

Cypress Hill

"What Go Around Come Around"

Visit "[What Go Around Come Around](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Come on come on
(time for some action)
yeah yeah
(time for some action)
Come on come on
(time for some action)
yeah yeah
(time for some action)
Come on come on

Drunk ass fool
just a punk ass
gonna cause trouble
yeah let me burst that bubble
in a hurry
I ani't happy
so worry
what's a judge
and a punk ass jury
homeboy
Should I'm done to go home
but ya got caught up inside the cyclone
If I go home
I'll get slopped and stoned
When I disconnect that
fuckin neck bone
WATA!
Then ya get the kick to jaw kid
And I rip out ya eyelids
So you can see
The head nigger at it
killa
Commin when I break on the static

What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around (go around)
What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around (go around)
What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around (go around)
What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around

Shit
I get real shit
yo shit
can ya feel it
Carbon copy come steal it
The gatt I conceal it
Under my jacket
Oh where oh where
Do ya think I pack it
Under my belt
when the cards get dealt
to all the players
And though the punk ass fakers
just come
And ya get the high pitched humm
Make ya understand where I'm from
The eastside brown
kid looks around
Put's down tump
it must fall down
It's on
when ya wanna take my pound
punk
what go around come around

What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around (go around)
What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around (go around)
What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around (go around)
What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around

(time, time for some action)
check me and I'll check you back
(time, time for some action)
check me and I'll check you back

When they come
with the staic cling
it's not thing
Make ya sing the blues
like B.B. King
I got the roughneck scales
To give awhile
Like a voodoo child
Nuthin but style
Take it
But you can see the black glock clickin

Point my gatt
at the punk ass victims
Step up
Or you can step back
though the doors
You can bring it on
if ya wanna come get yours
But ya betta look ova ya shoulda
'cause a loss of blood gets the body much colder

What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around (go around)
What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around (go around)
What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around (go around)
What go around come around, kid (go around)
What go around come around

(time, time for some action)
check me and I'll check you back
(time, time for some action)
check me and I'll check you back
(time, time for some action)
check me and I'll check you back

check me and I'll check you back

Visit [Cypress Hill](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.