

Funk Freakers

Cypress Hill

Let me introduce myself, I'm the one who rules the set
So don't you forget
Bad for ya health but ya still be tryin' ta push buttons
But you ain't nothin', no frontin'
I bring the level up a little louder
In the clubs, an' the jeeps an' the after hours
Fools on the street wanna feel the funk
Lookin' for the 'skunk' that's what'cha want

Ya betta, sit back and let the track flow
Like smoke in ya lungs from puffin' on the indo
Rhythms upside'cha brain, can ya hang, can maintain?
Can ya feel the funk flowin' in ya veins?
Get'cha fix and ya bag of tricks
In tha mix I got the stix and stones, a few bricks
I'm gonna hit 'em high, he's gonna hit 'em low
Open up ya mind so that you can feel the flow
On, an' on till there all gone, fools be runnin' but they won't last long

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People always wanna get what you got, no matta' what
Can't take care of themselves in the big hunt
In the quest for the crown, an' the jewels, and the cheese
Motherfucker please
Enemies wanna plot against me with envy in they hearts
But, I rip their sorry ass apart
In a minute, I can take ya to the limit
Temperature risen, nasal highzen

Comin' back in with the lows for the fows
Fuckin' up egos, an' anybody, oppose
The numba one skunk freaka, the Cypress Hill cliqua
Blowin' a hole in tha speaker
You don't wanna dis the Perro, the Real One, or the Werro
Slangin' rhythms through the ghetto, ya best keep ya ass in cheek
Come on, little mutha fuckas betta show respect
An what's next, the big brown takin' ya down
How ya feel, when your sorry ass can't hang with the hill

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Can ya feel the effects of the chocolate tide?
Nobody even knows how I kick the flow
Slow down, 'cause ya commin' up too fast
Ya might get smacked down 'cause ya got no class