

## **Kottonmouth Kings "Built To Last"**

Visit "[Built To Last](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Time keeps on slippin through that hour glass-I-I need  
to rip another vapor blast-  
Why do all these people keep on talkin trash-  
Kottonmouth was built to last- you know that we  
was built to last

The Adventures of shaky bonez the intruder  
AKA D-Loc Mr. Ginseu Master  
The Budda Blasta it's all-good  
Operatin in my green room  
Cutting up my words.  
You betta make way  
I've been know to blow the spot  
Mr. Ginseu Master  
And Bobby Suenam  
We form like volton connected by the feet  
So theirs room to reach  
When we transform the beat  
With the ill techniques  
Needles stick like gum  
Bobby on the two and shaky on the one  
Here comes the suenamie brothas  
Duck fuck run grab your shields and  
Putten up this ain't for fun  
Table combat son  
You betta blow the spot  
When I penetrate it's deep  
You know I smoke my pot  
Everyday I stay ripped  
They call me D-Loc the C  
Don't Eva get it twisted  
Naw! Mean.

Time keeps on slippin through that hour glass-I-I need  
to rip another vapor blast- Why do all  
these people keep on talkin trash- Kottonmouth was  
built to last- you know that we was built to  
last

And you know this  
I got so Herb in my pocket  
A caddie an a truck

A phat chain wallet  
A dirt bike, mini bike and a go-cart  
A skateboard shoot gun and a snowboard  
My wake because winter just passed  
Summer comin up  
River runs with the hash  
Me and all my dogs  
Drinken beers token buds  
Yorkin on are trucks  
Right under the sun  
And when the water cold  
We sit and get stoned  
Hollerin at the hunny's  
Talkin shit from crow's boat

And if you don't know  
I don't really fuckin care  
Like listen to a drunk  
When he's yappin in my ear  
Talken this tale that  
Your not make no sense  
Like smoken crack by a fence  
Or bud when it's dense  
Don't run get it twisted  
I'm a tell you again  
The call me L-O-C  
Sucka see ya! Say.

Time keeps on slippin through that hour glass-I-I need  
to rip another vapor blast- Why do all  
these people keep on talkin trash- Kottonmouth was  
built to last- you know that we was built to  
last

I be the kid with my pants  
Straight sagged to my knees  
Got my vans on my feet  
Smoke a once a week  
Written rhymes to beats  
Intertwining with timing  
Rhyming patters are scatteren  
I'm as high as the heavens  
Farmer are caddle  
Eaten valiums and tatilen  
On the side of a mountain choppin trees down or  
cabins  
On the search for medalians  
While they thinking their stallions  
I about to burn like dragons  
How could you imagin  
Back in the day I was a pest in the classroom

With a attitude bablin  
On the desk I was taggen  
While the teacher was talking  
Hald the time I was nappin  
Sides the fact I was slacken  
DidnÂ't care if I was passin  
Relaxin and laughing  
Stealing pencils and graphing  
Children for magazine  
Memories of causalities  
People now gather me IÂ'm the D-L-O-C  
And IÂ'll I do is smoke weed.

Time keeps on slippin through that hour glass-I-I need  
to rip another vapor blast- Why do all  
these people keep on talkin trash- Kottonmouth was  
built to last- you know that we was built to  
last

Visit [Kottonmouth Kings](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.