

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>