

The Funky Cypress Hill Shit

Cypress Hill

I came to introduce a new type of juice
Stuff I invents to make you feel real loose
No, you don't drink it, just let it sink it
Then start feelin' it, the funky Cypress Hill shit

People ask, "Why do you sound so funny?"
They must be talkin' 'bout my funky nasal vocal money
I take control, no need to blow my nose
Just click on the chumpy and feel the funky flows

For you and your bros, him and his hoes
You don't like it? Here's my dick, bite it
There's nuttin' you can do about the real one
It's a ill sum with the ill juice, I'm the funky feel one"

Sen'll psycobeta, blast ya if he hasta
Tell 'em Sen, I'm the psycobeta master
Strikin' ya, hittin' ya, buckin' ya, fuckin' ya
Like my Buddha plant boy, I'm gonna keep pluckin' ya

Pickin' ya, then I'm gonna roll you up and light ya
Despite your booty in sight to take my joint
To get to my point, I'm talkin' about a ill trip
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Let me tell you what happens when you squeeze, you're juice less
You can't get loose, so now you're useless
Can't feel the funk so I guess I'll pump the wrist
How 'bout this mug kiss my blunt?

Right into ya, now you're feelin', the chemicals vibin'
Are you realizin' that it's gettin' better?
Surprisin' you whether or not, your shit's together
From the high pitched levels, comin' from my rebels

Cypress Hill imported it, boiled it in steam
But yo everything ain't what it seems
'Cause the Cypress Hill material luxurious superior
Glory or memorial, historical, physical

Ingredients, gettin' that immediate blend
Yo, Sen take aim and let the juice now extend
Yeah, I'm still comin' atcha, but you don't need to duck down
'Cause this is somethin' different than a psychobeta buckdown

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Kick that shit B-real, intellect filthy um, lingo
Dissed you, I control elements, suck on slow

To get you all jazzed from here to Tallahassee
This ain't Florida, so put away the O.J.

Never in your life will you wet this
This crazy business, now you're thinkin'
... it's good like some cheeba
The formula will run ya I'll start takin' up a list

So you can get blitzed and you feel your head's twisted
Now insisted, you feel it to the brim
Yo, I ain't him, I could never be them
This ain't poison, so let's go out on a limb

For the boys and girls who haven't had it yet
If you get too much and roll it too straight
Yo, it's a fatal blow, somethin' like a
Yeah, it'll sting ya,
See ya, I'm on it, somethin' for the blunted

Just what you wanted, so you can feel the high
Smokin' the Buddha Thai
Lungs expandin' and now you're feelin' it
Yeah, the funky Cypress Hill shit

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