King Of The Hill

Quiet Riot

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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