

# A to the K

## Cypress Hill

Look bib you it heard on the radio  
You seen it on the TV show, A to the K  
A to the motherfucking ZA to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K  
(To the what?)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K One, life has begun for the roughneck  
Kid who was gonna put niggaz in check  
Eighteen G's, for the green  
Obscene and it's for the time being  
I'm pickin' nine, hell I'm out to get mine  
And pick two homies, three combine  
Next thing you know, jump in the six fo'  
Get out, cock the hammer, then kick down the door A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K  
(A to the K)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K  
(Motherfucking K)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K  
(A to the K)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K Couple niggaz from the east side, headed eastbound  
Lookin' for a pound to haul around town  
Here comes a clown, I gotta hold my ground  
Hear the slug comin' when it come you fall down  
Buck down, dead sound that's what you found  
That's what you get when you fuck with the brown  
Dog, Sen is comin' to the mound  
La Vida from Cypress, rips your compound  
Shit gets deep, eight niggaz on the ground  
What do you know? what go around come around  
Six for the pig and his punk hound  
Hail to the King pig or you get crowned  
Or better yet I'll roll you up like a fat JA to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K  
(A to the K)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy

A to the motherfucking K  
(Motherfucking K)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K  
(A to the K)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K It's gonna be on, it's gonna be on  
(It's gonna be on, goin' on)  
It's gonna be on, it's gonna be on  
(It's gonna be on, goin' on)  
It's gonna be on, it's gonna be on  
(It's gonna be on, goin' on) Give me that weed fool and all your loot too  
I got a nigga in the back and the blunt for your crew  
Loaded and cocked for any hard rock  
If you're takin' my weed, I'm takin' over your spot  
Keep your face down as I take your pound  
Don't let me see nobody get up, just hug the ground  
Stay still and don't make a sound  
As I get out the door headed eastbound  
But why did the fool try to act brave?  
(Act brave)  
Clip from the nine equals six to the grave A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K  
(A to the K)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K  
(Motherfucking K)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K  
(A to the K)  
A to the motherfucking K homeboy  
A to the motherfucking K

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