

Kottonmouth Kings f/ Cypress Hill

"Put it Down"

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Put the pipe down, put the, put the pipe down
Put the, put the pipe down
Put ya bong down, put ya, put ya bong down
Put ya, put ya bong down
Put the blunt down, put the, put the blunt down
Put the, put the blunt down
Put ya pipe down, put ya bong down
Put ya blunt down, and listen up now

[Johnny Richter]
You know, Southern California be the home of the
highest
Between the Hill and Kottonmouth, we smokin' nothin'
but the fniest
The weed incredible, this an unstoppable team
We down with Cypress like our ese's be down with
thirteens
Never both rights cause they simply below us
Don't mess around with street vendors, strictly go to
the growers
And everybody who know us, we gettin' outta space
high
They be like bye-biddy-bye-biddy-biddy-bye-bye

[B-Real]
I put the blunt down, here's the run down, by the sun
down
Slide us out the joint, I'll get you high, you gon' come
down
Catch a contact, homie, watch as I take hits
Show me who you know that'll take bigger vape hits
Everybody grows, let me know if you need some
Tell me what you want, you can call Dr. Greenthumb
Put the blunt down, if I'm wrong, well homie
Then I'm stoned, that's what happens when you hit the
fuckin' bong, wow

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[D-Loc]

Y'all motherfuckers know the deal
It's Kottonmouth Kings and Cypress Hill
Got that shit that bump, y'all know what's up
This D-Double-Dash, don't give a fuck
Got the kush wrapped up like I could kill
Don't act tough, the hood gets real
Get them backs, don't get slick
I'm feelin' kinda good and gotta itch
One more time for ya mind, here I go with my rhyme
I'm a get it from the front, you can get it from behind
Sen Dog and B-Real put it down for the Krown
Got the people shook up off the smoke from the pound

[B-Real]

Pack another bowl in the pipe if you want hell
Maybe we can lace another load, make the song sell
Let me roll this hash leaf, kush in the middle son
If you never put it in we rollin' you a little one
Dude put the brownie down, you're a fuckin' lightweight
We're smokin' at four-twenty, well you're searchin' for
the right date
High when I hit it then get you hammered in a second
son
Take a fuckin' hit and get in line for the second one

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[Sen Dog]

So now you know, you better struggle
All you busters better hit the back door
We ain't frontin', that's what it's all about
Somebody put this gat up in this fool's mouth

[Daddy X] (Sen Dog)

Welcome to the west coast where the real tokers stay
They should rename this the cannabis state
You can't relate if you ain't from the area
We got that one-hitter quitter that'll bury ya

It get scarier when clones cross-pollenize
Hydroponics, criptnotic, supersonic, madinotic
You wake up and you still feelin' groggy yeah
Heads foggy like cereal, that's soggy yeah
You pack the bong but you can't find your lighter still
I load it twice so somebody call Cypress Hill
Sen Dog, you got a fire for a brother man
(I got some fire but your lighter's still up in ya hand)

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[Sen Dog]

Hit 'em with the sick shit, just like The Misfits
Kottonmouth and Cypress Hill always kick the dope shit
Down with Daddy X, D-Loc and Johnny Richter
Southern Cali's most high, do you get the picture
We don't stop, we just keep on dumpin'
With the spit that kill, a homeboy ain't lackin' nothing
From the streets of Southie all the way to O-C
Anywhere around the world that smokes the dope
weed
We got what it takes, kush bud, hash cakes
Smoke filled room when the dip takes place
I be comin' on strong, on the song like Tommy Chong
Beatin' on my chest, mad dog, King Kong
Here's another verse from the dog that came first
We comin' at you hard from the ghetto to the surf
I be putting in work so just stay up off my turf
Or I'll have your home boy straight callin' for a hearse

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