

Cypress Hill, Real Thing

(feat. Pearl Jam)

Verse One:

It's time I came to get mine
Runnin through the hoods with the hand on the nine
Why do the pigs come
Bring your ass on
Cross the line so I can get the blast on
Oh shit I'm empty but I've got a shake to the side
So don't even tempt me
Runnin the program Cypress Hill on the real with
the Pearl Jam and I'm packing the steel
Don't come my way cause it only takes one minute
to reach for the AK then why what you gonna do now
Nowhere to run when my dog's on the prowl
Growling howling, give it up punk you might wanna throw
the towel in
I'm not doing the ill thing
Cuz ain't nothing like the real thing

Verse Two:

Give me a taste off open a place and a black nine
by the wate line
Never know when someone will test ya
Let you know I got mine by my body chest ya
I'm the big hum that became the attack
Hurt a little friend with a bullet car jacker
That I won't do anything for the looper
When I've reached the Hill I strap when I swoop

Click click bang bang
Cuz it ain't no thang when I hang with Stone
And I kick that funky slang
You've got to do the funk when I've got to do the ill thing
Cuz ain't nothing like the real thing