

LAW**"Doin' Time in the Cypha"**

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{*intro conversations takes about 25 seconds*}

[Mad Skillz]

I put roots on MC's who try to fade these
lyrics kid please, I got the microphone disease
And I don't joke when it's time to go to work
Wack MC's play like Pee Wee Herman and get jerked
In the cypha, Mad Skillz gets hyper
More heads show up, and now the shit's gettin tighter
Huh, I find it hard to breathe, bassline strummin
Money it's gettin hot but the lyrics keep - comin
Feel like I'm trapped inside my mother's womb
Adrenaline's flowin - it's bound to be a battle sound
Peep it - this is our secret garden
Niggaz are representin and nuff heads are noddin
on the corners, without the mics
Inside the clubs, without the spotlight
Packed in tight like we were all doin a bid
Fuck where you're from, it's time to shoot your lyrics
kid
Yo flip the script if you're wack time will tell
Aww shit, my man lit up the L
So you go for yours, I'ma go for mine
Rapper after rapper, rhyme after rhyme
Hardcore punchlines and then come the riddles
It's like gettin high when I'm standin in the middle
So freestyle fanatics and you bad-ass writers
Your shit ain't real unless it's real in the cypha, uhh

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

On the corners, brothers bob their heads
From the baldies, and the natty dreads (doin time in
the cypha)
On the corners, brothers bobbin heads
From the baldies, to the natty dreads (doin time in the
cypha)

[Mad Skillz]

The cypha keeps it real, bring nothin but your flow
Minus the static, and some batteries for your radio,
cause yo

Skills are vital if you enter
I seen niggaz lose titles just for standin in the, center
Can you feel it? Can you feel the vibes?
It looks like we beefin to them people walkin, by
The feel is real and ain't nobody fake
So go acapella while my man flips the, tape
I close my eyes and think for a while
Money changed the beat, different heads, different
styles
Yeah, who's next to flex? Yeah, you know the deal
Chillin in the cypha where the shit is MAD real

[Chorus]

[Mad Skillz]

Representation, minus confrontations
Keep shit funky with the funky sensations
So step up kid, c'mon kid step up front
And peep out my man while he's rhymin with the blunt
(true)
Some kids bring the funk, some kids bring the dissin
Some kids are just wack (right) but everybody's listenin
Yeah you gotta give respect money when respect is
due
Fuck the bullshit - in the cypha, shit is true
The rhymes get spit and the 40's get tapped
Some niggaz don't have jack, some niggaz got
contracts
Representation keepin brothers tighter
Peace to the MC's who did time in the cypha

[Chorus]

[Mad Skillz]

Yeah, keepin it live for ninety-five, no doubt
It's cypha time
All the MC's know what I'm talkin about
Yeah, maintainin.. aight?

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