

## **Cypress Hill**

# **"The Phuncky Feel One"**

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Are you ready? Ladies and gentlemen, all ready to get down?

Are you ready? Ladies and gentlemen, y'all ready to get down?

Ladies and gentlemen

Well I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one  
Cypress Hill has come, any questions? Just ask them  
'Cause we are answerin' any brothers that've been  
On the dick, swingin' an' straight gatherin'

Enter da info, 'cause yo what you're in fo'  
It's a crazy day, strapped in a pimp mode  
Trapped like a prophet, but I still profit  
Even when you're off it, bank's in my pocket

'Cause of my music, what, you call me chumpy?  
In my trade, the Tribe is known to get funky  
Hif is here to hack you down, Son is here to buck you down  
Joke's on you, if you're the biggest duck in town

You got to relax, we got to kick back  
Brothers, just sit back, enjoy me like a six pack  
As I let the rhyme flow, into the hook, yo  
Where you gettin' took? But that's another story, black

'Cause I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one  
I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one  
I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one  
You know I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one

Phuncky, phuncky, phuncky, phuncky

Night in a stiff block, hangin' up the pimp's jock  
Used to call me Pimp Poppa, 'cause I likes to hip hop  
'Cause I'm down with Cypress, illin', well, I might  
Begin to take your girl, your girl, she's the flyest

Flyer than the other broad, workin' off the pitched rod  
Isn't that odd, instead of sayin' my dick's hard  
It's not about knockin' you, do you feel like clockin'

loot?

Forget it, act stupid little sucker, I'll be clockin' you

With the right or left hand, duck this where stiff stands  
Troopers on the side step, bucks him down to death,  
man

With the greater lyric, if you can spare it  
Just an ass kickin', is what you inherit

So don't try to snake off, you know I can't be shook off  
Why the suckers took off? Well, that's another story  
black

'Cause I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one  
I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one  
I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one  
You know I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one

Phuncky, phuncky, phuncky, phuncky  
Phuncky, phuncky, phuncky

Standin' on the corner, close to the real estate  
Clones they really fools who get brothers try to imitate  
Meanin' when they simulate, but they can't stimulate  
Like a faded joint, stiff from the breath, I take

Make me act loco, they switchin' up my vocal  
Out to catch you so-called MCs with a roll call  
Then you gotta close your eyes, you can't stand the  
sunlight  
There is just one light when Tribe's buckin' heads  
tonight

Buck, buck, buck ya head, sorry that red is dead  
Deader than a doornail, someone cold made his bed  
Didn't just break out, the sucker got cracked out  
Hit the pipe an' blacked out, with the shit from back  
down

So much more integrity, greatest deal I hook up  
Was a funky looker, but that's another story, black

'Cause we're the real ones, yes, the phuncky feel ones  
We're the real ones, yes, the phuncky feel ones  
We're the real ones, yes, the phuncky feel ones  
You know we're the real ones, yes, the phuncky feel  
ones

Phuncky, phuncky, phuncky, phuncky  
Phuncky, phuncky, phuncky, phuncky

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