

King Of The Hill

Westside Connection

Oh yeah, it ain't over motherfuckers, these niggas don't understand
Every few years niggas got to get their motherfucking caps peeled back
 Nigga this is Westside nigga, don't think, nigga don't think
 Now, next motherfuckers, go by the name of Cypress Hill
K all motherfucking dayEvery few years niggas think they can deal with the real
 Now I gots to fuck Cypress Hill, I got a voice you should fear
 I drink a beer bust a rap and end your fucking career
 You fucking cowards, never seen a hood high powered
Like the Westside Connect, slide me my techI Got 'em soon as I spot 'em I'm dumpin'
 Gots to treat these bitch ass niggas like they stole something
 I see a joint in your clutch, you're smokin' that shit too much
 Got your bitch ass touchedSen Dogg you can't rap from the guts
 And B-Real sounding like he got baby nuts
 I don't know why y'all think y'all slick
 I don't know what rapper down wit your click
 I don't know one bitch on your dick
And I don't know one nigga pumping your shitI hear you claiming South Central wait
 You ain't from my hood, y'all hoes from South Gate
 Coming with a voice high pitched
The "B" in B-Real must stand for bitchWe'll its the hip-hop junkie startin' static, now I'm rolling up Cypress
 Hill
 Letting niggas have it, got these wannabe thugs up, load my slugs up
 Hey yo back up Cube Dogg we passed that bitch muggs up
 Pull over and let me out this show no sight
Now let me show this White Boy what that Westside Connect likeBoo ya boo ya from tha gauge as I spit them
 Tha buck shots spray and made them lay as I hit 'em, uhhh
 Ain't got the Swedish punks ass no mo'
 1 down and 2 to go hand me a Fo' Fo'
Let me get my ride on, get my homicide onB-Real wish he could be me 'cause he know he can't see me, bitch
 You should have known you can't fade a real hog
 Bringin' Inglewood small, 'cause I'm a real dogg
 You bustas wanna see me but you bustas can't come close
Because I'm ACE homies with Americas mostNigga miss me, I'm used to a hoe trying to kiss me
 Now what gave your bitch ass enough heart to diss me?
 You'll come up missing
 And Sen Dogg is so wacked he ain't even worth dissin'
You niggas need to listenOn everything I love my heat can't release a dub
 Fuck rappin' fuck strapping I'll create another bloody glove
 Its 1-0 and for sho' I'll kill

You pussies can't match my skill
Cause I'm the king of the hillEverybody in the Ghetto, know what you're doing
1 white boy and 2 fucking Cubans
Claiming that you're Loco, but you ain't Mexican
Listen to "No Vaseline" Before you flex againFucking with tha hoggs, you say you bloods
But you ain't nothing but a Dogg fool
On tour only rapping to tha yuppies
We the Big Fish that'll make a dish out you fucking guppiesSo who y'all with?
Niggaz down with Cypress can wipe this shit off my dick
Has I stick it like King Kong and play Ping Pong
With this fake ass Cheech and Chong, did you tell yaMomma that I had to help ya
When Sen Dogg left your bitch ass in Australia
You say that I took your hook?
It must be the White Boy thinking all niggaz crooksNow what? You hip-hop hippies how you fucking junkies
Think you gonna punk me and chill
And deal with tha fact that you ain't got enough skill
To kill, the king of the hillIce Cube could you pass me my steel?
For real
I'm the king of the hill
Mack10 could you pass me my steel?
For real
I'm the king of the hillIce Cube could you pass me my steel?
For real
I'm the king of the hill
Westside could you pass me my steel?
For real
I'm the King of the hill! I'm havin' illusions
A Westside niggas whooping on your motherfucking ass
That's what you gotta loose you lil' bitch
Yeah nigga youse a bitch
Dogg we ain't got no niggas like you on my side
Nigga this is Inglewood, westside yeahCheck it out, we're waiting for round 2 you punk ass mothefuckers
And anybody else that wanna get some, stand in line
But bring a lunch mothefuckersThis how somebody got fucked up nigga

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>