

## **Kottonmouth Kings "3 Horny Devils"**

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Three horny devils on the late night creep  
One, two, three horny devils  
Kottonmouth Kings rollin' through O.C.  
Bass first, then comes the treble  
Three horny devils on the late night creep  
One, two, three horny devils  
And if ya feelin' funks fool ya betta leave, ya better  
leave fool

I'm one of the three of the horniest devils  
I'm not Violent J but I'm a psychopathic rebel  
Just a bud smokin panty feelin' P-Town kid  
Got a '74 slant nose V-dub biatch

Well this is for the bitches and the bitch boys too  
I'm Saint Dog from that Kottonmouth Krew  
Ya sister go inside to drink a 40 oz brew  
Gettin' laid in the back of a Subaru  
A Subaru, I thought you knew  
I did her doggy style like Scooby Doo  
Now listen up ladies check it out they call me Saint  
I try to be a good guy but the truth it is I ain't  
See I huffs on the paint (paint)  
Take rips on the dank (dank)  
And if I'm at a party I might hit the nitrous tank  
Fill it up, suck it in wha wha to the head wha wha to the  
head  
Fill it up, suck it in wha wha to the head  
D-Loc's got the bud that make your eyes turn red  
It's a 9.4 on a Richter scale  
I got the green farm buds and they ain't for sale  
The shit we smoke man would never fail us  
For the Kottonmouth Kings to inhale, biatch

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leave fool

We're gettin' drunk smokin' blunts like these white boys  
should  
They call me crazy cracker, straight peckerwood  
But I'm just a kid walkin' on this earth  
And yes I rock the microphone for what it's worth  
And for what it's worth we're all one in the same  
Got a little horny devil that controls my brain  
Hey hey hey got a bowl, get a light

A beat and a mic, some ass for the night  
Saint diggy-Dog takin' on oncomers  
Winter, spring, and summer I'm burnin' through the  
rubbers  
Burnin' through the rubbers and strippers man  
Bet I'll hit more skin than you can  
When your high goes flat Pakelika's got the best  
Fix you up fill you up with the fat green snacks  
Phillies always roll like a wrestlin' match  
So light it up, go to sleep, Kottonmouth on the creep  
Horny devils always huntin' always rollin' 3-Deep  
Three horny devils

Three horny devils on the late night creep  
One, two, three horny devils  
Kottonmouth Kings rollin' through O.C., three horny  
devils  
Three horny devils on the late night creep, three horny  
devils

I'm D-LoCo, I sip hot cocoa  
I wont fuck a girl if the bitch is a broke ho  
I'm Saint Doggy drinkin's my hobby  
I'll split yo lip if yo ass gets foggy  
I'm X Daddy bet cha I have these fine young fillies in  
my '62 Caddy  
Three horny devils psychotic rebels  
Rollin' 3-Deep bitch, so turn up yo treble  
I was born and bred to rip and shread  
Takin' 7 bong loads to the mother fuckin' head  
I'm a late night crawler, P-Town Baller  
Creepin' up on ya like a creepy crawler

One, two three horny devils  
Bass first, then comes the treble  
O.C. hit new levels

I'm D-Loc twelve hoochie strollin', phillie blunt rollin'  
My bug ain't stolen not kinda really just some of the  
parts  
Like the end of the rims the bumps and the box

Not untouchable, but I am hard to reach 1605 down in  
Huntington Beach  
Just to get lit and do another song and hear bump,  
bump all night long  
I said bump, bump but that's another song and that's  
another track  
So bring it back to the facts of the subject

Fuck it lets fish bowl this bucket  
Lets fish bowl this bucket  
Yea let's fish bowl this bucket

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