

I be that, short-temper, hostile rhyme bringer  
Lifestyle gone wild, similar to rock singers  
Check me on the big screen, livin' out my dreams  
Cypress, Assassins, SX, latin thug thing  
Fools think they get bad, I ain't really with that  
Flavour of the month, bro, (?) try to dispatch  
Always got the good badge, take it to the head  
Got me wasted like Jerry from the Grateful Dead  
Don't trip, get a grip, be strong and don't fake it  
Or else you get beat down, an' stripped butt-naked  
I just kick the lyric, straight from the spirit  
You can tell I got soul first time as you hear it

R: Welcome to the show, all come inside  
You can hear proper sound when it's Amplified  
You wanna party with the best and say "fuck the rest"  
'Cos we take away ya stress and never settle for less  
(2x)

When you deal with the Hill, keep your mouth still  
If you rely on your skill then rely on your steel  
If you have no ideal, or any thoughts to feel  
What you sought was real, to give 'em slots to fill  
Busters stop to deal  
But I face them, quicker than takin' a box of pills  
Now you gots to chill  
Get cops and sheilds, steady, hark the (?)  
If they're lookin' for prey, ready to stalk and kill  
As I lock the wheel, don't you mock the drill  
'Cos I'll cock my steel, make you drop and spill  
Got no mercy unless you talk to deal  
Quit talk and kneel, you won't top my will, bitch!

R: (2x)

Ain't no-body better, on that you can bet (CY-PRESS!)  
Wanna see a dope show? Put your money on my set  
Real emcees and real DJs  
Real South-siders from the heart of LA  
Now, back in the day we had big sucess  
And it's like that now and we won't settle for less  
You can beat the LB from the new latin lingo  
Nowadays you nothin', without a hit single  
Time to get loco, and put bodies in motion  
Hit the stage in a rage, and start up a commotion  
No I ain't jokin, see my mic smokin'?  
I slam it like the art and make sure it's broken

R: (2x)