

Checkmate (Hang'em High Remix Radio Edit)

Cypress Hill

[sen dog]

bout to mash these niggaz man
don't come in my backyard motherfucker
hahaha, b-real and the dog, motherfucker!

ha! yeah

Here we go y'all, that's the nigga head dog
lunatic smokin loops, loose in your sector
got my eye on em, on the apparatus
like a bone to a dog, yea you know i gotta have it
anywhere you get it shit, and i'ma grab it
turn around stares to your face and i jab it
drop you, like one of those ill bad habits
hunt you, like a hillbilly huntin a rabbit
cuttin niggaz up like muggs on the wheels
for reals, penitentiary steel
pull heads to bed from the choke of a headlock
fadin baldheads to perms, even dreadlocks
bwoy, rudebwoy with me style
i can get foul or wild, or just cool for a while

Chorus: b-real, sen dog

(checkmate fool!) hang em high

got the live shit, bang em whenever you/he wanna try
shoot to thrill, be at the hill, i/we take em all
(checkmate fool!) wherever the pawns fall

* repeat 2x *

[b-real]

look look punk, every way you get shook
to the pawn, takin out the rook, off of the book
lights get token, taken you for satan
you can't breathe, no need to look up and see me
the last hope, when you mellow you call whoever
for the hype shit, you call the hill, put it together
runnin this game, bringin the same, raw shit
over the hills, through the city we come equipped
to the letter, keepin your temperature down low
what i reveal, the good shit to heal all souls
makin you roll late night, you trippin, my game's tight
to the new shit i bring, never the same hype
so push that shit off, get up, don't let off

no matter how much blood you spit up
you could never be, fuckin with greenthumb
the outcome's specific, you spliff it, collapsed lung
we hit hard, breakin your guard, you can't tell
when the bells ring, bustin your shell, the pawn fell

Chorus

(peek-a-boo, you fuck you!)

[sen dog]

i'ma freak that funk yea slam it in the trunk
i'ma kill all junk with the suicide clunk
ain't nobody came my way, talkin bout
the westside of l.a., so whatever
punk-ass click you claim, you keep bumpin that shit
and elevate your frame, cause i want that
big-time, asshole, studio gangsta
worth a lot of shit, but that's not the main factor

[b-real]

my nigga sen's rollin again, remember when
we rocked shows, battlin foes, the time's been long
strong with the styles, you ain't hear to win
like blood pourin out of the pen, the ink stains
slim chance if it gets in your brain, the hot flash
got you heated with repeated attacks over the tracks
smack niggaz up, back niggaz up, hack niggaz up
jack niggaz up, hangin the wack niggaz up
snowball effect, we rollin the city limits
crushin the bitch-ass niggaz with all the gimmicks

Chorus

[sen dog]

checkmate fool!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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