

# 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  
Boooooommmmm!  
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  
We ain't goin' out  
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' 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  
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We ain't goin' out 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 "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!"