

Cypress Hill, Throw Your Hands In The Air (Remi

Intro: Sen Dog

Yeah

Bust how we gonna bounce off this ninety-five Soul Assassins
Cypress Hill joint.

Yo we want everybody out there to throw their hands up...
...so get it on kid!

Verse One: Erick Sermon

Fresh is the word, when I display my rappin forte
Quicker done than O.J., hey
I freaks my shit, E the lyrical master
Stress me out, no doubt, I might have to blast ya
Let me ask ya, can I gets busy one time?
And unwind and chill, with Cypress Hill
Huh, I go on with my bad self
I'm the four pound toter, the Phil blunt smoker
Believe me not, I'm wicked like three sixes
I'm doper than the Pete Rock remixes
Never walk through the crowd sluggish
I'm hardcore to the Bone, I'm Thuggish Ruggish
The Green-Eyed, Bandit, I be ERRRICK SERRRRMON
I gets real determined
And one for the trouble, and two for the bass
I take it to your face with this here lyrical mace
And if you don't know, y'all better recognize
I'm coming through with speed, with pounds of weed

Verse Two: B-Real

Ahh shit, another one of those gangsta hits
Niggaz wanna get busy with the ultimate
Fools get real, yo I'm representin the Hill
With chips and clips and tons of blue steel
So who wants to be the first nigga to die?
Then try and test this, buddha blessed Gemini
You get thrown sent home in a coffin
Punk stuff don't make it back, very often
I got Erick to take care of the Sermon
Ashes to ashes, dust, bodies burnin
Bustin open the doors to the temple
Takin you to the dark side of your mental

Chorus: B-Real

Kickin it to the brothers on the corners, in the alleys
Throw your hands in the air
Kickin it to the brothers on the corners, in the alleys
Throw your hands in the air

Chorus

Verse Three: Redman

I rhyme tricky, the sticky smoka with the mind itchy
finger up on the pen, be like "He the bomb, dicky!"
These off-keys MC's hawk me, they won't get off me
So I kill em softly and use em as walkie talkies *bzzzzt*
Turn up my level adjust my voice pitch
Hoist this diagnosis, comatosis
is what I leave your crew with, boom bip or some two and two shit
Raw silk, 'cause YOU DO IT TO MY MUSIC

Funk Doctor Spock lock the hypest
individual, to put criminal in diapers
With my nigga E and Cypress, what I write bitch
You swore, it was a nuclear war, crisis
in your back yard, word to God, Def Squad!
With my nigga Keith in the place takin charge
Word up you'll get hurt up like the jury callin murder
You're deaf 'cause I freak shit you neva heard of

Chorus

Verse Four: MC Eiht

Steppin to the park in the Hill you can't hang
The original baby gangsta on this Compton thang
Don't slip, the late night hype, is when I dip
Boo-yaa is the sound from a lonely clip
Can't feel me, if I was crack you'd try to steal me
Heard you, and your little crew, wanna peel me
Keep your hands on your hood, you get got
The Green-Eyed Bandit, Cypress Hill, and the Funk Doctor Spock
You wish you could hang, like I hang
Dwells in the C-P-T, the hood thing
G, the trigga finger, I'ma get you
Hit you, the Tech 9, I'ma split you
Ain't no poppin, no stoppin
Tick to the tock, tick tock I hit your block
Throw your hands in the air, don't bite this
I squeeze, nigga please, the E down with Cypress

Chorus

Chorus

Outro: Sen Dog

Aight, for everybody
All our peeps out on the corners
All the alleyways
For all our decesed
Incarcerated peeps, brothers on the streets
Nineteen ninety-five
Soul Assassins in your mind