

## Die 3 Zwidern

### "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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