

## **Kottonmouth Kings**

### **"Face Facts"**

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Figured out long time ago  
Nothing's as it seems don't you know  
Go underground if you want the scoop  
Cuz the population's out the loop

You know I size up my sacks with a couple extra grams  
D-Loc got a caddy, I got a V-Dub van,  
X Daddy rolled a fatty, asked him 'What's the plan?'  
He took a hit, blew out his rip  
And said, 'Let's plant the land'

Yeah I smoke some weed, just a little somethin  
somethin  
Don't hate me because I got the country buzzin  
Leave cats shocked, you know the crowd be jumpin  
On my pride it blows like a chemical combustion  
My real name's Dustin, I spit these customs  
AKA D-Loc, E-Loc's little cousin  
Don't be mad, be glad, tell your dad  
Cuz I be spittin' rhymes you never knew I even had  
(??) (into the store?), double parked and got a ticket  
By a midget on a pony, I called him shorty  
He started twitchin, fingers clickin  
While he's bitchin, and I snapped  
I had a vision, I was leading in the useless race  
I had the pole position, no but kiddin'  
And I didn't make that mess up in your kitchen  
I was dishin' out some sacks, and me and Loc, well we  
were fishin  
I keep wishin' that you'd ease on up and quit it with  
your trippin  
Maybe smoke a bit more weed and stop it with that  
candy flippin

Let's face facts, chips get stacked  
Unsystematically our pockets get fat  
And we kick back, pimp caddilacs  
Smoke off pounds, flip dime sacks

Think you can out smoke me, well I'm calling you a liar  
Cuz my bowl, I set it on fire  
I'm on my couch with my pouch and my fat JB

Got ten different types of weed, about a pound of each  
No leaves, they're clipped clean  
But the few they hit the bing  
Then my phone rings, my boy askin what he need to  
bring  
I said some coligreen, some kale, some pot, and some  
ale  
And that freak we met last night, I think her name was  
uh...Michelle  
Ah what the hell, just put out the word  
Any hottie with the nerve, Richter said that he will serve

Graduated high school back in '95, started writin'  
rhymes  
Laid low, I'm hard to find  
A kid like me, no less, I'm kinda fresh  
Discovered the weed, took a hit and got blessed  
I'm not the best, just flexed on the next

Daddy X plan a text, simply not complexed  
I'll give it all I got, put the game to a test  
Keep writin' rhymes and forget about the rest

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Smoke off pounds, flip dime sacks

Ooh damn, there he goes again  
Throwin' his cigarettes out the window  
Blowin' fog with logs, sticky indo  
You know it comes a dime a dozen  
Flow like Snoop, lay it back in the cut and  
Woo, I think I'll pass on the brew  
And smoke my buds with the Kottonmouth Krew,  
The big bad ass, you know who

Well, I really can't tell if there's a difference anymore  
Goin' up or goin' down, where's the elevator door?  
Got the pimped out suite on the 13th floor  
Black Flag's in my speakers blarin' 'Gimme some more'  
Nowadays I stay blazed, a hundred ways, my brain's  
crazed  
Gone like those punk days, I'm stackin' chips like Frito,  
Lays  
I've been to that place, fast cars, cheap thrills  
Funny looking pills, million dollar deals  
Three day orgys in the Hollywood Hills, for real  
I don't be speakin' no myths, raised on punk rock riffs  
Smokin' spliffs by the cliffs  
And you and your crew's talking about 'What if...?'s

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All this talk of gettin' blazed, reminds me of reggae  
Sundays  
Lazy dread and sweaters bust, the Crenshaw District  
lord was a must  
Burnin' spliffs to tell (??), hittin' little Jamaica's rockin  
record shops  
(??) in stock and cravin (egg?) eating stones, (??)  
All this talk of gettin' blazed, reminds me of punk rock  
ways  
Babylon could never rock our boat, all I need (??)  
That's what's really goin' on, life's too short to be a  
victim  
If you don't like what you got, respond  
When time has come to make a move, down to you to  
come up and prove  
It's time to make a change, so chose

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Ganja business controls America

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