

# Funk Freakers

## Cypress Hill

Let me introduce my self  
I'm the one who rules the set  
So don't you forget  
Bad for ya health but ya still be tryin' ta push buttons  
But you ain't nothin', no frontin  
I bring the level up a little louder  
In the clubs, an' the jeeps an' the after hours  
Fools on the street want to feel the funk  
Looking for the 'skunk' that's what'cha want  
Ya better, sit back and let the track flow  
Like smoke in ya lungs from puffin' on the indo  
Rhythms upside ya brain, can ya hang, can maintain  
Can ya feel the funk flowin' in ya veins  
Get ya fix and ya bag of tricks  
In tha mix I got the stix and stones a few bricks  
I'm gonna hit 'em high  
He's gonna hit 'em low  
Open up ya mind so that you can feel the flow  
On, an' on till there all gone  
Fools be runnin' but they won't last long  
I'm the freaka  
People always want to get what you got, no matta what  
Can't take care of themselves in the big hunt  
In the quest for the crown  
An' the jewels, and the cheese  
Motherfucker please  
Enemies want to plot against me with envy in they hearts  
But, I rip their sorry ass apart  
In a minute, I can take ya to the limit  
Temperature risen, nasal highzen  
Comin' back in with the lows, for the fows  
Fuckin' up egos, an' anybody, oppose  
The number one skunk freaka, the Cypress Hill cliqua  
Blowin' a hole in tha speaker  
You don't want to dis the Perro, the Real One, or the Werro  
Slangin' rythems through the ghetto  
Ya best keep ya ass in cheak  
Come on little mutha fuckas betta show respect  
An what's next, the big brown takin' ya down  
How ya feel (how ya feel punk)  
When your sorry ass can't hang with the Hill

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