

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 Deez, 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