

Boom Biddy Bye Bye (feat. Fugees)

Cypress Hill

Refugee camp, with Cypress Hill
Yo, bringin' it on Cubans meet the Haitians
Perfect combination, check it You say guns, I say pistolas
Well, if you got beef son
Callate la boca
Go meet me on the island where the Cubans meet the Haitians
A bullet beats the verbal lyrical assassination
From L A to Brooklyn why you doin' all that talkin' Think you got a soul but you're a dead man
walking
Yo, toast the host from coasts' we boast
When we meet again, I will be Casper that friendly ghost
You'll hear shots, like the Show Cops
Things are still the same, I'm still growin' crops
Wyclef with B Real, let me build better yet, killa bee kill
Yo, B Real watch your grip
Hi, boom biddy, bye, bye
Yo, open up your eyes you'll be the next one to die
Boom biddy, bye, bye
Oh, as simple as they come as the simple as they die
Boom biddy, bye, bye
Yo, who told the boy, to pack a forty five
Boom biddy, bye, bye
Now he rest in the place that they call paradise Fools run up, but they've never seen the last
Spread your last lyrics get broken like glass
Can he pass or does he possess the will
Or does he need to create to keep him straight on the real
Punks are broken some day fall off the ledge
Refugee camp bringin' it straight over the edge
You duck as I fluff the feathers from ya skin
How ya gonna win that's like Satan without no sin
They'll never happen while I'm rappin', I be watchin'
The Philistines, creepin' up in Manhattan
The sun turn up though Wyclef produce a track with muggs
But there's no survivors, they all died in the flood Hi, boom biddy, bye, bye
Yo, open up your eyes you'll be the next one to die
Boom biddy, bye, bye
Oh, as simple as they come as the simple as they die
Boom biddy, bye, bye
Yo, who told the boy, to pack a forty five
Boom biddy, bye, bye
Now he rest in the place that they call Paradise Yo, once a child, twice a villain
If this was drugs I'd make a million off this combination

They say you're dope Clef you're dope so they offer me sess and beer
Beware, you pull your wallet Mr Thief stares
The opposite direction of the room, he pulled his gun and said
I'm doomed join the Son of Man in the tomb I see the soldiers, comin' from out the shadows
Ready for battle, ain't tryin' to hear the baffled
Warriors lined up in full war gear
In it to win it if it goes on for years
Dedicated to the stable of the assassins
Revolutionaries, just bring on the action Hi, boom biddy, bye, bye
Open up your eyes, you'll be the next one to die
Boom biddy, bye, bye
Oh, as simple as they come as the simple as they die
Boom biddy, bye, bye
Yo, who told the boy, to pack a forty five
Boom biddy, bye, bye
Now he rest in the place that they call Paradise Soldier man rewind selector soldier man
Refugee soldier man, Brooklyn soldier man
L A massive soldier man
New Jersey massive soldier man
Uptown massive soldier man
Long Beach massive soldier man
You know the whole world watches soldier man Boom biddy bye bye
Open up ya eyes you'll be the next one to die
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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