

## Cypress Hill "Real Thing"

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Verse One:

It's time I came to get mine  
Runnin through the hoods with the hand on the nine  
Why do the pigs come  
Bring your ass on  
Cross the line so I can get the blast on  
Oh shit I'm empty but I've got a shake to the side  
So don't even tempt me  
Runnin the program Cypress Hill on the real with  
the Pearl Jam and I'm packing the steel  
Don't come my way cause it only takes one minute  
to reach for the AK then why what you gonna do now  
Nowhere to run when my dog's on the prowl  
Growling howling, give it up punk you might wanna  
throw  
the towel in  
I'm not doing the ill thing  
'cause ain't nothing like the real thing

Verse Two:

Give me a taste off open a place and a black nine  
by the wate line  
Never know when someone will test ya  
Let you know I got mine by my body chest ya  
I'm the big hum that became the attack  
Hurt a little friend with a bullet car jacker  
That I won't do anything for the looper  
When I've reached the Hill I strap when I swoop

Click click bang bang  
'cause it ain't no thang when I hang with Stone  
And I kick that funky slang  
You've got to do the funk when I've got to do the ill  
thing  
'cause ain't nothing like the real thing

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