

Cypress Hill, Funk Freakers

Verse One: B-Real

Let me introduce my self
I'm the one who rules the set
So don't you forget
Bad for ya health but ya still be tryin' ta push buttons
But you ain't nothin', no frontin
I bring the level up a little louder
In the clubs, an' the jeeps an' the after hours
Fools on the street wanna feel the funk
Lookin for the 'skunk' that's what'cha want
Ya betta, sit back and let the track flow
Like smoke in ya lungs from puffin' on the indo
Rythems upside'cha brain, can ya hang, can maintain
Can ya feel the funk flowin' in ya veins
Get'cha fix and ya bag of tricks
In tha mix I got the stix and stones a few bricks
I'm gonna hit 'em high
He's gonna hit 'em low
Open up ya mind so that'chu can feel the flow
On, an' on till there all gone
Fools be runnin' but they won't last long

Chorus:

I'm the freaka (8X)

Verse Two: B-Real

People always wanna get what you got, no matta what
Can't take care of themselves in the big hunt
In the quest for the crown
An' the jewels, and the cheese
Motherfucker please
Enemies wanna plot against me with envy in they hearts
But, I rip their sorry ass apart
In a minute, I can take ya to the limit
Temprature risen, nasal highzen

Verse Three: Sen Dog

Comin' back in with the lows, for the fows
Fuckin' up egos, an' anybody, oppose
The numba one skunk freaka, the Cypress Hill cliqua
Blowin' a hole in tha speaker
You don't wanna dis the Perro, the Real One, or the Werro
Slangin' rythems through the ghetto
Ya best keep ya ass in cheak
Come on little mutha fuckas betta show respect
An whats next, the big brown takin' ya down
How ya feel (how ya feel punk)
When your sorry ass can't hang with the Hill

Chorus: 1/2

Outro: B-Real

Can ya feel the effects of the chocolate tide
Nobody even knows how I kick the flow
Slow down, cause ya commin' up too fast
Ya might get smacked down cause ya got no class
[Fades out]