

# Funk Freakers

Cypress Hill

Let me introduce myself, I'm the one who rules the set  
So don't you forget  
Bad for ya health but ya still be tryin' ta push buttons  
But you ain't nothin', no frontin'  
I bring the level up a little louder  
In the clubs, an' the jeeps an' the after hours  
Fools on the street wanna feel the funk  
Lookin' for the 'skunk' that's what'cha want

Ya betta, sit back and let the track flow  
Like smoke in ya lungs from puffin' on the indo  
Rhythms upside'cha brain, can ya hang, can maintain?  
Can ya feel the funk flowin' in ya veins?  
Get'cha fix and ya bag of tricks  
In tha mix I got the stix and stones, a few bricks  
I'm gonna hit 'em high, he's gonna hit 'em low  
Open up ya mind so that you can feel the flow  
On, an' on till there all gone, fools be runnin' but they won't last long

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People always wanna get what you got, no matta' what  
Can't take care of themselves in the big hunt  
In the quest for the crown, an' the jewels, and the cheese  
Motherfucker please  
Enemies wanna plot against me with envy in they hearts  
But, I rip their sorry ass apart  
In a minute, I can take ya to the limit  
Temperature risen, nasal highzen

Comin' back in with the lows for the fows  
Fuckin' up egos, an' anybody, oppose  
The numba one skunk freaka, the Cypress Hill cliqua  
Blowin' a hole in tha speaker  
You don't wanna dis the Perro, the Real One, or the Werro  
Slangin' rhythms through the ghetto, ya best keep ya ass in cheek  
Come on, little mutha fuckas betta show respect  
An what's next, the big brown takin' ya down  
How ya feel, when your sorry ass can't hang with the hill

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Can ya feel the effects of the chocolate tide?  
Nobody even knows how I kick the flow  
Slow down, 'cause ya commin' up too fast  
Ya might get smacked down 'cause ya got no class