

Hill Cypress "Checkmate"

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1st verse -- Senen

Here we go yall its that nigga hecta
lunatic Smokin loop loose in your sector
got my eye on the money apparatus
like a dog to a bone yeah, you know I gotta have it
Anywhere near the shit and I'm a grab it
Turn around spin see your face and jab it
Drop you like one of these ill Bad Habits
Hunt you like a HillBilly Huntin Rabbit
cutting niggas up like Muggs on the wheel
For real penitentiary steel
Put heads to Bed from a choke of a Head Lock
Fadin bald heads to perms and even dred locks
Bway Rude boy wit my Style I could get foul or wild
Or breakfool for awhile

2nd verse -- B Real

Look, look, look
everywhere you get shook,
from the pawn takin out the rook
all by the book.
Lives get took and takin you're pulsating,

you Can't breath no need to look up and see me.

Your last hope, when you want mellow you call
whoever, for the

hype shit you call the Hill

put it together.

Runnin this game, bringin the same raw shit,

over the Hill and through the city

we come equipt.

To the letter bringin your temperature down low, what I
reveal,

the good shit to heal all souls.

Makin you roll late night,

you're trippin my games tight.

With the new shit I bring it's never the same hype.

So push that shit up, get up

don't let up.

No matter how much blood you spit up.

You can never be fuckin with Greenthumb.

the outcome specific, you spliff it calapsed lung.

We hit hard breakin you guard

you can tell when the bells ring we're bustin your shell

the pawns fell.

(Hook)

Check mate fool, Hang 'em high.

Got the live shit bangin, when ever you wanna try.

Shoot to thrill, via the Hill we take 'em all,

check mate fool where ever the pawns fall....(repeat)

I'm a freak that funk

and slam it in the trunk

I'm a kill all junk

With a suicide punk

Ain't nobody came my way

Talkin' bout the Westside of LA

So whatever punk ass

Click you claim

Keep poppin that shit

And I'm a bent you frame

'Cause I want that

Big time asshole

Studio gangsta

Woof all of that shit

But left out the main factor

My nigga Sen's, rollin again

remember when, we rocked shows

battling foes, the time's been

long. Strong with the styles you're in

hear the wind. Like blood pourin out of the pen

the ink stains slim chance if it get in your brain.

The hot flash got you heated,

with repeated attacks over the tracks

smack niggas up, back niggas up,

hack niggas up, jack niggas up,

hangin the whack niggas up.

Snowfall effect we're rollin the city limits

crushin the bitch ass niggas with all the gimics...(HOOK

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