

I Ain't Goin' out Like That

Cypress Hill

Let's kick it eseComin' out da slums
It's da hoodlums
I'm pullin' my gatt out on all you bums
So bring it on when you wanna come fight this
Outlaw, kick ya like Billy Ray Cypress
Hill
Kill
I'll bust that grill
Grab my gatt, and load up the steel
And if you wanna get drastic
I'll pull out my plastic
Glock automatic
Synthetic material, bury your blocks 'n' mortar
Headed down to da Mexican border
Smokin' that smelly
Northern Cali'
Gonna put a slug in Captain O'Malley
Ho, hum
Hear the gatt come
Boooooommmmmmm!
Let me see what you'll do
It's a sin to kill a man
But I'll be damned if I don't take a stand
We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out
We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' outWe ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out
We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that
I'm high strung
Click I'm sprung
'Cause I don't live on the hum-drum
Where I'm from the gatts'll be smokin'
I'll be damned if ya think I'm jokin'
Know that I come with the static
Erratic
Four-five automatic
Screamin' at ya

The red lights beamin' at ya
No need to have to run after the punk-ass hood
In the oven I'm cooked
Dig the grave for the one who got played
Now he's under
Don't make Stevie Wonder
Why
'Cause he'll testify We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that
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We ain't goin' out like that
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We ain't goin' out We ain't goin' out like that
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We ain't goin' out
We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that I got you thinkin' "What the fuck is this?"
Lettin' you know I take care of business
Can I get a witness?
To verify when I'm to bring this
Style that makes you ecstatic
Tragic
When I get a pull of the magic buddha
When I roll with my crew
I bet ya One-time can't find my hoota!
And I'll be hitting with the belt unbuckled
Pig rollin' up but he ain't that subtle
Pulled to da curb
So we exchanged a few words
But he got me stirred up
Enough to grab the handcuffs
I'll huff and puff and blow ya head off! We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out
We ain't goin' out like that
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We ain't goin' out We ain't goin' out like that
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We ain't goin' out like that
We ain't goin' out like that "Yeah takin' your disses and dissin' ya right back. This is the Cypress
Hill crew, like main shit. Yo an' I'm talk this damn rappa, eat a bowl a
Dick up. There ya go my man over here, you can eat a bowl o' dick up too.
Anybody else need from runnin' away: yo, eat a bowl of dick up G!"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>