

## Cypress Hill "Killa Hill"

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"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!"

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

Check my dramatics, brains get splattered, dreams  
shattered  
Sabas get blasted for words he packaged  
Peep the sequencecrab 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?

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

"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!"

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

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

"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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