Doin' Time in the Cypha

Mad Skillz

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, without the mics
Inside the clubs, without 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 ain't real unless it's real in the cypher, uh[Chorus: x4]
On the corners, brothas bobbin' heads
From them all doin' time in the cyphaThe 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 ain't 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 mad real[Chorus]Representation, minus confrontation
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 cypha[Chorus]Yeah, keepin' it live for '95, no doubt
It's cypha time, only emcees know
What I'm talkin' about
Yeah

Songwriters
ROY AYERS, WILLIAM ALLEN, PHILIP WOO, DONNIE LEWISPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/