

Hill Cypress

"The Phunky Feel One"

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Are you ready?

Ladies and gentlemen

Bout ready to get down?

(repeat 2x)

Ladies and gentlemen

Verse One: B Real

Well I'm the Real one yes the Phunky Feel One

Cypress Hill has come any quest/just ask them

Cause we are answerin any brothers that've been

On the dick swingin and straight gatherin

Enter da info cause yo what you're in fo'

Is a crazy day strapped in a pimp mode

Trapped like a prophet, but I still profit

Even when you're off it, bank's in my pocket

Cause of my music, what you call me chumpy?

In my trade, the Tribe is known to get funky

Hif is here to hack you sown, Son is here to buck you down

Joke's on you, if you're the biggest duck in town

You got to relax, we got to kick back

Brothers just sit back, enjoy me like a six pack

As I let the rhyme flow, into the hook

Yo where you gettin took, but that's another story black

Chorus: B-Real

Cause I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

You know I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

Verse Two: Sen Dog, B-Real

Night in a stiff block, hangin up the pimp's jock

Used to call me Pimp Poppa, cause I likes to hip-hop

Cause I'm down with Cypress, illin well I might

Begin to take your girl, your girl she's the flyest

Flyer than the other broad, workin off the pitched rod

Isn't that odd, instead of sayin my dick's hard

It's not about knockin you, do you feel like clockin loot?

Forget it act stupid little sucker I'll be clockin you

With the right or left hand, duck they was still stand

Troopers on the side step, bucks him down to death
man

With the greater lyric, if you can spare it

Just an ass kickin, is what you inherit

So don't try to snake off, you know I can't be shook off

Why the suckers took off? Well that's another story
black

Chorus

Verse Three: B-Real, Sen Dog

Standin on the corner, close to the real estate

Clones they really pull stickin brothers try to imitate
Meaning when they simulate, but they can't stimulate
Like a faded joint, stiff from the breath I take
Make me act loco, they switchin up my vocal
Out to catch you so-called, MC's with a roll call
Then you gotta close your eyes, you can't stand the
sunlight
There is just one light, the Tribe's buckin heads
tonigght
Buck buck buck ya head! Sorry that red is dead
Deader than a doornail, someone cold made his bed
Didn't just break out, the sucker got cracked out
Hit the pipe and blacked out, with the shit from back
down
So much more integrity, greatest deal I hook up
Was a funky looker
But that's another story black
Chorus: (together)
Send

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