

Killa Hill Niggas

Cypress Hill

"Aqui la gente, la gente no sirve pa' mierda
Aqui yo soy, yo soy el Capitan Pingaloca y to' mundo aqui,
Me sirve a mi o va pa'l carajo. Oye, revolucion compadre!"In the midst of the madness no question, who's the
baddest

MC's in the game running for the status
Take a few seconds to review the crews
Sitting on top is the Hill looking over you
Killa Hill Niggas, cream in my dream
Cooking up a scheme for all them big bank figures
The world is yours, but it can be mine and his
Bust you out the frame, I don't give a fuck who it is
Number one mission, opposition
Get thrown sent home in dead position
In the casket, best wishes
At the bottom of the lake, sleeping with the fishes
Full out search for the body
Of the MC's who be coming to disrupt the party
No wins, no ends, no way

That I'm ever gonna let ya come back again!Check my dramatics, brains get splattered, dreams shattered

Sabas get blasted for words he packaged
Peep the sequence, crab adolescents, on his defense
Power-you niggas talking fast like Puerto Ricans
What you seeking, son I catch cream like Dominicans
Last Mohican, lyrics I'm speaking, wild as Indians
Tomahawk, Shaoling slang, the violent talk
Upstate New York, where chumps get extorted for Newports
What you thought?Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
That I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
That that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
That I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
That I'm ever gonna let ya come back againWords drop in chant, the cheeky-eyed slant
I'm taking these cannabis plants yo for grant'
Exotic, narcotic, tunes slam soon
From a dune in the desert Mega-Babylon pleasure
Coming out the dime piece, smell my aroma
Warrior nomad, put you in a coma

Comma, llama, smash-crashing your armor
Drama, I'm a, stealth aircraft bomber
Here is where I dwell at the gates o' hell
It ain't where you're from it's where you're in the mentals
And if not yo, credentials are essential
I see reality, few things surrounding me
Three like a spread, precise strikes the lyric
Not fronting or bragging, hundred percent red dragon
Pine fragranced lyrics, the rhymes you can't imagine
The globe-trotter, call me Meadowlark Lemon
Five part criminal, two part felon That I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
That that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
That that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
That I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back,
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
That I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger

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