

# Cypress Hill, What Go Around Come Around, Kid

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  
Cuz 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