

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>