

# Throw Your Hands in the Air

## Cypress Hill

Yeah

Bust how we gonna bounce off this ninety-five soul assassins

Cypress hill joint.

Yo we want everybody out there to throw their hands up...

...so get it on kid! Fresh is the word, when i display my rappin forte

Quicker done than o.j., hey

I freaks my shit, e the lyrical master

Stress me out, no doubt, i might have to blast ya Let me ask ya, can i gets busy one time?

And unwind and chill, with cypress hill

Huh, i go on with my bad self

I'm the four pound toter, the phil blunt smoker Believe me not, i'm wicked like three sixes

I'm dooper than the pete rock remixes

Never walk through the crowd sluggish

I'm hardcore to the bone, i'm thuggish ruggish The green-eyed, bandit, i be errrick serrrmon

I gets real determined

And one for the trouble, and two for the bass

I take it to your face with this here lyrical mace And if you don't know, why'all better recognize

I'm coming through with speed, with pounds of weed Ahh shit, another one of those gangsta hits

Niggaz want to get busy with the ultimate

Fools get real, yo i'm representin the hill

With chips and clips and tons of blue steel So who wants to be the first nigga to die?

Then try and test this, buddha blessed gemini

You get thrown sent home in a coffin

Punk stuff don't make it back, very often I got erick to take care of the sermon

Ashes to ashes, dust, bodies burnin

Bustin open the doors to the temple

Takin you to the dark side of your mental [Chorus: b-real]

Kickin it to the brothers on the corners, in the alleys

Throw your hands in the air

Kickin it to the brothers on the corners, in the alleys

Throw your hands in the air [Chorus] I rhyme tricky, the sticky smoka with the mind itchy

Finger up on the pen, be like "he the bomb, dicky!"

These off-keys mc's hawk me, they won't get off me

So i kill em softly and use em as walkie talkies \*bzzzzt\* Turn up my level adjust my voice pitch

Hoist this diagnosis, comatosis

Is what i leave your crew with, boom bip or some two and two shit

Raw silk, 'cause you do it to my music \*funk doctor spock\* lock the hypiest

Individual, to put criminal in diapers

With my nigga e and cypress, what i write bitch

You swore, it was a nuclear war, crisis  
In your back yard, word to god, def squad!  
With my nigga keith in the place takin charge  
Word up you'll get hurt up like the jury callin murder  
You're deaf 'cause i freak shit you neva heard off [Chorus]  
Steppin to the park in the hill you can't hang  
The original baby gangsta on this compton thang  
Don't slip, the late night hype, is when i dip  
Boo-yaa is the sound from a lonely clip  
Can't feel me, if i was crack you'd try to steal me  
Heard you, and your little crew, want to peel me  
Keep your hands on your hood, you get got  
The green-eyed bandit, cypress hill, and the funk doctor spock  
You wish you could hang, like i hang  
Dwells in the see-p-t, the hood thing  
G, the trigga finger, i'ma get you  
Hit you, the tech 9, i'ma split you  
Ain't no poppin, no stoppin  
Tick to the tock, tick tock i hit your block  
Throw your hands in the air, don't bite this  
I squeeze, nigga please, the e down with cypress [Chorus] [Outro: Sen Dog]  
Alright, for everybody  
All our peeps out on the corners  
All the alleyways  
For all our decased  
Incarcerated peeps, brothers on the streets  
Nineteen ninety-five  
Soul assassins in your mind

Songwriters

NOBLE/SERMON/FREESE/TYLER/MUGGERRUD Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, DELLA MUSIC PUBLISHING, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>