

# Killa Hill Niggas

## 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 YorkWhere chumps get extorted for Newports

What you thought

(\*back vocals -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 lacara!"Words droppin'

chantThe check DI 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(\*back vocals -Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the  
trigger  
Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again)"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..."

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