

# 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]