

Hill Cypress

"Highlife"

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B-Real]

I rolled you up like my Rizla

Cut you up, with my sisters

You wanna get us - yeah, the venom spitters

Your style's trash: don't litter

You got the jitters the hardhitters

No quitters your soul quivers

When you see the gats blazin, get out the street now

There ain't no use for you beggin to turn the heat down

You label me coldblooded

You wanna warm me up with hot lead the gat thudded

You can't cut it

You wack, but it's - no use your mouth shut it

Shootin arrows diamond-studded, and still budded

You got to love it, you better chase the paper all day

So you can walk down the long platinum hallway

But now the fools are minutemade;

they get played for a minute

then played out they never get back in it

Gun park I bring chalk for your body outlined on the floor

You got hit by the 4-4!

Chorus: B-Real

You're in the game called life, son - how you're livin it

Street corner kids growin up blowin up

You chase dreams you want the highlife, with the skylights

But in the end your soul's lost, you lost the shine right

Never turn your back ever, on niggaz true to you

Stand alone for the cheddar - and they'll be through with you

The highlife; yeah, the highlife

The highlife; yeah, the highlife

[B-Real]

You gotta hang out with B. Reezy, and take it easy

It's gettin greasy, I had to learn how to beat me

That's when you go for dolo, and get your meal ticket

And still kick it hardcore I'm runnin real with it

Niggaz getting softcore, the people want more

hardcore shit that's why I give them an encore

Curtains opened, you see the people applaud feelin it

You can't figure out the formula so you're stealin it

Can't stand unoriginal cats with minimal

skills that's criminal - you fake bitches!

You're lookin for riches, in the wrong places

The faces of death look you in the eye cut off your breath

When you fall feel your knees shatter

The bones breakin with your weak blatter

Pissin on yourself it don't matter

Dead weight, the bed waits for you on the set date

Dreams gone instead fate didn't hesitate

to put you away, close the gates now you're locked out

Your life: cable, with all the porn channels blocked out
(damn!)

What you good for? Nothin, so be gone suckers

Have a nice trip see you motherfuckers!

Chorus

[Sen Dog]

I live for the highlife, get my mind right

Fuck the fame, the game and the limelights

Fools that be out there tryin to duplicate

But they can't match the aura, can't impersonate

See the first things that comes to pass, is the blast

of the Cypress Hill weed funk blazin up a path

You can't help, but inhale and get strong

You need that good shit all up in your lungs

I live fast, and keep energy in motion

Jah bless, so I feel I been chosen

But I know, of he who conquers

You gotta come strong and sound off like thunder

I check myself and make sure I'm comin real tight

Rhyme for my fam, the G's and the highlife

[B-Real]

The highlife - hah, hah

The highlife yeah

Chorus

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