

Cypress Hill, Killa Hill Niggas

[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
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!

[RZA]

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 York
Where chumps get extorted for Newports
What you thought

[B-Real]

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again
The' the' the' then I'm never gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
Then I'm never 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 droppin' chant
The 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

[B-Real]

Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again
The' the' the' then I'm never gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
The' then I'm never gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
Then I'm never gonna let ya come back again
Ease,
Ease back
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
Then I'm never 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..."