

## Hill Cypress "Catastrophe"

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B-Real]

I slay punks who don't know their own identity

You spit my name and use it like an obscenity

You got more skulls in your closet than a Kennedy

You on my nuts so you better hold tenderly

I can tell you what's crackin' and done get splitten

You corrosin' on the floor, shaken and snake bitten

You in a cold sweat like James of the names you knew

Don't mean shit to me and you ain't got a clue

of what's about to happen - interaction

Two worlds collide - one survives the reaction

Hold tight, keep yourself together

cause we're about to storm you like shitty weather

[Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog]

[B-Real]

I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be

You set yourself up for catastrophe

[Sen Dog]

Set yourself up for catastrophe and that's the only way  
that is has to be

The whole damn world is mad at me

But I don't give a damn, I'm just glad to be

All pain and the fame a society, actuality, it's a formality

How can I say: "You ain't shit to me"

Without you takin' it personally

[Sen Dog]

Ten, proper years of bringin' funk

I, still count mine, it's hella gettin' over the hump

I got the loads on the skull, I got my hand on the pump

Still got the boss to go nutty on you punks (yeah!)

I don't wanna be the King of the Sing

Just a Soul Assassin for the Cypress Team

I rhyme and sing and make bitches scream

They love that old South Side gangsta lean

Call the Psycobeta, I guess you're crackin'

Turn into Mad Dog when I start rappin'

Look at hostile - ah, damn wild

Shake you up in a hurry from the voodoo child

Don't get caught up hangin' on the mortar

Hold on and I'll turn y'all punks all wild

[Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog]

[B-Real]

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You set yourself up for catastrophe

[Sen Dog]

Set yourself up for catastrophe and that's the only way that is has to be

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All pain and the fame a society, actuality, it's a  
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How can I say: "You ain't shit to me"

Without you takin' it personally

(10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, come on!)

[B-Real]

I'm tired of whack rappers and fame seekers

Like you know the deal to be in my same sneakers

I don't mind exposin' you hollow bitches

I got the medicine over the swallow bitches

You play roles like an actor but get no oscar

Gun spray, gunned away, cut from the roster

You're just an imposter, you lost your composure

Respect your exposure to bring you to your closure

But you're in denial and still remain vile

In a place within last style and senseless wild

I take you down the long trail you failed to keep up

That's when you get introduced to the street sweeper

[Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog]

[B-Real]

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You set yourself up for catastrophe

I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be

You set yourself up for catastrophe

I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be

You set yourself up for catastrophe

I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be

You set yourself UP FOR CATASTROPHE!!!

[Sen Dog]

Set yourself up for catastrophe and that's the only way  
that is has to be

The whole damn world is mad at me

But I don't give a damn, I'm just glad to be

All pain and the fame a society, actuality, it's a  
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How can I say: "You ain't shit to me"

WITHOUT YOU TAKIN' IT PERSONALLY

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