

Failbait (feat. Cypress Hill)

deadmau5

Burn like a furnace, keep it hot like a thermos
It's the realest at your service, now I'm on a higher purpose
And you haters don't deserve us, but we give it to you like a virus
We are the highest motherfuckers, ruling from the hills of Cypress
Mister magnificent, you're insignificant
See what is in my weed sack, bitch try sniffing it
Sendin I hittin it, smells so aromatic
Smoking out the room, sorry homie it's a fuckin habit
Mad dough comfortably shadowed the fuckin sun
Run up on me, and watch a nigga, give you some
I'm swinging for the fence, blasting up home runs
Go with a knife, cut your ass, like a show gun
A little somethin for the peasant, yankin on my chain
You the reason niggas sing about the membrane
Running round like a clown, actin hell strange
On the real the world forgot about your punk name
We are the hill, we came to get you high
They're calling me insane, why? You must wanna die
So high so high so high
Shittin on you bitches, like a bird, when he's flying by
We are the hill, we came to get you high
They're calling me insane, why? You must wanna die
So high so high so high See my mind's at the pinnacle, stress levels are minimal
You see a criminal, labeled defined unwinnable
You're so cynical, smoke like is fuckin legal
Either way the people represent if nothin equal
Yeah, spark it up. Date, time, walk it off
You got a problem? I'm a Rolling Stone startin up
You stop me on a promise, you will never stop
Last thing you hear is the blast, when the hammer drops
When you with a sick click, we uncheckable
Cypress Hill misfits bring it through the vegetables
Bringin a cloud of smoke, representable
The highest man to toke, and his general
The nature stands with us, ready for war
We done talking two digits and we still want more
I could call you up by name, but what the fuck for?
You under my sneaker that I stomp on the floor
We are the hill, we came to get you high
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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