

## Hill Cypress "Real Thing"

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Featuring Pearl Jam]

Verse One:

It's time I came to get mine

Runnin through the hoods with the hand on the nine

Why do the pigs come

Bring your ass on

Cross the line so I can get the blast on

Oh shit I'm empty but I've got a shake to the side

So don't even tempt me

Runnin the program Cypress Hill on the real with

the Pearl Jam and I'm packing the steel

Don't come my way cause it only takes one minute

to reach for the AK then why what you gonna do now

Nowhere to run when my dog's on the prowl

Growling howling, give it up punk you might wanna  
throw

the towel in

I'm not doing the ill thing

Cuz ain't nothing like the real thing

Verse Two:

Give me a taste off open a place and a black nine

by the wate line

Never know when someone will test ya

Let you know I got mine by my body chest ya

I'm the big hum that became the attack

Hurt a little friend with a bullet car jacker

That I won't do anything for the looper

When I've reached the Hill I strap when I swoop

Click click bang bang

Cuz it ain't no thang when I hang with Stone

And I kick that funky slang

You've got to do the funk when I've got to do the ill  
thing

Cuz ain't nothing like the real thing

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