

# Real Estate

## Cypress Hill

You'll waste time to hurt her, sorta like murder  
A duck with the public's favorite rhyme order  
I ain't no waiter or hater of a spectator  
Seekin' to find the toys, with no flavor  
See I'm talkin' about those whose vocals ain't comin' off  
A skill to kill at will, but awfully dumb of course  
Some go nut, the power of the last one  
Slower, flower, blower  
Those who ain't pros I wet my stupid radio  
'Cause he needs a G when you listen to the vocal  
I'm not a loco but I'm lookin' just 'til punk go, oh  
Now you can't see I'm real great?  
Check out the story to the glory of the real estate  
All these motherfuckers that wanna run up on the Hill  
Step off! You know why?  
This shit is all about boo-yaa, 'cause I said step off!  
This is the crime you find you're not an exponent  
Doggone it, another gonna mierda on it  
Now you're wishin', fishin' you could do this  
But on the strength, yo, I think you knew  
This was just like a dream  
When you supreme, the king of a minor ?  
All for 47, [Incomprehensible] eleven  
Got hit with a pitch like a bitch and went to heaven  
Weak ducks, duckin' and buckin'  
Sayin' "Fukkit", ain't worth damn pay the ducats  
From my public, my favorite subject, I loves it  
So go 'head, talk your punk shit  
Suckers, you're nuttin', you'll like a train stoker  
Crack smoker, can we adjust we choker  
Ohh, now you can't see I'm real great?  
Check out the story to the glory of the real estate  
Heh heh heh, another soft pussy motherfucker  
Another fly verse straight from the deficit  
Another scripture of B-Real, yeah, get funky, real  
This is the Lower Eastside of things  
You know what I'm sayin', Cypress Hill  
You ain't flamboyant, a toy boy on it  
Ain't paid a plot, for un-em-b-boyment

I won't, 'cause yo, I got a lot of what I gotcha  
Plus I taught ya, the beat on the top of  
Everythin' you know, still you can't do no  
Damage or duel though aiyyo, 'cause our crew now  
The Real is the sport and you can see this  
G-ness dialogue, of the real skiers  
I ain't nuttin' like a joke, get stoned, get smoked  
And choke off, the hypes I cook off  
The dialectic, funk-elastic  
Chew slower or become another statistic  
Ohh, now you can't see I'm real great?  
Check out the story to the glory of the real estate  
Yo, I told you to keep down brother  
The motherfuckers just don't learn nothin' G, wake up Hill  
They gotta keep goin' back to the old school  
So they keep goin out, 'cause they're just not real  
Ha yeah, that's right fool  
Yes the master pass, kick your ass  
And feel combustion, for the dope blast  
'Cause you're steppin' on my property, get off it G  
Get caught up, then you get shot up  
See, violators will be prosecuted  
by the reputed, undisputed, Cypress zooted  
Not so, no there's no sellout  
You ain't got enough ducats to shell out  
Well, I'm in front, and yo, I feel great  
Check out the story to the glory of the real estate  
Yeah, roaches come in but they don't come out G  
Don't come on the Hill, that's right  
Get off the real estate, get off the real estate  
Get off the real estate, get off the real estate

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