

## Hill Cypress

### "Psychodelic Vision"

Visit "[Psychodelic Vision](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Intro 4x]

Lalalala-lala-lalala

[B-Real]

I'll admit, I was a wild seed when I was a kid

Slangin dope, poppin Shroomz and droppin lots of sin

Psychodelic visions would ensue

My view feelin the alter-states as they altered my fate

But I ??, all that distorted shit brought it up

I came short and couldn't afford to store it up

So I began to record it on audio

The autobiography of Luis Mario

Something that's unbelievable, inconceivable

That half the shit I set out to do was achievable

But alas, look at all the shit come to pass

While we remained strong, others broke like glass

Cos you lack style, and you need all the help brother

Cos you're fragile, and it should say it on your cover:

This side up, for the celebrity

Who lacks intelligence, integrity, intensity

Oh it's true, I got you in that angle like Kurt

But don't go gettin your fuckin feelings hurt

I spit many bars of heat, that burn like a furnace,  
I pour rhymes out like coffee spillin out your 'dermis

[Chorus 2x]

(Lalalala-lala-lalala)

I got my 9mm at my waist, papa  
I got my shotgun in the escalate, papa  
If you feel groggy then jump and get sprayed, papa  
I don't wanna but you dug your own grave, papa

[B-Real]

You know me and you've grown with me  
  
And if I had a big enough pad, I'd take you all home  
with me  
  
I don't walk around with bodyguards, that's not me  
  
I'm hangin out with the people as my posse  
  
Used to have a lot of enemies with bad intentions  
  
Spreading gossip like disease, creating lots of tension  
  
People turn around when you become a star it seems  
  
But others hate you all cos you've fulfilled all your  
dreams  
  
They smile in your face and act like nothing's wrong  
  
When you turn your back, they hate, and play one of  
your  
  
songs  
  
Why don't you take your mask off, look me in the eye?  
  
You afraid I might blast-off and call you on your life?  
  
Take a deep one, and peep son  
  
Retribution comes around more than once, like a re-run

You're a cheap one to kill, so steep son

You're just another one who gets thrown in the quay,  
son

[Chorus:]

[B-Real]

You know they smile in your face,

You know they try to take space

I let you punks know you ain't safe

Cos you know you're just dead-weight

But at the present day they gettin stalled out for some  
reason

But not from me, because it's punk-hunt season

Charged with high-treason, I'm easin the blow never

The ??, that you're leasin, ain't gonna roll forever

So think about that, is it worth the pain?

When you flirt with pain, bitch you don't hurt your brain

But you're thick-headed, numbskull and Rick said it:

It was the moment you feared, when my venom  
spreaded

[Chorus 2x]

You know they smile in your face

You know they try to take space

I let you punks know you ain't safe

Cos you know you're just dead-weight

Visit [Hill Cypress](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

