

# When the Sh-- Goes Down

## Cypress Hill

Livin' on fat pockets on flat wit tha gat  
Rollin' around a nine deuce Cadillac  
Still got my homies to watch my back  
And they'll smoke ya ass if you wanna come and chat  
That's why some pigs and the kids come sweatin', they follow  
A hollow point shell's hard to swallow  
Why wallow when you come to roll on? I put the clip  
And before I bring ya ass on, what chu gonna do  
Kickin' dust on your head like I bust  
My grip surrounded, I'm about ta get rushed, I'm brushed wit death  
How many shells stuffed in my closet, with my big Cognacs, cut  
When tha shit goes down ya better be ready  
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(Ya better be ready) I told tha boyz get tha sawed off glock  
And tha rest of tha gats  
As I strapped on tha bullet-proof vest  
Boom I think I got one to tha chest  
Hot damn I didn't want to kill a man shit  
I still stand tall with tha Hill Clan  
Y'all better stand back, niggaz 'bout ta fall  
I'm comin out blastin like Yosemite Sam  
Gt tha cheese an tha bread for tha ham  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>