

Kardinal Offishall, King Of Da Hill

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 rhythm 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 July 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