

Real Estate

Cypress Hill

(B-Real)

You'll waste time to hurt her, sorta like murder
A duck with the public's favorite rhyme order
I ain't no waiter or hater of a spectator (kill em B-Real)
Seekin to find the toys, with no flavor
See I'm talkin about those whose vocals ain't comin off
A skill to kill at will, but awfully dumb of course
some go nut, the power of the last one
slower, flower, blower
Those who ain't pros I wet my stupid radio
cause he needs a G when you listen to the vocal
I'm not a loco but I'm lookin just til punk go OHH
Now you can't see I'm real great?
Check out the story to the glory of the real estate(Sen Dog)
All these motherfuckers that wanna run up on the Hill
Step off! You know why?
This shit is all about BOO-YAA cause I said step off!

(B-Real)

This is the crime you find you're not an exponent
Doggone it, another gonna mierda on it
Now you're wishin, fishin you could do this
But on the strength, yo, I think you knew this
was just like a dream, when you supreme, the king
of a minor?

All for 47, swung? eleven

Got hit with a pitch like a bitch and went to heaven
Weak ducks, duckin and buckin
Sayin FUKKIT, ain't worth damn pay the ducats
From my public, my favorite subject, I loves it
So go 'head, talk your punk shit
Suckers, you're nuttin,? like a jock?
Crack smoker, can we adjust we choker
Ohh, now you can't see I'm real great?

Check out the story to the glory of the real estate

(Sen Dog)

Heh heh heh, another soft pussy motherfucker
Another fly verse
Straight from the deficit
Another scripture of B-Real
Yeah. get funky, Real

This is the Lower Eastside of things
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Cypress Hill(B-Real)

You ain't flamboyant, a toy boy on it
Ain't paid a plot, for un-em-b-boyment
I won't cause yo I got a lot of what I gotcha
Plus I taught ya, the beat on the top of
everything you know, still you can't do no
damage or duel though aiyyo, cause our crew now
the Real is the?, sport and you can see this
G-ness dialogue, of the real skiers
I ain't nuttin like a joke, get stoned, get smoked
and choke off, the hypes I cook off
The dialectic, funk-elistic
Chew slower or become another statistic
Ohh, now you can't see I'm real great?
Check out the story to the glory of the real estate(Sen Dog)
Yo I told you to keep down brother
The motherfuckers just don't learn nothin G
Wake up Hill
They gotta keep goin back to the old school
So they keep goin out
Cause they're just not Real
Ha yeah that's right fool(B-Real)
Yes the master pass, kick your ass
and feel combustion, for the dope blast
Cause you're steppin on my property, get off it G
Get caught up, then you get shot up
See, violators will be prosecuted
by the reputed, undisputed, Cypress zooted
Not so, no there's no sellout
You ain't got enough ducats to shell out
Well I'm in front, and yo I feel great
Check out the story to the glory of the real estate(Sen Dog)
Yeah, roaches come in but they don't come out G
Don't come on the Hill
That's right
Get off the Real Estate
Get off the Real Estate
Get off the Real Estate
Get off the Real Estate

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>