

Cypress Hill "I'm Still #1"

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Funkmaster Flex, is down with us
KRS-One, he's down with us
The Wu-Tang Clan is down with us
Busta Rhymes you know he's down with us

Naughty and Fat Joe are down with us
The MAAD Circle are down with us
Def Squad, is down with us
[Unverified] DN's and Mike M [unverified] are down
with us

Dr. Dre you know he's down with us
Julio G he's down with us
Sway and King Tech are down with us
Makin' funky music is a must I'm #1

People still takin' rappin' for a joke
A passing hope, or a phase with the rope
Sometime I choke and try to believe
When I get challenged by a million MC's

I try and tell them, we're all in this together
My album was raw, because no one would ever
Think like I think, or do what I do
I stole the show, then I leave without a clue

Whatta you think makes up Cypress Hill?
Concise teaching, or very clear speaking
Ridiculous bass, aggravating treble
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid

Not by financial aid but the break of hits
'Causing me to take long trips
I'm the original, teacher of this type of style
Rockin' off beat with a smile or smirk

Or chuckle, yet some are not up to
Cypress Hill Posse, so I love to
Step in the jam and slam, I'm not Superman
'Cause anybody can

Or should be able, to rock a turntable

Grab the mic, plug it in and begin
But here's where the problem starts, no heart
Because of that, a lot of groups fell apart

Rap is still an art, and no one's from the old school
'Cause rap is still a brand new cool
I say no one from the old school 'cause rap on the
whole
Isn't even twenty years old

Fifty years down the line, you can start this
'Cause we'll be the old school artists
And even in that time, I'll say a rhyme

A brand new style, ruthless and wild
Runnin' around, spendin' money havin' fun
'Cause even then, I'm still #1

Soul Assassin crew of course
Comes to express with styles galore
Ways of rhyming, old and new
Past and present, knock knock who is it?

A brand new style, time to change
People talk about me when they see me on stage
Live in action, guaranteed raw
I hang with the rich and I work for the poor

And after all you can say you saw
Cypress Hill, stompin' once more
I play it by ear, I love to steer
The fifty-seven Bel Air from here to there

I grab the beer, but not in the ride
'Cause I'm not stupid, I don't drink and drive
I'm not a beginner, amateur or local
My album is sellin', because of my vocals

You know what you need to learn?
Old school artists don't always burn
You're just another rapper whose had his turn
Now it's my turn, and I am concerned

About idiots, posing as kings
What are we here to rule, I thought we're 'sposed to
sing
And if we are to sing, then let us begin to teach
Many of you are educated open your mouth and speak

A Cypress Hill soldier, is something like a total
renegade

Except I don't steal, I rhyme to get paid
Airplanes flyin', overseas people dyin'
Politicians lyin', I'm tryin'

Not to escape, but hit the problem head-on
From bringin', out the truth in the song
So C H P short for Cypress Hill Production
Made a little noise 'cause the crew was sayin' somethin'

People have the nerve to take me for a gangsta
An ignorant one, somethin' closer to a prankster
Doin petty crimes goin' straight to penitentiary
But in the scale of crime that's really elementary

This beat is now compellin' me, to explain the silence
Why my last jam was so violent
It's simple, Cypress Hill will teach reality

No beatin' around the bush, straight up, just like my
weed is free
So now you know, a poet's job is never done
But I'm never overworked, 'cause I'm still #1

MC Eiht, he's down with us
Big Boy and Ralph M are down with us
ReFugee Camp, is down with us
Khartoum and Vigga V are down with us

Call O' Da Wild is down with us
Psycho Realm, is down with us
Lifestyle Car Club is down with us
Makin' funky music is a must, I'm #1

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