the boulevard
I'm a natural born cap peela', strapped illa
I'm the west coast settin' it on, no one's reala'
Getcha fix of the uncut funk
A small dose of the skunk weed, like it's suppose to be
Move it up, just move it on out
What 'cha talkin'bout son
I took the first shot, and it's all over now
One nation under a groove
Smoke a pound for the strict of it
Everytime I make a move
Smooth and togetha
Raw like leatha
Ain't goin' out like a punk, neva

Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove
Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove

It's the numba one money maker
Money take a, few steps back I'm on a plane to Jamaica
Puffin' a fat wada, talk shit
For the fool I'm thinkin' about, I got the ruff shit
Hard rock bone breaka
Stoned Raider, in the Temple of Boom
Assurt to assume
Never be lettin' shit slide, no way
Bitch niggas can hide
But, I'll find they ass some day

Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove

Wherever you are, put 'cha muthafuckin' spliff in the air
Some dogs, like you gotta pair
When I kick to the metro
Lone clip, be lookin' around
Cause this shit ain't over with yet
People can't understand my situation
Now they cought up in the Soul Assasination
Fool, just take cover, it's all over
When I break ya off a chunk of this muthafucka

Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove
Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove
Check it out, 1, 2, Cypress groove