

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
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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
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(Checkmate fool!) Wherever the pawns fallCheckmate fool!

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