

# Cypress Hill, 16 Men Till There's No Men Left

Ladies and gentlemen  
We would like to present to you  
a group that is simply just marvelous, just marvelous  
Ladies and gentlemen, Cypress, Hill

[B-Real] 16 men on a dead man's list  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!  
[B-Real] 16 men till there's no one left  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!

[Verse One: B-Real]

So many fuckin emcees claim supremacy  
on whose got hip-hop locked, it could never be  
one who is solo, runnin the whole game  
That's bullshit, like cops never sniffed cocaine  
But I'm taking on all comers, droppin bombers  
Reducin numbers, makin it hot like the summer  
This, one emcee he couldn't deal with the skill  
Like Jack did Jill, I rolled his ass down the Hill  
Beaten broken and coughin and chokin on the rhyme  
like a hooker, suckin a dick for the first time  
His, rhyme was hollow with no flow to follow  
Bust a nut, all in your mouth, and made him swallow  
I take 16 emcees, lock em in a room  
Make em feel the contact, eatin the mushrooms  
Playin with your mind, makin you feel the Force  
Had to cancel out, two punk niggaz up in The Source  
Tried to get XXL, they still fell  
Bitches go tell your troubles to Montel

[B-Real] 16 men now there's 13 left  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!  
[B-Real] 16 men now there's 13 left  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!

[Verse Two: B-Real]

I'm trippin on the people controllin the airwaves  
Got it goin on, you know it all, but God save  
your ass for clashin with the Soul Assassin  
That's like Mike fuckin with Poppa Joe Jackson  
Ass-whoop all over the place, you can't hide behind  
the physical, better run to the spiritual  
Ass-whoop critical, or you can get it  
from the lyrical, bitch-made niggaz are invisible  
Dysfunctional, hypocritical, smile in your face  
The fuckin cynical shit brains  
As I sit back and say, TALLY-HO!  
One of these days your punk ass gonna go  
Guess you had a key to figure the fuckin flow  
but you're locked out, and the bomb's about to blow

[B-Real] 16 men let me see who's next  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!  
[B-Real] 16 men till there's no one left  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo!

[Verse Three: B-Real]

Twelve punks to go, who's next on the list  
Matter of fact I got one in my head to fix  
There was one particular fool in the circle who fell off  
Greed overcame the nigga who at all costs

changed up to gain it all, but shared none  
Who made him all the money to overcome?  
Niggaz up on the Hill, in the lab  
He was rollin big balla style, high profile  
Oh child, make me wanna act juvenile  
All smiles, right in my face, but wait a minute now  
Welcome to the 360, degrees  
Pay a fee when you fuckin your people over the cheese  
No soul, no conscience, no loyalty  
to the niggaz who got him treated, like royalty  
Aiyyo time's up, you're gonna end up seein visions  
of everybody, you fucked over, you're Scared Sober

[B-Real] 16 men till there's no one left  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho them niggaz has gotta go  
[B-Real] 16 men till there's no one left  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho them niggaz has gotta go

[Verse Four: B-Real]

Fuck the hater with the symbol and no soul  
And that bitch nigga who stole my car stereo  
Trick Deeze, gets no love, she gets nuts  
like Ass Miller, and that fuckin ex-dealer  
Can't forget the nigga who was down with the Hill-a  
And that punk who tried to dip into the squealer  
You get bucked like C. Tucker and Will Bennett  
Let me step, over the hump, and represent it  
You go down like Jerry, and get smacked  
like Trick Leo, now here's your fuckin eulogy-o!

[B-Real] That was 16 men now there's no one left  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo  
[B-Real] 16 men now there's no one left  
[SenDog] Yo-ho-ho and a bag of indo