

# Checkmate

Cypress Hill

Bout to mash these niggaz man  
Don't come in my backyard motherfucker  
Hahaha, B-Real and the DOG, motherfucker!  
Ha! Yeah

Here we go y'all, that's the nigga head dog  
Lunatic smokin loops, loose in your sector  
Got my eye on em, on the apparatus  
like a bone to a dog, yea you know I gotta have it  
Anywhere you get it shit, and I'ma grab it  
Turn around stares to your face and I jab it  
Drop you, like one of those ill bad habits  
Hunt you, like a hillbilly huntin a rabbit  
Cuttin niggaz up like Muggs on the wheels  
for reals, penitentiary steel  
Pull heads to bed from the choke of a headlock  
Fadin baldheads to perms, even dreadlocks  
BWOY, rudebwoy with me style  
I can get foul or wild, or just cool for a while

(Checkmate fool!) Hang em high  
Got the live shit, bang em whenever you/he wanna try  
Shoot to thrill, be at the Hill, I/we take em all  
(Checkmate fool!) Wherever the pawns fall

Look look punk, every way you get shook  
To the pawn, takin out the rook, off of the book  
Lights get taken, taken you for Satan  
You can't breathe, no need to look up and see me  
The last hope, when you mellow you call whoever  
For the hype shit, you call the Hill, put it together  
Runnin this game, bringin the same, raw shit  
Over the hills, through the city we come equipped  
to the letter, keepin your temperature down low  
What I reveal, the good shit to heal all souls  
Makin you roll late night, you trippin, my game's tight  
To the new shit I bring, never the same hype  
so PUSH THAT SHIT OFF, get up, don't let off  
No matter how much blood you spit up  
You could never be, fuckin with Greenthumb  
The outcome's specific, you spliff it, collapsed lung  
We hit hard, breakin your guard, you can't tell  
when the bells ring, bustin your shell, the pawn fell

(Peek-a-Boo, you fuck you!)

I'ma freak that funk yea slam it in the trunk  
I'ma kill all junk with the suicide clunk  
Ain't nobody came my way, talkin bout  
the Westside of L.A., so whatever  
punk-ass click you claim, you keep bumpin that shit  
and elevate your frame, cause I want that  
big-time, asshole, studio gangsta  
Worth a lot of shit, but that's not the main factor

My nigga Sen's rollin again, remember when  
we rocked shows, battlin foes, the time's been long

Strong with the styles, you ain't hear to win  
Like blood pourin out of the pen, the ink stains  
Slim chance if it gets in your brain, the hot flash  
got you heated with repeated attacks over the tracks  
Smack niggaz up, back niggaz up, hack niggaz up  
Jack niggaz up, hangin the wack niggaz up  
Snowball effect, we rollin the city limits  
Crushin the bitch-ass niggaz with all the gimmicks

Checkmate fool!