

## Cypress Hill

# "Throw Your Hands in The Air"

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Yeah, bust how we gonna bounce off this ninety-five  
Soul assassins, Cypress Hill joint  
Yo, we want everybody out there to throw their hands  
up  
So get it on kid

Fresh is the word, when I display my rappin' forte  
Quicker done than O.J., hey  
I freaks my shit, E the lyrical master  
Stress me out, no doubt, I might have to blast ya

Let me ask ya, can I gets busy one time?  
And unwind and chill, with Cypress Hill  
Huh, I go on with my bad self  
I?m the four pound toter, the Phil blunt smoker

Believe me not, I?m wicked like three sixes  
I?m doper than the Pete Rock remixes  
Never walk through the crowd sluggish  
I?m hardcore to the bone, I?m thuggish ruggish

The Green-Eyed Bandit, I be Erick Sermon  
I gets real determined  
And one for the trouble and two for the bass  
I take it to your face with this here lyrical mace

And if you don?t know, y?all better recognize  
I?m coming through with speed, with pounds of weed

Ah shit, another one of those gangsta hits  
Niggaz wanna get busy with the ultimate  
Fools get real, yo I?m representin' the Hill  
With chips and clips and tons of blue steel

So who wants to be the first nigga to die?  
Then try and test this, Buddha blessed Gemini  
You get thrown sent home in a coffin'  
Punk stuff don?t make it back, very often

I got Erick to take care of the Sermon  
Ashes to ashes, dust, bodies burnin'  
Bustin' open the doors to the temple

Takin' you to the dark side of your mental

Kickin' it to the brothers on the corners  
In the alleys, throw your hands in the air  
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I rhyme tricky, the sticky smoka with the mind itchy  
Finger up on the pen, be like he the bomb, dicky  
These off-keys MC's hawk me, they won't get off me  
So I kill 'em softly and use 'em as walkie talkies

Turn up my level, adjust my voice pitch  
Hoist this diagnosis, comatosis is what I leave your  
crew with  
Boom bip or some two and two shit  
Raw silk 'cuz you do it to my music

Funk Doctor Spock, lock the hyppest  
Individual, to put criminal in diapers  
With my nigga E and Cypress, what I write bitch  
You swore, it was a nuclear war, crisis

In your back yard, word to God, Def Squad  
With my nigga Keith in the place takin' charge  
Word up you?ll get hurt up like the jury callin' murder  
You're deaf 'cuz I freak shit you neva heard of

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Steppin' to the park in the hill you can't hang  
The original baby gangsta on this Compton thang  
Don't slip, the late night hype is when I dip  
Boo-yaa is the sound from a lonely clip

Can't feel me, if I was crack you'd try to steal me  
Heard you, and your little crew, wanna peel me  
Keep your hands on your hood, you get got  
The Green-eyed Bandit, Cypress Hill, and the Funk  
Doctor Spock

You wish you could hang, like I hang  
Dwells in the CPT, the hood thing

G, the trigga finger, I?ma get you  
Hit you, the Tech 9, I?ma split you

Ain?t no poppin', no stoppin'  
Tick to the tock, tick tock, I hit your block  
Throw your hands in the air, don?t bite this  
I squeeze, nigga please, the E down with Cypress

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In the alleys, throw your hands in the air  
Kickin' it to the brothers on the corners  
In the alleys, throw your hands in the air

Aight, for everybody, all our peeps out on the corners  
All the alleyways, for all our deceased  
Incarcerated peeps, brothers on the streets  
Nineteen ninety-five, soul assassins in your mind

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