

# Doin' Time In the Cypha

## Mad Skillz

\*Bunch of emcees talkin about a cypha\*{Verse 1}

I put roots on emcees who try to fade these, lyrics  
    kid please, i got the microphone disease  
    and i don't joke when it's time to go to work  
whack emcees play like Pee-wee Herman and get jerked  
    in the cypher mad skillz gets hyper  
more heads show up, and now the shits gettin tighter  
    huh, i find it hard to breathe, bass line strummin  
    money is gettin hot but the lyrics keep, comin'  
    feel like i'm trapped inside my mother's womb  
    adrenaline's flowin, it's bound to be a battle soon  
    peep it, this is our secret garden  
    niggas'll represent and end up heads-a-noddin  
        on the corners, whithout the mics  
        inside the clubs, whithout the spotlights  
    packed and tight like we were all doin the bid  
    fuck were ya from it's time to shoot ya lyrics kid  
    yo flip the script, if you'll act time'll tell  
        aww shit my man lit up the L  
        so you go for your's, i'ma go for mine  
        rapper after rapper, rhyme after rhyme  
    hardcore punchlines and then comes the riddles  
    it's like gettin high when i'm standin in the middle  
        so freestyle fanatics and ya badass writers?  
ya shit aint real unless it's real in the cypher, uhChorus: (x4)

    On the corners, brothas bobbin' heads  
    from them all doin time in the cypha{verse 2}

    The cypha keeps it real! bring nothin' but ya flowin'  
    minus the static and some batteries for your radio, 'cause yo  
        skills are vital if ya enter  
    i've seen niggas lose titles just for standin in the, center  
        can ya feel it? can ya feel the vibe?  
    it looks like we beefin' to the people walkin by  
        the feeling's real and aint nobody fake  
        so go acapella while my man flips the tape  
            i close my eyes and think for a while  
    money changed the beat, different heads, different styles, yeah  
        who's next to flex? yeah you know the deal  
    chillin in the cypha where the shit is maaaaad realChorus{verse 3}

Representation, minus confrontation  
keeps shit funky with the funky sensation  
so step up kid, come on kid step up front  
and peep out my man while he's rhymin with the blunt  
some kids bring the funk, some kids bring the dissin  
some kids are just whack, but everybody's listenin'  
yeah ya gotta give respect, ? when respect is due  
fuck the bullshit, and the cypha shit is true  
the rhymes get spit and the 40's get tapped  
some niggas don't have jack, some niggas got contracts  
representation keep the brothas tighta

peace to emcees who did time in the cyphaChorusyeah, keepin it live for '95, no doubt... it's cypha time, only  
emcees know  
what i'm talkin about.... yeah....

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