

Kottonmouth Kings

"Boom Clap Sound"

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Zippity zippity backa de back zep zep zoom ba ba
boom biba de bab
clucky de clack put one in the hole I'm ready to rap this
how we do
when the kings in the building this how we do when the
caps start
pealing this how we do when Baer goes bare this is how
we do when
I smoke on the green ya tell me you motherfucker what
you really
wanna do wanna run around a track while I run around
it too wanna
run run run let me get that split that run run run let me
hit that rep
that hit that rep that get that gold let me put it in a pipe
let me pack
it in a bowl wanna. run run run run run run run run

I never really get upset all the way to the point were I
feel like
their is no hope lift now tryna keep a good out look
tryna reroute all
thoughts that will weight me down all I assume to need
is a big bag
of weed and a couple of shots of let's say crown if you
beef if I
don't bang in my jeep then we going to my town, my
town yea
that's where I go when I need to go get oz so I didn't
blow my top
Off face blow when I lose control gotta tell em better
come back in
one piece body whole I know you know or at least I
know that you
relate cause these harps deserve to be story told
gonna take the
least favorite song on yer headphone and know that
yer not alone

I put my stamp on it guaranteed freshness the X factor
quality tester

handcrafted packed up in vacuum seal so when you
bang it loud it's
that shit that you can feel real deal underground street
sweeper stone
town were the future sound gatekeeper kottonmouth
license and
bongoes when yer speakers beating now look who
responded the
A team special unit stoner squad stomping out
mudholes told you
it's a dirty job, clean up crew so pack a bong hit fill it up
to the top
it's gonna be a long trip eyes glazed blood shot I stay
ripped I
disconnect from the system of power grit a Renegade,
outcast,
misfits will equip wit the cannabis survival kit

Boom clap boom clap sound to the poem sound to the
poem
sound to the poem
I don't know about to lose control here they go

Here that, that be the sound of the police on the way to
ruin
your time everybody
In the area spark it up so they lose their mind

Boom clap forshezee I'm gonna keep these raps bizzy
I'm gonna
keep my brain all dizzy bemap when you get boom
klizzy clap clap
when you hear my gun go blap blap that be the rebel of
partying
bringing so give the bubble to snap snap yea now
where did they
all go move to the beat keep putting the peace we
filling the street
I front of the crowd pulling the heat and never to stop
and never
decease I'm off of the leash so give me the keys you
gotta believe
me open yer eyes and now you can see me over the
lies I'm overly
dreaming you looking around yer bringing the ground
forever
I'm peeling just stay to the track I'm eating the gluts
and stealing
simmers of time resemble the grizzly feeding
resemble for what
I'm achieving were in it to rap you call me heaving fuck

everybody
I'm ending up leaving the party is over the stress it ain't
stopping
who's looking for good but now it ain't popping and
now that I see
the true color I think I'll be dropping out the race to
keep it from
flopping keeping the party alive the only one option the
only one option

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