

Cypress Hill, Killa Hill

{Capitan Pingaloca}

"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!"

{B-Real}

In the midst of the madness no question, who's the baddest
MC's 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, cream in my dream
Cookin up a scheme for all them big bank figures
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 thrown sent home in dead position
In the casket, best wishes
At the bottom of the lake, sleepin with the fishes
Full out search for the body
of the MC's who be comin to disrupt the party
No wins, no ends, no way
that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again!

{RZA}

Check my dramatics, brains get splattered, dreams shattered
Sabas get blasted for words he packaged
Peep the sequence; crab adolescents, on his defense
Power-U niggaz talkin fast like Puerto Ricans
What you seekin, son I catch cream like Dominicans
Last Mohican, lyrics I'm speakin, wild as Indians
Tomahawk - Shaolin slang, the violent talk
Upstate New York, where chumps get extorted for Newports
What you thought?

{B-Real}

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
.. that that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again

{Capitan Pingaloca}

"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!"

{U-God}

Words drop in chant, the cheeky-eyed slant
I'm takin these cannabis plants yo for grant'
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, few things surroundin me
Three 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 Meadowlark Lemon
Five part criminal, two part felon

{B-Real}

- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
.. that that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back.. ease back..
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger..

{Capitan Pingaloca}

"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..."