

Alabama

"Hypest From Cypress"

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Ah yeah
(Down with the crew from up the hill)
I like the way this is turnin out
(Down with the crew from up the hill)

(Krazy D)
(Go off, go off)
(Krazy D)
(Go off, go off)
(Krazy D)
(Go off, go off)

[Krazy D]
Hm-hm, pardon me, but like 1-2
You slept, but take a peep
Yes, the maddog's creepin
Workin muthafuckas that's sleepin
Suckers only know I bust jaws or come out to brawl
To drop them niggas like freefall
I go nuts, so if a duck's to shoot
I pack a .380 tucked as I strut in my zoot suit
You stated bein down with a click
But when I step to hit you up you act wack and don't
claim shit
So get the fuck on as I drop bombs of warfare
Fuckin your girlie cause I don't care
Much for that ass as I pass them
I collect and wreck niggas and like a pimp I keep
slappin
On and on and on till dawn
I rock on, makin 'hoods lookin like Lebanon
Clockin my grip as I rip to get righteous
To be the hypest from Cypress

(T is the Chief)
(Go off, go off)
(T is the Chief)
(Go off, go off)
(T is the Chief)
(Go off, go off)
(Leader of the pow wow)

[Chief T / Tomahawk Funk]

Well, I'm here to recite, unload
Some lyrical ammo
Rock on, break it up with the steady flow
The brave brother runnin wild swingin my tomahawk
Don't play around or you might get scalped
Shout for help, but it's not gonna matter
The Funkdoobie shit
This chumpie's on hit
I'ma flow on, my brother
So sucker, run for cover
Hip-hoppin lyrical rhymes droppin
Like Crazy Horse, of course
I'm ready on the warpath
For me to scalp a sucker you don't even have to ask
I get hype at night, track ya, stalk ya
I'm on the hunt till it's time to spliff a blunt
The redman ready to run ya
The hip-hop funkster, warpath's attackin
No time for slackin, my brother, I'm aimin
Claimin my Tribe, why?
Cause I'm the hypest from Cypress

(Cypress Hill)

(Go off, go off)

(Cypress Hill)

(Cypress Hill)

(So come on, the Cypress starts to kick it)

[Sen Dog]

Now don't tease me or tempt, I have a hot Cuban temp'
I take it light, but I start fight if you try to offend
See, I don't sniff blow for, that's because I don't crawl
On the ground, lookin up at all y'all
(Sen) Dog, never again will I bend
No letters of death or threats will I send
So I'm puttin an end to all the dumb shit (dumb shit)
Dumb shit, that 'homes, where you from'-shit
Cause I run shit my way all day
Don't play, cause it won't pay
Niggas wanna play with the pistol
Make me get pissed, though
You get a fistful
Make you eat knuckles
Feel your knees buckle
Still feeling brave when
You're sleeping on the pavement
Save it, the beatdown, who gave it?
Senen, no more explaining

(This is the mellow, the mellow)
(Go off, go off)
(The mellow)
(Go off, go off)
(The mellow)
(My man) (my man)
(1, 2, 3, 4)
(Get on the mic)

[Mellow Man Ace]

Oh, I'm a sell-out? Ha-ha, cause all my records sell?
I got me paid and laid, out here sippin lemonade
You come to see me, right? You even bring your hoe
And when I'm finished rippin shit, you're still like 'I don't
know...'
'Is he really hype?' 'Is he my girlie's type?'
'Is he the kinda muthafucka that can really write?'
'Am I on his tip?' 'Damn, I musta slipped'
'Cause I even brought my girl, I must be on his dick'
You're damn right, gee, you got a double ticket
She copped one of my shirts and now she wants to kick
it
What up with that, bee? Have you lost it, bro?
She's got my posters in her room, calls me her
niggaroe
She just be juicin you, straight up be usin you
And when I come to town, she's like 'I'm losin you' (see
ya)
So you get jealous, right? And tell your fellas, right?
And then you all come to my show, all over jealous,
right?
Now I could call ya out, but I'ma stall ya out
Cause I'm promotin peace, and like a soldier, yo, I'm
ballin out
Now I'm the Spanish Fly, and I might just
Come off so nice that I'm the hypest - from Cypress

Aiyo yo yo yo
Yo yo, man
Yo, let me take..
Check this out
I got the Hillsters
(Hill Squad)
I got the Hillsters
Funky Cypress Hillsters, out here gettin ill, so
I got my man D
And my man T
My mellow Sen Dog and I'm the A-c-e

But yo yo
You know how..

You know how..

You know, people used to ask me:

"Yo, how did you get started, man?"

Well, D..

Wa - wait a minute

G, won't you bring the track down, you know

And D, won't you come up on the mic

And show em how we used to do..

[freestyle Krazy D]

Not just a punk from the street

Can get deep to a flow

And go for broke

Cause I break niggas in half and laugh

In their fuckin face

Not knowin how hard the Latin Lord can get

I pack a cuente just in case niggas wanna strip

[freestyle Chief T]

Check the funky styles of music, choose it

The piecemaker givin you a hit of the good joint

Inhale the smoke and let the peace pipe burn

Check the beat, check the groove, yeah, you need it

In your fort you come up short

You send for more troops, I got with the Hill Tribe

[freestyle Sen Dog]

I say Cypress Hill after you, bro

And cuts a afro down to a cameo

I got my back covered even when I'm solo

My Tribe's meaner than shit, so fuck the ammo

So it's Cypress Hill to all the bimbos

And you can dance to the funky lingo

But at this time I rhyme for my amigos

Get out the way, man

Try to take over my jam, right?

But check it out

I would -

I used to say some shit like

You know, I would go like, well - ahm

[freestyle Mellow Man Ace]

Well, here's my step to ya, my gettin-next-to-ya

Cocky son of a bitch, you don't think that I can wreck,
do ya?

Well, I be flexin, cold slappin necks, and

Please feel free to jump in line and be the next man

To get that head flown like a k-k-k-kite

I can stutter-step and stumble and still come off hype

Cause one thing's for sho', and that's I flow from the
start

You love all my homies, but you forward to my part
You say: I like the way that he be swingin, bringin
Funky little styles with the crazy fly singin
That's what I do the best, don't need the buddah bless
To get you all hype and jazz'der than the rest
I could get smoked out, and then get loc'ed out
But see, the album's comin flyer than the most out
Cause I'm Mellow, and I'm in the house
Came here tonight to turn it out
And I'm outta here
And I'm outta here
And I'm outta here

[all]
We're the hypest from Cypress
We're the hypest from Cypress
We're the hypest from Cypress
We're the hypest from Cypress

Let's get the fuck out

Mellow Man Ace
Cypress Hill

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