

# Audio X (feat. Barron Ricks)

## Cypress Hill

"t minus 10 9 8 7 6. 5 4 3 2 1. zero!"  
(blast off!)

Come inside hello everybody welcome  
Think you better be ready for the battle when the shit goes down  
Cause we warring  
All you fuckin yellow comets runnin from the front line  
If anybody wanna get away hey  
I'll find your fuckin ass in due time  
Run and seek shelter but you never will escape  
Flippin over the gate, cause you can't wait  
To get your fuckin ass away  
But you're trapped, and there's no way out of this mushroom cloud  
But you never wanna realize that i'm planted  
In your mind now  
Cypress hill compound, you could hear the sound  
Let another motherfucker run up  
And i'll put your ass down (down)  
Then i'll peel from your cap the cypress hill star  
Quick look around, you can't hide  
You just might die right where you are  
b-real

Audio x... we gonna your blow your head up (up)  
Synthetic flows, they gonna make you get up  
Give me any record and i'll flip it any style  
Niggaz can't help it, cause they bumpin the shit loud  
Aiyyo whasup kid, feel the rush, glad you kept in touch  
With these niggaz who be puffin on the dutch  
Bustin guns, lay back in the cut  
Can it be, it's just a dream when you're on your scene smokin the  
Green  
Cause ain't shit never what you think it seem  
From the streets where life ain't cheap  
Cypress hill, soul assassins, while you askin, "who dat rappin?"  
We get all up inside your grill, with the skill  
Shoot to kill when it's time for action  
See you can't hide, from this homicide, that ain't no lie  
Better kiss that black ass goodbye  
When you try to play these wiseguys  
So who's complainin when we intensify the levels on the ryhme  
You better get ready for the battle when the shit goes down  
Because we are the wild  
"audio terrorists

Mic specialists  
About to blow this  
Blast off"  
Lookin in your eyes, i see your body bag figure  
Better be ready for the battle when the shit goes down  
Cause it's on nigga  
What you wanna do, you better pay close attention  
Let it be known, i control the zone  
Beyond your comprehension  
Blunt session, you feel the tension begin to rise  
Fuck and feed him, if they can't take a joke  
And get high  
I'm feelin lye, in my lungs, what the deal bro?  
So many people wanna hit my joint  
But they never got none  
Imagine that bullshit, happens all the time  
Niggaz better start growin they own  
They cannot fuck with mine  
Give me any record and i'll flip it any style  
Beginners better run back to the lab  
And practice for a while  
"this has been another audio x explosive  
Blast off!"

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