

Hill Cypress

"Another Victory"

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Get ready motherfuckers!

You can't fuck with the [spanish]

Please no interruptions

Your crew pull up guns get waxed in the sun

Like my rag top six-five

Smash you with the switches

The hitch is, you're gettin too big for your britches

Why you runnin like bitches

With your tail up, I'm the thug pirate

Put the sail up - your whole crew frail, what

You want this joint, suck it inhale nut

Niggas are feelin' this track in Braille, huh

We're grade A while you motherfuckers fail, what

You understand, immitators gotta bail up

To all the males and females gangin' up

All on my cell phone talkin' shit, hangin' up

I gotta show you how a nigga bang it up

Slangin' cuts

Chorus:

Your squad against mine

You're minor leagues with major

Detail the plans like verse

Hit hard, catch you off guard

Another Victory

I slay rappers with precision

I got vision like Anakin

You panicin' I'm leavin you stiffer than a mannequin

My high lyrics constantly brain damagin'

Brandishin' a fire arm, still managin'

Hurt niggas, bandagin' who give my lyrics

That play like a mandalin

I hold my mic like my dick, but you handlin'

I kill flows on tracks who abandonin'

I eat you like pussy, then take a sample,

Then spit fire in the places you standin' in

I take a fool to the Hill

Light a candle then you in the dark stuck part in the scandalin'

Now I see your whole brain's scramblin'

Don't like what you hear, change the channel then nigga

Chorus

I spark cells of a rhythm

You best listen, get it over with

Stolen shit, rollin it, Cypress ownin' it

Bitin' niggas clonin it,

I got a dog got a bone to pick, you holdin' it

Suck it hard swallow easy, put a soul in it
Your body's on the floor, head got a hole in it
The weed master, rhyme killer, mic controllin' it
You still fuckin' but your wack, ain't throwin' it
Stepped in shit, now your chillin' all alone in it
Head full of hair, still ain't combin' it
Five child in the world who's ropin' it
Never know if i'm high or i'm throwin' shit
I got you stuck in the Twilight Zone on shit
I'm the owner of the fat joint you rollin' with, bitch

Chorus

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