

## Killa Hill

Cypress Hill

"Esto no me gusta. Aqui la gente, la gente no sirve pa' mierda. Aqui yo soy, yo soy Capitan Pingaloca. Y to' mundo aqui, me sirve a mi o va pa'l carajo. Oye... revolucion compadre!"

In the midst of the madness  
No question, who's the baddest  
MCs in the game runnin for the status  
Take a few seconds to review the crews  
Sittin' on top is the Hill lookin' over you  
Killa Hill Niggas  
Cleaned in my dream  
Cookin' up a scheme  
For all them big bank niggas  
The world is yours, but it can be mine and his  
Bust you out the frame, I don't give a fuck who it is  
Number one mission, opposition  
Get dumb, succumb and then position  
In a casket, best wishes  
At the bottom of the lake, sleepin' with the fishes  
Full out search for the body  
Of the MCs who be comin' to disrupt the party  
No wins, no ends, no way  
That I'm ever gonna let ya come back again!

Check my dramatics  
Brains get splattered  
Dreams shattered  
Sabas get blasted for words he packaged  
Beat the sequence  
Bravado lessons on his defense  
Pile you niggas talkin' fast like Puerto Ricans  
What you seekin'  
Son I catch clean like Dominicans  
Last Mohican  
Witness I'm speakin, loud as Indians, tomahawk  
Shaolin slang, the violent talk  
Upstate New York  
Where chumps get extorted for Newports  
What you thought

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again  
The' the' the' then I'm never gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back, ease back  
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again

"Y ya esta dicho. Todos los que no les guste mi 'rebote' van a morir. Yo le voy a meter una bala a la cabeza a cualquier maricon, que no me persiga a mi a la 'singadapuerta'. Oye, hijo puta! Quiero quemarte la cara!"

Words droppin' chant  
The chinky eyed slant  
I'm taking these cannabis plants

Yo for granted  
Exotic narcotic  
Tunes slam soon  
From a dune  
In the desert  
Mega-Babylon pleasure  
Comin' out the domepiece, smell my aroma  
Warrior nomad  
Put you in a coma  
Comma  
Llama  
Smash-crashin' your armor  
Drama  
I'm a  
Stealth aircraft bomber  
Here is where I dwell  
At the gates o' hell  
It ain't where you're from  
It's where you're in the mentals  
And if not, yo' credentials  
Are essential  
I see reality  
View things surrounding me  
Free like a spread, precise strikes the lyric  
Not frontin' or braggin'  
Hundred percent red dragon  
Pine fragranced lyrics, the rhymes you can't imagine  
The globe-trotter, call me Meadowlog Lemon  
Five part criminal, two part felon

Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again  
The' the' the' then I'm never gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
The' then I'm never gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again  
Ease,  
Ease back  
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger  
Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again  
Ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger

"Esta dicho! Aqui, la revelacion! No se la ve por television. Todos los maricones del norte, que los voy a matar yo. Va a ser aqui en nuestro pais. Y todos los 'singamasones', que estan singando un mundo. Tambien, van a ver la muerte de ellos mismos, lo en las manos de ellos. Un dia, va a ser sangre, mucha sangre. La peste de los cuerpos muertos, vas a oir, que se va a hueler. Hasta los Estados Unidos, estos cabrones, que con la democracia, que nos 'tan singando en el culo. Todos son unos mismos cabrones..."