

# Till Death Comes

Cypress Hill

R: My game so strong, I can't go wrong  
My dough so long, baby why prolong  
Baby we get high, Baby we get dough  
Baby we can party all night till death come

We been in the game for a long time  
Yes we're battle tested  
With the time and the emotion, and the money invested  
And if you think hard  
No one elses game is tighter  
Check the network, up in ya fucking service provider  
I bought you thug shit  
Thought you drug shit  
Got you bugged shit  
Tell me what we havent done  
We run you through course son  
Leave you understanding what the street life is  
But you haters never understand  
So eat my dick  
You better  
Get on your concentration  
If you ready to roll on me  
And good bitches if you wanna unload on me  
Cause if you miss you won't get that far  
Ill have you jumping fences  
And running down the treet like a track star  
I'm at the finish line, its essential  
We so influential  
Well strip you of your street credential  
Game recognize, game we all about  
Think you can deminish mine  
Look homey I got a career

R: (2x)

They call me dog homey  
Look I don't sell woof tickets  
I got my fingers on the trigger  
And I'm ready to click it  
I never back down  
Theres nothing you cand do to me nigga  
Who the fuck are you  
Your face is really new to me nigga  
You wanna run with the dog  
Try paying your dues homes  
Bum nigga yelling every time that I use chrome  
So many niggaz, aint none of them blast, the right lights  
In the woods be stunning their ass  
I took a chance  
To advance, in my life believe it  
It takes a stand to be a man  
Plus the gang conceited  
Fools trying to be hard  
They only act the role  
You little sorry ass bitches, Ill smack you hoes  
Try to fool people  
Make em think you something your not

I'm exposing all you bitches  
By provoking the crowd  
Raw dogging, dying for some action, drama  
Your bitch shocked out  
Bullets through plastic dome

R: (2x)