Funk Freakers

Cypress Hill

Let me introduce myself, 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 wanna feel the funk

Lookin' for the 'skunk' that's what'cha wantYa betta, sit back and let the track flow

Like smoke in ya lungs from puffin' on the indo

Rhythms upside'cha brain, can ya hang, can maintain?

Can ya feel the funk flowin' in ya veins?

Get'cha 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 longI'm the freaka

I'm the freakaPeople always wanna 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 wanna 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 highzenComin' back in with the lows for the fows

Fuckin' up egos, an' anybody, oppose

The numba one skunk freaka, the Cypress Hill cliqua

Blowin' a hole in tha speaker

You don't wanna dis the Perro, the Real One, or the Werro

Slangin' rhythms through the ghetto, ya best keep ya ass in cheek

Come on, little mutha fuckas betta show respect

An what's next, the big brown takin' ya down

How ya feel, when your sorry ass can't hang with the hillI'm the freaka

I'm the freaka

I'm the freaka
I'm the freakaCan ya feel the effects of the chocolate tide?
Nobody even knows how I kick the flow
Slow down, 'cause ya commin' up too fast
Ya might get smacked down 'cause ya got no class

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