

Kardinal Offishall "King Of The Hill"

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INTRO [Kardinal Offishall]

Murderer, yeah

Kardinal Offishall, yeah

FOS crew, yeah

The Circle, yeah

Capitol Hill, yeah yeah

This is how it go, on and on

To the like break of wha what!

Yeah yeah, check it out

[Kardinal Offishall]

See me in MC reality spoken

Some provoked the Kardinal to speak on sights
unheard

As my word is bond, so is mental put into a picture

Twist the vocal like a taste of lime, into the drink of life

The rythmn is my wife

I impregnate her the apex to flex a new son

Entitled a composition, taught him how to rock

Now the sex don't stop, my wifey can't get enough

Of the hardcore, make you want more type of stuff

That I bust all over her insides, sometime on the
outside

Add a beat light to make sure the Immaculate
Conception

Is wicked from start to finish I kick it, mix it into the
witch's brew

Add a backup vocal to the stew

Now they be, surfing me at Play De Track, rocking soul
and others

Down to Sam Goodie what, peace to goodie goodie

Rubbing a piece of y'all talk and yo! That's all she wrote

That's all I said, as I take my wifey to the bed

And rock

CHORUS [Kardinal & Tara Chase]

On and on and on and on

We gonna keep it on to like the break of wha!

On and on and on and on

We gonna keep it on to like the break of wha!

On and on and on and on

We gonna keep it on to like the break of wha!

On and on and on and on

We gonna keep it on to like the break of wha!

[Kardinal Offishall]
We gonna bring it to ya face like (ewww!)
Shout and mash up the jump 'till them sound like
(ewww)
Kardinal wicked (what), wicked like a (ewww)
Every crew know, that's why the crowd like (ahhh)
Picture your menace to your society, soul to your
propriety
Lyricist of the year, and also the cause of you anxiety
A little nigga chilling on my shoulder told me to rock ya
like a boulder
Now I'm back, big up my chest like Jully Black
Ex-poets, make a nigga see about he heard
If I didn't tell you so, there's no truth to the word
We sing, stop talking a man's business
I bless the mic with freshness, the Dr. Kay-bee handles
the rest
Shout out to the one-tree, niggas from the J-C, Rexdale
to eastside
To the Eastside to meet up with Ill B
My nigga KC bring him to the uptown
U to the P inside the E-W, scoop up gone for raps
Give the dreads a couple of daps, bust a couple raps
Inside the place niggas know my face, girlies know the
rest of the long physique
'Cause when I rock, the session goes
CHORUS
[Tara Chase] {Kardinal Offishall}
{Capital Hill in this, with the one little Miss}
{TC for your mind brain, yo check it, yo}
Prepare for your departure from these stolen planes
Rays emitting from the vocals liquefied your brain
{What's your name yo?}
Miss Tara Chase if you're nasty
Pulling Capital Queen of the Hill if you ask me
You can't fuck this Mickey, Mallory combination
Surround the world with our sound like global
domination
{How you feel?}
Distortion to static is how you look
Re-arrange your whole physical anatomy shook
[Kardinal Offishall]
For all them niggas we got what you need
Kardinal Offishall, Tara Chases
Capitol Hill, get upon the mic and do what you will
The Circle y'all, check it out
CHORUS

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