

# Mellow Man Ace, Hypest From Cypress

Ah yeah  
(Down with the crew from up the hill)  
I like the way this is turnin out  
(Down with the crew from up the hill)

(Krazy D)  
(Go off, go off)  
(Krazy D)  
(Go off, go off)  
(Krazy D)  
(Go off, go off)

( Krazy D )  
Hm-hm, pardon me, but like 1-2  
You slept, but take a peep  
Yes, the maddog's creepin  
Workin muthafuckas that's sleepin  
Suckers only know I bust jaws or come out to brawl  
To drop them niggas like freefall  
I go nuts, so if a duck's to shoot  
I pack a .380 tucked as I strut in my zoot suit  
You stated bein down with a click  
But when I step to hit you up you act wack and don't claim shit  
So get the fuck on as I drop bombs of warfare  
Fuckin your girlie cause I don't care  
Much for that ass as I pass them  
I collect and wreck niggas and like a pimp I keep slappin  
On and on and on till dawn  
I rock on, makin 'hoods lookin like Lebanon  
Clockin my grip as I rip to get righteous  
To be the hypest from Cypress

(T is the Chief)  
(Go off, go off)  
(T is the Chief)  
(Go off, go off)  
(T is the Chief)  
(Go off, go off)  
(Leader of the pow wow)

( Chief T / Tomahawk Funk )  
Well, I'm here to recite, unload  
Some lyrical ammo  
Rock on, break it up with the steady flow  
The brave brother runnin wild swingin my tomahawk  
Don't play around or you might get scalped  
Shout for help, but it's not gonna matter  
The Funkdoobie shit  
This chumpie's on hit  
I'ma flow on, my brother  
So sucker, run for cover  
Hip-hoppin lyrical rhymes droppin  
Like Crazy Horse, of course  
I'm ready on the warpath  
For me to scalp a sucker you don't even have to ask  
I get hype at night, track ya, stalk ya  
I'm on the hunt till it's time to spliff a blunt  
The redman ready to run ya  
The hip-hop funkster, warpath's attackin  
No time for slackin, my brother, I'm aimin  
Claimin my Tribe, why?  
Cause I'm the hypest from Cypress

(Cypress Hill)

(Go off, go off)  
(Cypress Hill)  
(Cypress Hill)  
(So come on, the Cypress starts to kick it)

( Sen Dog )  
Now don't tease me or tempt, I have a hot Cuban temp'  
I take it light, but I start fight if you try to offend  
See, I don't sniff blow for, that's because I don't crawl  
On the ground, lookin up at all y'all  
(Sen) Dog, never again will I bend  
No letters of death or threats will I send  
So I'm puttin an end to all the dumb shit (dumb shit)  
Dumb shit, that 'homes, where you from'-shit  
Cause I run shit my way all day  
Don't play, cause it won't pay  
Niggas wanna play with the pistol  
Make me get pissed, though  
You get a fistful  
Make you eat knuckles  
Feel your knees buckle  
Still feeling brave when  
You're sleeping on the pavement  
Save it, the beatdown, who gave it?  
Senen, no more explaining

(This is the mellow, the mellow)  
(Go off, go off)  
(The mellow)  
(Go off, go off)  
(The mellow)  
(My man) (my man)  
(1, 2, 3, 4)  
(Get on the mic)

( Mellow Man Ace )  
Oh, I'm a sell-out? Ha-ha, cause all my records sell?  
I got me paid and laid, out here sippin lemonade  
You come to see me, right? You even bring your hoe  
And when I'm finished rippin shit, you're still like 'I don't know...'  
Is he really hype?' 'Is he my girlie's type?'  
'Is he the kinda muthafucka that can really write?'  
'Am I on his tip?' 'Damn, I musta slipped'  
'Cause I even brought my girl, I must be on his dick'  
You're damn right, gee, you got a double ticket  
She copped one of my shirts and now she wants to kick it  
What up with that, bee? Have you lost it, bro?  
She's got my posters in her room, calls me her niggaroo  
She just be juicin you, straight up be usin you  
And when I come to town, she's like 'I'm losin you' (see ya)  
So you get jealous, right? And tell your fellas, right?  
And then you all come to my show, all over jealous, right?  
Now I could call ya out, but I'ma stall ya out  
Cause I'm promotin peace, and like a soldier, yo, I'm ballin out  
Now I'm the Spanish Fly, and I might just  
Come off so nice that I'm the hypest - from Cypress

Aiyo yo yo yo  
Yo yo, man  
Yo, let me take..  
Check this out  
I got the Hillsters  
(Hill Squad)  
I got the Hillsters  
Funky Cypress Hillsters, out here gettin ill, so

I got my man D  
And my man T  
My mellow Sen Dog and I'm the A-c-e

But yo yo  
You know how..  
You know how..  
You know, people used to ask me:  
&quot;Yo, how did you get started, man?&quot;  
Well, D..  
Wa - wait a minute  
G, won't you bring the track down, you know  
And D, won't you come up on the mic  
And show em how we used to do..

( freestyle Krazy D )  
Not just a punk from the street  
Can get deep to a flow  
And go for broke  
Cause I break niggas in half and laugh  
In their fuckin face  
Not knowin how hard the Latin Lord can get  
I pack a cuente just in case niggas wanna strip

( freestyle Chief T )  
Check the funky styles of music, choose it  
The piecemaker givin you a hit of the good joint  
Inhale the smoke and let the peace pipe burn  
Check the beat, check the groove, yeah, you need it  
In your fort you come up short  
You send for more troops, I got with the Hill Tribe

( freestyle Sen Dog )  
I say Cypress Hill after you, bro  
And cuts a afro down to a cameo  
I got my back covered even when I'm solo  
My Tribe's meaner than shit, so fuck the ammo  
So it's Cypress Hill to all the bimbos  
And you can dance to the funky lingo  
But at this time I rhyme for my amigos

Get out the way, man  
Try to take over my jam, right?  
But check it out  
I would -  
I used to say some shit like  
You know, I would go like, well - ahm  
( freestyle Mellow Man Ace )  
Well, here's my step to ya, my gettin-next-to-ya  
Cocky son of a bitch, you don't think that I can wreck, do ya?  
Well, I be flexin, cold slappin necks, and  
Please feel free to jump in line and be the next man  
To get that head flown like a k-k-k-kite  
I can stutter-step and stumble and still come off hype  
Cause one thing's for sho', and that's I flow from the start  
You love all my homies, but you forward to my part  
You say: I like the way that he be swingin, bringin  
Funky little styles with the crazy fly singin  
That's what I do the best, don't need the buddah bless  
To get you all hype and jazz'der than the rest  
I could get smoked out, and then get loc'ed out  
But see, the album's comin flyer than the most out  
Cause I'm Mellow, and I'm in the house  
Came here tonight to turn it out  
And I'm outta here

And I'm outta here  
And I'm outta here

( all )  
We're the hypest from Cypress  
We're the hypest from Cypress  
We're the hypest from Cypress  
We're the hypest from Cypress

Let's get the fuck out

Mellow Man Ace  
Cypress Hill