

Cypress Hill Feat. Rza, U-god

"Killa Hill"

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[Capitan Pingaloca]

"Esto no me gusta. Aqui la gente, la gente no sirve pa'
mierda. Aqui

yo soy, yo soy Capitan Pingaloca. Y to' mundo aqui, me
sirve a mi o va

pa'l carajo. Oye... revolucion compadre!"

[B-Real]

In the midst of the madness

No question, who's the baddest

MCs in the game runnin for the status

Take a few seconds to review the crews

Sittin' on top is the Hill lookin' over you

Killa Hill Niggas

Cleaned in my dream

Cookin' up a scheme

For all them big bank niggas

The world is yours, but it can be mine and his

Bust you out the frame, I don't give a fuck who it is

Number one mission, opposition

Get dumb, succumb and then position

In a casket, best wishes

At the bottom of the lake, sleepin' with the fishes

Full out search for the body

Of the MCs who be comin' to disrupt the party

No wins, no ends, no way

That I'm ever gonna let ya come back again!

[RZA]

Check my dramatics

Brains get splattered

Dreams shattered

Sabas get blasted for words he packaged

Beat the sequence

Bravado lessons on his defense

Pile you niggas talkin' fast like Puerto Ricans

What you seekin'

Son I catch clean like Dominicans

Last Mohican

Witness I'm speakin, loud as Indians, tomahawk

Shaolin slang, the violent talk

Upstate New York

Where chumps get extorted for Newports

What you thought

[B-Real]

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger

Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again

The' the' the' then I'm never gonna let ya come back again

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger

Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again

Ease back, ease back

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger

Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again

[Capitan Pingaloca]

"Y ya esta dicho. Todos los que no les guste mi 'rebote'
van a morir.

Yo le voy a meter una bala a la cabeza a cualquier
maricon, que no me

persiga a mi a la 'singadapuerta'. Oye, hijo puta!
Quiero quemarte la

cara!"

[U-God]

Words droppin' chant

The check DI slant

I'm taking these cannabis plants

Yo for granted

Exotic narcotic

Tunes slam soon

From a dune

In the desert

Mega-Babylon pleasure

Comin' out the domepiece, smell my aroma

Warrior nomad

Put you in a coma

Comma

Llama

Smash-crashin' your armor

Drama

I'm a

Stealth aircraft bomber

Here is where I dwell

At the gates o' hell

It ain't where you're from

It's where you're in the mentals

And if not, yo' credentials

Are essential

I see reality

View things surrounding me

Free like a spread, precise strikes the lyric

Not frontin' or braggin'

Hundred percent red dragon

Pine fragranced lyrics, the rhymes you can't imagine

The globe-trotter, call me Meadowlog Lemon

Five part criminal, two part felon

[B-Real]

Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again

The' the' the' then I'm never gonna let ya come back
again

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger

The' then I'm never gonna let ya come back again

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger

Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again

Ease,

Ease back

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger

Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again

Ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger

[Capitan Pingaloca]

"Esta dicho! Aqui, la revelacion! No se la ve por television. Todos

los maricones del norte, que los voy a matar yo. Va a ser aqui en nuestro

pais. Y todos los 'singamasones', que estan singando un mundo. Tambien,

van a ver la muerte de ellos mismos, lo en las manos de ellos. Un dia,

va a ser sangre, mucha sangre. La peste de los cuerpos muertos, vas a

oir, que se va a hueler. Hasta los Estados Unidos, estos cabrones, que con la democracia, que nos 'tan singando en el culo. Todos son unos mismos cabrones..."

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