

The Phuncky Feel One

Cypress Hill

Are you ready? Ladies and gentlemen, all ready to get down?
Are you ready? Ladies and gentlemen, y'all ready to get down?
Ladies and gentlemen

Well I'm the real one, yes, the phuncky feel one
Cypress Hill has come, any questions? Just ask them
'Cause we are answerin' any brothers that've been
On the dick, swingin' an' straight gatherin'

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

'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

Phuncky, phuncky, phuncky, phuncky

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 this where stiff stands
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

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Phuncky, phuncky, phuncky, phuncky
Phuncky, phuncky, phuncky

Standin' on the corner, close to the real estate
Clones they really fools who get brothers try to imitate
Meanin' 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 MCs with a roll call
Then you gotta close your eyes, you can't stand the sunlight
There is just one light when 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 an' 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

'Cause we're the real ones, yes, the phuncky feel ones
We're the real ones, yes, the phuncky feel ones
We're the real ones, yes, the phuncky feel ones
You know we're the real ones, yes, the phuncky feel ones

Phuncky, phuncky, phuncky, phuncky
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