

Cypress Hill, Champions

(Intro: *bell ringing*)

Good evening ladies and gentlemen
This is your main event of the evening

(PMD)

Yeah, check it, one time, one time, one time
PMD and B-Real, Cypress Hill, Hit Squad
Yeah, you niggas know the deal
Check it, check it, comin' through, uh, Hit Squad

(PMD)

Sirens blare, niggas wildin' out over chairs
The men here, so sealable doors, so stand clear
Breath takin', niggas rollin' up with the gat shakin'
No puss here, brothers sadly mistaken
The chains breakin', back to check the rules you fakin'
That's violation, like a Muslim eatin' bacon
Much got the beat breakin', faggots niggas instigatin'
I'm runnin' with the law while you triple six in your Satan
Comin' in blastin', with no maskin', niggas askin'
"How he lastin'?" Jewels, with the tool flashin'
Blacked out now I'm lacked in, I'ma second win
More oxygen, niggas on my jock again

(B-Real)

Runnin' with the PMD, universal, no rehearsal

controversial, no commercial

All rough and rugged, you buckin' off at the straight thuggin'
Audio thumpin' and head bumpin'
Motherf**kers wanna hear somethin', CD's jumpin'
Thumpin' the ground all of a sudden
In the mist of the smoke I shut it - all competition
Set the condition to submission
From the contact I'm sparkin' at brain cells
through songs and magazines and through the e-mail
I'm worldwide, six side, killafornia highs
No time, define, no wolfs, we need the blind
to the slaughter, I'm baptizin' you through the water
Pure hip-hop and D makes you grow like weed, proceed
That's right, Soul Assassins, the Hit Squad, Cypress Hill
All up in your dome piece

(Outro: PMD)

...keep the house bumpin', we be the champions
Get the announcements, keep the whole house bumpin'
You want somethin', we the champions
Keep the house thumpin', get announcements
Let them know that you won bitch, we be the champions
We be the champions, we be the champions

(*bell rings twice*)