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 comfrontation
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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