

You better hope I'm chained up, shackled with a yard  
I'll snatch you by the neck, bite you like a tech  
Wreck fools when I disconnect, make you sweat  
Shit your pants, get in your step on my advance  
Catch a glance of the legendary brother who carries  
Your body and buries two more lyrics in styles varied  
Fool what? You ain't got nothin' to say  
I been backin' up east side LA, all day  
Blowin' up the best techs, the best flex  
Havin' the best sex, fuckin' in Wessex  
The hardcore shit, I know you like it raw  
'Cause ain't no other Dog breakin' the last straw

R: You better bounce, nigga, smoke an ounce, nigga  
'Cause you rollin' with the Hill and what counts is uh,  
Can you hang with us? You wanna bang with us?  
Cypress Hill, worldwide, Los Angeles  
(2x)

I don't bark, I just bite, mangle and maim niggas up  
Check your strap, they mangle us and pick us up  
Fool, now you tremblin', I give you three seconds  
To break out before you resemblin' a dead man  
A hole through your headband  
My gat's in my right hand, my plug's in my left hand, punk  
Cypress Hill worldwide, you just a local  
Don't anger me, or you can hear it in my vocal  
You don't want that strap on my hip  
To deal out, the repercussions dug a fat lip  
I'm buckin' at the room soon to the boom  
Fuckin' with your head like the 'shroom you consume

R:

Bitches, you're all thick-eyed, a weak ride  
I take money-money, make dummies all night  
Use the mic, bruise the mic, we choose the mic  
When you sorry niggas go off and lose the mic  
We choose a life right, we roll with crew tight  
See the light at the end of a tunnel - a gat barrel  
Wettin' up your flyest apparel, a cane ray  
You forget me and I'll be back to refresh your fuckin' memory  
Remember me now, Cypress Hill soldier  
Up and down the boulevard, big money folder  
You bring descript sequence with no defense  
The whole defense hittin' the bones while you sleepin'

R: