

Prelude to a Come Up (feat. MC Eiht)

Cypress Hill

Geeyeah, Soul Assassins two times, stick 'em
Geeyeah, Cypress Hill three times, come on
Geeyeah Infiltration be our daily operation for chasin'
Cross the seven seas eased, clockin' much conversation
Penetration, you know we gets busy, no hesitation
Greenery, hand-picked, from my own plantation
Feels the heat, under the sombrero
To any amigo that's tryin' to, stop the dineros
Chills with, señoritas, like Charro
Get drunk off tequila lay low till tomorrow
Follow, my flow, get the cash and go
Call my homey B-Rizzy in Mexico City
Loose lips sink ships, faker faces got guilt
Didn't mean to call you late, I need a hideout till
Cool, homey, I'll bring some fuckin' skunk
The homey smuggle me across lines in a trunk
Just like a bird I'm free in a land
With no fuckin' extradition treaty, I'm out, geeyeah Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God
Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God
With the crew from off the Hill B-Really killin' the Phillie now can you feel me from the
Soul Assassin committee, the shitty niggaz never thrill me
You silly bitches never respect, neglect money
You funny or broke, think it's a joke, your nose is runny
Got my main man, Mr. Rocho kickin' the vocals
From the Eastside, where it's loco sellin' the poco
From the two G's, breakin' the leaves of cheese, makin' the bacon
You hear it sizzle got your hands ready for the takin'
Evading the pigs, raiding my crib, I'm mad lib
And I wanna live and I'm givin' the message droppin' the lesson
Flippin' shit, and I'm keepin' 'em guessin' they all stressin'
Hit the lullaby, no confession, we in session Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God
Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God
Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God
Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God
With the crew from off the Hill We's beez the three amigos, skates with nickel plates
Under the seat and we goes east coast, west coast, anybody killer
Soul Assassins gets the cash and smash
Who spits the glocks like uno and dos?
Makin' your body disappear like a ghost
One time's tryin' to gaffle me, harassin' me
Tryin' to send me to the penitentiary In the nighttime, niggaz are creepin' you fuckin' sleepin'
And the beat, just keeps on seepin' into the street

While you peakin' I'm meetin' and greetin' the people speakin'
And leadin' the motherfuckers who's seekin' to catch, ruckus
Meaning you suckers no luckers overdub us, nut hug us
You love us, you can't stop, these mad audio hustlers
Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God
Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God
Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God
Shit is real on the motherfuckin' Hill God

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>