

# Cypress Hill, Another Body Drops

[Verse One]

My first mission  
Running through the hood with small jacks  
My memories popping in my head recall that  
Late night creeping through the alley with six dudes  
Scraped up everybody focused no mixed views  
The sawed off pump in my hand with two shells  
The other four homies on the scene with cocktails  
One nigga looking for po po  
Someone looking through windows  
The doorbells go followed by the pump and gas bomb  
Adrenaline pumped up  
Still I remain calm  
House lit up  
You can see it for eight blocks  
Running through the hood  
Running from them fake cops  
They gave chase but they couldnt cover the streets up  
We broke out ran into the spot to meet up  
Strapped down cover up the tracks  
And back home  
Lay low earn me a strap  
Perfect

[Chorus 4X]

Shoot Em Up Bang Bang  
Another body drop  
You can't stop the hip-hop

[Verse Two]

I'll hit your block up  
Better lock up  
Fuck the gangsta shit, it don't stop a  
I'm mad dog with the bomb in the regal  
Going to the mall, and kill all your people  
Coast to coast, and a lil more evil  
The maniac killer  
Car so diesel  
Ride the block with m16  
44 mag  
Fit this here hand grenade  
I'll break it off right quick  
Niggaz be duckin when they see my bucket  
Roll down their block they high they say fuck it  
Jump back and forth  
Like a assassin  
30 yards with the inferred action  
True pistolire  
Black Doc Holiday  
Just a true raider of the modern day

[Chorus 4X]

[Verse Three]

I ran all missions  
When I was a youth so thoughtless  
G ride no fingerprints, its spotless  
6 4 sitting on easy we got this  
Rag top down like a stripper we topless  
See me hit the corner you melt down  
Slugs fly thugf die moment you fell down  
Somebody screaming yo get the hell down  
I'm certified nigga, where you sitting is spell bound  
Your dogs walking, just hearing the hell hounds

Burn you with the heaters spitting out 12 rounds  
Its life in the hood  
No escaping the gun play  
One day I'm out, gotta figure out some way  
Rats in the park  
Dark scattering thugs spray  
Got you locked in, not one slug was stray  
I found ways out, but it seems to be one way  
Gotta duck my darts back until Sunday

[Chorus 4X]