

# Cypress Hill, I Remember That Freak Bitch

(feat. Barron Ricks)

Aiy-yo!

[B-Real]

I remember that freak bitch, up in the clubs  
The Victoria's Secret, she give love  
No matter which way you keep it  
You'll get shoved out the picture, now peep it  
(You get the gloves bitch!)

I used to know this girl that slanged the green shit  
Had it all goin on, but it didn't mean shit  
She wanted to be a star, with big cars  
and all the fame that came my way I gotta say  
that she was all that, and a bag of indo  
with no seed, such a delightful weed  
I wish she was still around but, no she's gone  
I guess she got blessed and she got put on  
Aiiyo I miss that girl, she had the bomb, was the  
bomb-diggy bomb bomb, and nope, I'm not Qu'ran  
Had all the holy books, and notes to get still  
I never met another dealer with that appeal  
With those electric eyes, hypnotized  
any wise man surprised, the queen of the lye

[Barron Ricks]

Bee eyes, bouncin five deep, clicked of innocence  
Hangin with friends, all under surveillance from the government  
While Don want tights they floss rights, just chewin on ice  
Meditatin with her camp, gettin damp  
She's a pimp or tile freak bitch, high maintenance  
She got her fuckin clit pierced, chained to her anus  
Professional for wettin niggaz up, suck em first  
til they bust, swallow nut, then she's quick to strut  
right out the projects, been a whore since ninety-one  
Suck a niggaz dick for fun, holdin guns in her buns  
Type of chick tell you 'fuck me in the ass' talkin shit  
While she goin WALLA-WALLA-WALLA-WALLA-WALLA on your dick

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Yeah since I seen the queen of green on the screen  
So I stepped up, to her screen door, like a dream  
or better yet like a fiend, who need a fix  
She wasn't like other chicks, pullin tricks on the scheme for chips  
She was like, Run-D.M.C., \_Tougher Than Leather\_  
Raw bitch, but then she was soft like a feather  
Never again will I meet a woman of her nature  
SkyPager turned off, datin one of the Lakers  
Lucky-ass nigga with the jump shot  
He got that hot shit, all in his pocket on lock  
Damn I guess I'm jealous that another fella's got with her  
but her sister's, bangin too, what should I do?  
Fuck it I'll do like my nigga Smooth with the Princess  
Plantin my seed in the next Queen of Buddha Bless  
Fuck playin the second string, on the squad  
I'm blowin up, all in your face, word to God

[Barron Ricks]

Yeah I fucked her in the Hershey Tunnel, deep inside  
it made her pussy bubble, aiyyo she told me that it loves you  
I told her 'arch that back, let me see that ass'  
And then I kissed it, licked it, stuck my nose all in position  
You tell me baby listen, can't you see my fuckin dick is throbbin  
She started slobbin and gogglin, spittin burblin burpin it  
I told her 'just don't matter baby, just don't bite it'  
No hold barred, my dick was hard enough to dent a car, I stuck it in  
between to spread the Red Sea apart, the pussy fart  
was a motherfuckin work of art, she rode my dick  
just like a Kawasaki til the pussy started soundin sloppy  
like an old jalopy, time to nut  
Took off the condom slapped her on the butt, then I bust  
on her face in between her lips  
Then she started lickin it, cause it was good shit, protein!  
Hot and rich.. damn I got my shit freaky, Mr. Ricks

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