

# Kronologik

## Cypress Hill

You don't know no real shit, nigga  
This the original Cypress Hill shit, nigga  
We numb niggas, ya don't feel shit, nigga  
You ain't on no real shit, nigga  
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'91, Cypress Hill burst upon the scene  
Three crazy, gun-totin' niggas smokin' weed  
Talkin' about life on records was the whole plan  
So we put out the phunky feel, but you were feelin' guilty and kill a man  
That was about the time we was openin' up for loyalty?  
Didn't know shit, we were jus' tryin' to rock the party  
'92, a year later, 'bout a million records sold  
From doin' shows like lollapalooza on the road  
Buildin' up momentum, whilst spittin' deadly venom  
Takin' pictures for high times, me mugs and sen  
Chillin' with the beastie boys, smokin' lots of weed  
But it was time to hit the studio for another LP  
'93, black Sunday hits, with critical acclaim  
Had a monster hit from insane in the brain  
Topped the charts, held the spot, for six weeks to boot  
It was a trip to note, that we was the first ones to do it  
In rap music, but it was a feat none the less  
So we started gettin' paid and I stopped smokin' stress  
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'94 still in the door and we conquered many tours  
With Rage Against The Machine, House Of Pain and many more  
Was even invited to Woodstock, some niggas from the block  
Called up Eric Bobo and half a million rocked  
How could all this happen at 24 years of age?

Half a million bouncin' to your shit from off the stage  
'95 I was alive and survived so far  
Still tryin' to cope with bein' a rap star  
'Cos that's the type of shit that can really affect your mental  
This was evident, in the way I broke the tempo  
With confusin', pain, enhanced illusions  
But I still kept my set up with the critics bein' abusive  
Even the record company, they became illusive  
When it comes to showin' support for the Cypress institution  
'96 wit' no support we were still makin' moves  
Cypress Hill, in the summer, we were on the Smokin' Grooves  
But like every legend every click, someone had to split  
So the Dogg left the house, shit was gettin' kinda thick  
I was with the electric lady, we was talkin' about babies

But the groupies on the road don't help me from misbehavin'  
You don't know no real shit, nigga  
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You ain't on no real shit, nigga  
'97 was the trip, it was the year we killed the feud  
Between us and Cube, over shit nobody knew  
The Dogg came back home but after Smokin' Grooves 2  
Chillin' with George Clinton and Erykah Badu  
This was a crazy time, we were flowin' off the boo  
Niggas on stage, trippin' on the 'shrooms  
'98 was kinda great, 'cos it felt just like before  
We hit the studio, recorded Cypress Hill IV  
But someone dropped the ball, as I still recall  
'Cos it felt Cypress Hill got no support at all  
We did the last Smokin' Grooves, but did it all with Sen  
And the old chemistry, just reared it's head again  
'99 I got to recline, because there was no doubt  
That the first year was a success, of the Smoke Out  
'99 was even better than the year of '98  
And Skull And Bones was comin' out, kickin' from the gate  
Two-thousand fifteen million records sold  
They broke the mold, but there's others along the road  
But we still keep rollin' on from Heaven to Atlantis  
Droppin' shit in English and makin' albums in Spanish  
Two-thousand and one! God damn, who knows what's in store?  
Just as long as motherfuckers know, who's knockin' on the door  
We remain unjaded and still we go unfaded  
See how long we made it and never been outdated  
We ain't goin' out, motherfucker

That's right, fuck that!  
You don't know  
That's big time Cypress Hill  
Motherfuckin' renovators up here  
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You don't know no real shit, nigga  
This the original Cypress Hill shit, nigga  
We numb niggas, ya don't feel shit, nigga  
You ain't on no real shit, nigga  
It's the real  
Nigga, nigga  
Ni-ni-nigga  
This the original Cypress Hill shit, nigga  
Nigga, nigga  
Nigga  
Cypress, nigga!  
Yeah!

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