

## Hill Cypress

### "Jack You Back"

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B-Real]

You're a lost soul rollin down the street

Hustlin, scramblin, money you eat

You wanna jack somebody, never look at me

Cause I'm like you when I'm holdin heat

You don't want to think about re-percussions

Cause you don't give a fuck about who you rushin

So what you gonna do when the blood is gushin?

You're playin Roulette without the Russian

The stakes are high; can you feel the pressure?

Lookin at the club on top of your dresser

Born for the big bank robbin your own

Thinkin your stone but your weak ass throne

Bitches like you ain't got no heart

Paranoid, you're settin in, fallin apart

How many times will you take to see it?

You fallin away, but you don't believe it

[Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog]

Jack me and you'll never go back

Jack me and I'll jack you back

Where y'all bitches got the scheme or the stack?

Jack me and I'll jump to attack

Tell me what started a scheme at ya lap

Jack me and I'll jump to attack

Jack me and I'll jack you back

Jack me and I'll jack you back

[Sen Dog]

Clothes are settin off from the start

I'm crazy as fuck just like 2 Pac

Mash on Cypress Hill in a Catalac truck

Steels all gone, so I gotta play it ruff

Got hate for do out there, I ain't jokin

Can't hold me back these days, I'm out smokin

And I still see myself as Enforcer

Knock em in their face if they dedicate closer

A Cuban massive man (Spanish)

With real attack touch straight, from the ghetto

Walk for a twenty all day like a (Spanish)

Spit ball; lick all rhymes just like (Spanish)

I run over fools like Dorsey Leathers

And murder antiques like J-Rhyme I kill peasants

Take over ships like Female Kastro

Do anything that a nigga HAS TO

[Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog]

Jack me and you'll never go back

Jack me and I'll jack you back

Where y'all bitches got the scheme or the stack?

Jack me and I'll jump to attack

Tell me what started a scheme at ya lap

Jack me and I'll jump to attack

Jack me and I'll jack you back

Jack me and I'll jack you back

(Jack you back, jack you back)

[B-Real]

Lights are fucked up it's confusin

Look at you now what road you choosin

You'll never be a part of the revolution

You fuck with me, feel the retribution

Punk bitches can never deal with the real

Cause you weak motherfuckers can't decide what you  
feel

Always poppin shit and hide from the Hill

Comin out where you reside for the kill

[Sen Dog]

Knocked out Pluto, Super Hill thriller

Verbal assault, Soul Assassin killer

Real master Mic, ca, sex come iller

Stoned is a waste over, what you feeler

Can't make moves so you go ask Chiller

Try the Real Estate trust centipede riller

Bet your ass that I'm bangin to the fullest

And don't get in my way punk ass, not a Buddhist

[Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog]

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