

## Cypress Hill

### "God - Killa Hill Niggas"

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fc9

[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

MC's 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, cream in my dream

Cookin up a scheme for all them big bank figures

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 thrown sent home in dead position

In the casket, best wishes

At the bottom of the lake, sleepin with the fishes

Full out search for the body

of the MC's 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

Peep the sequence; crab adolescents, on his defense

Power-U niggaz talkin fast like Puerto Ricans

What you seekin, son I catch cream like Dominicans

Last Mohican, lyrics I'm speakin, wild 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  
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again  
.. that that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back, ease back  
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
- that I'm ever 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 drop in chant, the cheeky-eyed slant  
I'm takin these cannabis plants yo for grant'  
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, few things surroundin me  
Three 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 Meadowlark Lemon  
Five part criminal, two part felon

[B-Real]

- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again  
.. that that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
- that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back.. ease back..  
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
- that I'm ever 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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