

Hill Cypress

"Audio X"

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Featuring Barron Ricks]

"T Minus 10 9 8 7 6.. 5 4 3 2 1.. zero!"

(Blast off!)

[B Real]

Come inside hello everybody welcome

Think you better be ready for the battle when the shit goes down

Cause we warring

All you fuckin yellow comets runnin from the front line

If anybody wanna get away hey

I'll find your fuckin ass in due time

Run and seek shelter but you never will escape

Flippin over the gate, cause you can't wait

to get your fuckin ass away

But you're trapped, and there's no way out of this mushroom cloud

But you never wanna realize that I'm planted

in your mind now

Cypress Hill compound, you could hear the sound

Let another motherfucker run up

and I'll put your ass down (down)

Then I'll peel from your cap the Cypress Hill star

Quick look around, you can't hide

You just might die right where you are

Chorus: B-Real

AUDIO X...We gonna your blow your head up (up)

Synthetic flows, they gonna make you get up

Give me any record and I'll flip it any style

Niggaz can't help it, cause they bumpin the shit loud

[Barron Ricks]

Aiyyo whasup kid, feel the rush, glad you kept in touch

With these niggaz who be puffin on the Dutch

Bustin guns, lay back in the cut

Can it be, it's just a dream when you're on your scene
smokin the

green

Cause ain't shit never what you think it seem

From the streets where life ain't cheap

Cypress Hill, Soul Assassins, while you askin, "Who dat
rappin?"

We get all up inside your grill, with the skill

Shoot to kill when it's time for action

See you can't hide, from this homicide, that ain't no lie

Better kiss that black ass goodbye

when you try to play these wiseguys

So who's complainin when we intensify the levels on the
ryhme

You better get ready for the battle when the shit goes
down

Because we are the wild

Chorus

[Barron Ricks]

"Audio terrorists

Mic specialists

About to blow this

Blast off"

[B-Real]

Lookin in your eyes, I see your body bag figure

Better be ready for the battle when the shit goes down

Cause it's on nigga

What you wanna do, you better pay close attention

Let it be known, I control the zone

beyond your comprehension

Blunt session, you feel the tension begin to rise

Fuck and feed him, if they can't take a joke

and get high

I'm feelin lye, in my lungs, what the deal bro?

So many people wanna hit my joint

but they never got none

Imagine that bullshit, happens all the time

Niggaz better start growin they own

They cannot fuck with mine

Give me any record and I'll flip it any style

Beginners better run back to the lab

and practice for a while

Chorus

[Barron Ricks]

"This has been another AUDIO X explosive

Blast off

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