

Audio X (Featuring Barron Ricks)

Cypress Hill

"t minus 10 9 8 7 6. 5 4 3 2 1. zero!"

(blast off!)

Come inside hello everybody welcome

Think you better be ready for the battle when the shit goes down

Cause we warring

All you fuckin yellow comets runnin from the front line

If anybody wanna get away hey

I'll find your fuckin ass in due time

Run and seek shelter but you never will escape

Flippin over the gate, cause you can't wait

To get your fuckin ass away

But you're trapped, and there's no way out of this mushroom cloud

But you never wanna realize that i'm planted

In your mind now

Cypress hill compound, you could hear the sound

Let another motherfucker run up

And i'll put your ass down (down)

Then i'll peel from your cap the cypress hill star

Quick look around, you can't hide

You just might die right where you are

b-real

Audio x... we gonna your blow your head up (up)

Synthetic flows, they gonna make you get up

Give me any record and i'll flip it any style

Niggaz can't help it, cause they bumpin the shit loud

Aiyyo whasup kid, feel the rush, glad you kept in touch

With these niggaz who be puffin on the dutch

Bustin guns, lay back in the cut

Can it be, it's just a dream when you're on your scene smokin the

Green

Cause ain't shit never what you think it seem

From the streets where life ain't cheap

Cypress hill, soul assassins, while you askin, "who dat rappin?"

We get all up inside your grill, with the skill

Shoot to kill when it's time for action

See you can't hide, from this homicide, that ain't no lie

Better kiss that black ass goodbye

When you try to play these wiseguys

So who's complainin when we intensify the levels on the rhyme

You better get ready for the battle when the shit goes down
Because we are the wild
"audio terrorists
Mic specialists
About to blow this
Blast off"

Lookin in your eyes, i see your body bag figure
Better be ready for the battle when the shit goes down
Cause it's on nigga

What you wanna do, you better pay close attention
Let it be known, i control the zone
Beyond your comprehension
Blunt session, you feel the tension begin to rise
Fuck and feed him, if they can't take a joke
And get high

I'm feelin lye, in my lungs, what the deal bro?
So many people wanna hit my joint
But they never got none
Imagine that bullshit, happens all the time
Niggaz better start growin they own
They cannot fuck with mine
Give me any record and i'll flip it any style
Beginners better run back to the lab
And practice for a while
"this has been another audio x explosive
Blast off!"

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

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