

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>