

# Checkmate

## Cypress Hill

Bout to mash these niggaz man  
Don't come in my backyard motherfucker  
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 hunting a rabbit  
Cuttin niggaz up like Muggs on the wheels  
for reals, penitentiary steel  
Pull heads to bed from the choke of a headlock  
Fading bald heads to perms, even dreadlocks  
Boy! Rudebwoy with me style  
I can get foul or wild, or just cool for a while (Checkmate fool!) Hang em high  
Got the live shit, bang em whenever you/he want to try  
Shoot to thrill, be at the Hill, I/we take em all  
(Checkmate fool!) Wherever the pawns fall  
(Checkmate fool!) Hang em high  
Got the live shit, bang em whenever you/he want to try  
Shoot to thrill, be at the Hill, I/we take em all  
(Checkmate fool!) Wherever the pawns fall Look look punk, every way you get shook  
To the pawn, taking out the rook, off of the book  
Lights get tooken, 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  
Running this game, bringing the same, raw shit  
Over the hills, through the city we come equipped  
to the letter, keeping your temperature down low  
What I reveal, the good shit to heal all souls  
Making you roll late night, you tripping, 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, fucking with Greenthumb  
The outcome's specific, you spliff it, collapsed lung

We hit hard, breaking your guard, you can't tell  
when the bells ring, busting your shell, the pawn fell(Checkmate fool!) Hang em high  
Got the live shit, bang em whenever you/he want to try  
Shoot to thrill, be at the Hill, I/we take em all  
(Checkmate fool!) Wherever the pawns fall  
(Checkmate fool!) Hang em high  
Got the live shit, bang em whenever you/he want to try  
Shoot to thrill, be at the Hill, I/we take em all  
(Checkmate fool!) Wherever the pawns fall(Peek-a-Boo, you fuck you!)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, talking bout  
the Westside of L.A., so whatever  
punk-ass click you claim, you keep bumping 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 factorMy nigga Sen's rolling again, remember when  
we rocked shows, battling foes, the time's been long  
Strong with the styles, you ain't hear to win  
Like blood pouring 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 niggas up, back niggas up, hack niggas up  
Jack niggas up, hanging the wack niggas up  
Snowball effect, we rolling the city limits  
Crushing the bitch-ass niggas with all the gimmicks(Checkmate fool!) Hang em high  
Got the live shit, bang em whenever you/he want to try  
Shoot to thrill, be at the Hill, I/we take em all  
(Checkmate fool!) Wherever the pawns fall  
(Checkmate fool!) Hang em high  
Got the live shit, bang em whenever you/he want to try  
Shoot to thrill, be at the Hill, I/we take em all  
(Checkmate fool!) Wherever the pawns fallCheckmate fool!

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