

Cypress Hill F/ MC Eiht

"Prelude To A Come Up"

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[MC Eiht]

Geeyeah, Soul Assassins two times, stick em!

Geeyeah, Cypress Hill three times, come on!

Geeyeah..

Infiltration be our daily operation for chasin

Cross the seven seas eased, clockin much
conversation

Penetration, you know we gets busy, no hesitation

Greenery, hand-picked, from my own plantation

Feels the heat, under the som-brero

to any amigo that's tryin to, stop the dineros

Chills with, señoritas, like charro

Get drunk off tequila lay low til tomorrow

Follow, my flow, get the cash and go

Call my homey B-Rizzy in Mexico City

Loose lips sink ships, faker faces got guilt

Didn't mean to call you late, I need a hideout til..

cool, homey, I'll bring some fuckin skunk

The homey smuggle me across lines in a trunk

Just like a bird I'm free, in a land

with no fuckin extradition treaty, I'm out, geeyeah

"Shit is real on the motherfuckin Hill God" (2X)

"With the crew from off the Hill"

[B-Real]

B-Really killin the Phillie now can you feel me from the
Soul Assassin committee, the shitty niggaz never thrill
me

You silly bitches never respect, neglect money

You funny or broke, think it's a joke, your nose is runny

Got my main man, Mr. Rocho kickin the vocals

from the Eastside, where it's loco sellin the poco

From the two G's, breakin the leaves of cheese, makin
the bacon

You hear it sizzle got your hands ready for the takin

Evading the pigs, raiding my crib, I'm mad lib

and I wanna live and I'm givin the message droppin the
lesson

Flippin shit, and I'm keepin em guessin they all stressin

Hit the lullaby, no confession, we in session

"Shit is real on the motherfuckin Hill God" (4X)

"With the crew from off the Hill"

[MC Eiht]

We's beez the three amigos, skates with nickel plates
under the seat and we goes East Coast/West Coast,
anybody killer!

Soul Assassins gets the cash and smash *vroom*

Who spits the Glocks like uno and dos?

Makin your body dissapear like a ghost

One time's tryin to gaffle me, harassin me

tryin to send me to the penitentiary

[B-Real]

In the nighttime, niggaz are creepin you fuckin sleepin

And the beat, just keeps on seepin into the street

While you peakin I'm meetin and greetin the people
speakin

and leadin the motherfuckers who's seekin to catch,
ruckus

Meaning you suckers no-luckers overdub us, nut hug
us

You love us, you can't stop, these mad audio hustlers

"Shit is real on the motherfuckin Hill God" (5X)

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