I put roots on emcees who try to fade these, lyrics Kid please, I got the microphone disease And I don't joke when it's time to go to work Whack emcees play like Pee-wee Herman and get jerked In the cypher mad skillz gets hyper More heads show up, and now the shits gettin' tighter Huh, I find it hard to breathe, bass line strummin' Money is gettin' hot but the lyrics keep, comin' Feel like I'm trapped inside my mother's womb Adrenaline's flowin', it's bound to be a battle soon Peep it, this is our secret garden Niggas'll represent and end up heads-a-noddin On the corners, without the mics Inside the clubs, without the spotlights Packed and tight like we were all doin' the bid Fuck were ya from it's time to shoot ya lyrics kid Yo flip the script, if you'll act time'll tell Aww shit my man lit up the L So you go for your's, I'ma go for mine Rapper after rapper, rhyme after rhyme Hardcore punchlines and then comes the riddles It's like gettin' high when I'm standin' in the middle So freestyle fanatics and ya badass writers? Ya shit ain't real unless it's real in the cypher, uh

On the corners, brothas bobbin' heads From them all doin' time in the cypha (4x)

The cypha keeps it real! bring nothin' but ya flowin'
Minus the static and some batteries for your radio, 'cause yo
Skills are vital if ya enter
I've seen niggas lose titles just for standin' in the, center
Can ya feel it? can ya feel the vibe?
It looks like we beefin' to the people walkin' by
The feeling's real and ain't nobody fake
So go acapella while my man flips the tape
I close my eyes and think for a while
Money changed the beat, different heads, different styles, yeah
Who's next to flex? yeah you know the deal
Chillin' in the cypha where the shit is mad real

On the corners, brothas bobbin' heads From them all doin' time in the cypha (4x)

Representation, minus confrontation
Keeps shit funky with the funky sensation
So step up kid, come on kid step up front
And peep out my man while he's rhymin' with the blunt
Some kids bring the funk, some kids bring the dissin'
Some kids are just whack, but everybody's listenin'
Yeah ya gotta give respect, ? when respect is due
Fuck the bullshit, and the cypha shit is true
The rhymes get spit and the 40's get tapped
Some niggas don't have jack, some niggas got contracts
Representation keep the brothas tighta

Peace to emcees who did time in the cypha

On the corners, brothas bobbin' heads From them all doin' time in the cypha (4x)

Yeah, keepin' it live for '95, no doubt It's cypha time, only emcees know What I'm talkin' about Yeah