

# Cypress Hill, The Phunky Peel One

Are you ready?

Ladies and gentlemen

Bout ready to get down?

(repeat 2x)

Ladies and gentlemen

Verse One: B-Real

Well I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

Cypress Hill has come, any quest/just ask them

Cause we are answerin, any brothers that've been

On the dick swingin, and straight gatherin

Enter da info, cause yo what you're in fo'

Is a crazy day, strapped in a pimp mode

Trapped like a prophet, but I still profit

Even when you're off it, bank's in my pocket

Cause of my music, what you call me chumpy?

In my trade, the Tribe is known to get funky

Hif is here to hack you sown, Son is here to buck you down

Joke's on you, if you're the biggest duck in town

You got to relax, we got to kick back

Brothers just sit back, enjoy me like a six pack

As I let the rhyme flow, into the hook

Yo where you gettin took, but that's another story black

Chorus: B-Real

Cause I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

You know I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

Verse Two: Sen Dog, B-Real

Night in a stiff block, hangin up the pimp's jock

Used to call me Pimp Poppa, cause I likes to hip-hop

Cause I'm down with Cypress, illin well I might

Begin to take your girl, your girl she's the flyest

Flyer than the other broad, workin off the pitched rod

Isn't that odd, instead of sayin my dick's hard

It's not about knockin you, do you feel like clockin loot?

Forget it act stupid little sucker I'll be clockin you

With the right or left hand, duck they was still stand

Troopers on the side step, bucks him down to death man

With the greater lyric, if you can spare it

Just an ass kickin, is what you inherit

So don't try to snake off, you know I can't be shook off

Why the suckers took off? Well that's another story black

Chorus

Verse Three: B-Real, Sen Dog

Standin on the corner, close to the real estate

Clones they really pull stickin brothers try to imitate

Meaning when they simulate, but they can't stimulate

Like a faded joint, stiff from the breath I take

Make me act loco, they switchin up my vocal

Out to catch you so-called, MC's with a roll call

Then you gotta close your eyes, you can't stand the sunlight

There is just one light, the Tribe's buckin heads tonight

Buck buck buck ya head! Sorry that red is dead

Deader than a doornail, someone cold made his bed

Didn't just break out, the sucker got cracked out

Hit the pipe and blacked out, with the shit from back down

So much more integrity, greatest deal I hook up

Was a funky looker

But that's another story black

Chorus: (together)