

Cypress Hill F/ Roni Size

"Floatin' Through the Cosmos"

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[Erotic D]

Live and direct from your favorite place

The Black Hole

And we go on and on

On and on, on and on

To the break of dawn

Eric Breed

(What up?)

Big ballin MC

And E

[Breed]

Erotic got the beats

Drive your ass psychotic

(That's right)

(Who there on the hook, bitch, look)

[VERSE 1]

Trip the light fantastic with me

And when I shoot through your city

Blaze up a fat-o, and let's go get busy

Breed do it to you everytime, hit you with the
unexpected

Connect the beats and rhymes, and then perfect it

Now I'ma roll and you gon' roll with me

One Puff, the blunt I roll'll sho' get me, now you can hit
me

With the Hen dog, a thin fog surround my scalp

And if I get to trickin, bitch, you on a salary cap

Big Baller Eric, got the suit, so I'ma wear it

But my muthafuckin dove is my one and only love

I can't think without my drink, so nigga, pass it

Then take two big-ass pulls of the blunt and then
amass it

Float with Breed through the galaxy

The cosmos belongs to me, it's my galery

And it don't matter we ballin in the highest degree

>From F-l-i-n-t Breed gettin high as could be

I'm finna fly on weed

[CHORUS]

Floatin through the cosmos, rollin pimp shit, gettin high

Givin a fuck about those space-age hoes, these One
Puff niggas know why

[VERSE 2]

Now I'ma paint a picture for ya (fascinatin)
Illustratin how we keep your ass giratin
And playa-hatas spectatin, waitin for the next
collaboration I drop
It's the bomb with Erotic, you know it, you know it's all
that
Fly and you can fly with me when I bounce to
interplanetary limits
I'm in it to win it, fuck a gimmick
I got a secret, when the beat hit
Worldwide it's hard to hide cause I freak shit
A penny for your thoughts, a million plus for mine
You say I'm fallin off, but you ain't even known to get
your own
Platinum-slappin em haters with my latest disc
Can you detect what's comin next from the flex of my
wrist?
And the shit be off the hook soon as 'Rotic lay the mix
Get with Breed and hella weed and give me on my shit
This be with the hoeish shit, now go with shit that you
be spittin
Try to write rhymes that sound like mine, but they ain't
fittin
Who can do it like I do it? (What?) Maintain
Yo crew ain't like my crew (How that is?) Let me explain
(Aight)

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Imagine havin hydrophonic symphonic chronic and
lettin it go
Niggas gettin lifted off the contact fo' sho'
Bitches screamin hoe-faded
They eyes beamin low, everybody on the flo' lookin fo'
mo'
You at the show, feel the vibe we provide for ya
Hustlers and bitches, I be gettin live for ya
For my riches, fall into my flow like the Pacific
Ocean, sometime explicit, and get you open when I flip
it
One Puff stuff, loot like you ain't seen
And a pocket full of green's how to fade, knawmean?
Dig it, can't a nigga hit em up like Breed
I got raps for days, so you can blaze up the weed

[CHORUS]

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