

# King of the Hill

## Nicholas Tremulis

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 day  
    Every 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 tech  
            I 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 touched  
        Sen 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 shit  
            I 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 bitch  
We'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 like  
        Boo 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 on  
    B-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 most

Nigga 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 listen  
On 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 hill  
Everybody 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 again  
Fucking 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 guppies  
So 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 ya  
Momma 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 crooks  
Now 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 hill  
Ice 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 hill  
Ice 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 yeah  
Check 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 mothefuckers  
This how somebody got fucked up nigga

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