

## **Kottonmouth Kings**

### **"Good As Gold"**

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I snapped a load, watch it glow, glow, glow  
Looks so fruity sittin' in my bowl  
Thanks to Mary, Jane is my bro  
Glow baby, glow baby, grow baby, glow

If you ask me how I'm living, my reply is 'I'm sold'  
Smoked out, without a doubt  
I keep a constant flow, of indo smoke pouring out my  
lungs  
And you can strip to find a stash on the tip of my  
tongue  
Marijuana, running through my veins  
God's great gift comes in different strains  
From the mainland (purps?) all the way to big island  
Underground cultivation, yes I try to stay blasted  
From to sea to sea, and I've also been known to plant  
seed after seed  
Seven points on my flag when it's blowing in the wind  
Prop 215 so let the games begin  
Smoke as much as you want, Johnny Richter's  
everlastin  
When you packin' a sacks, (??)  
Your plants don't grow in that bud that be glowin  
For once you have to ask, all the people never knowin

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Yo, I can barely breathe, I need to kick a verse  
The smoke's on my mind, and it's getting on my nerves  
Observe, don't wanna look at my lungs  
Shriveled like an old peach, pear, plum  
Nicotine, I'd rather smoke some green  
What does it take, and why do I fiend?  
If I conquer this kick, I'd be crowned king  
Wasting my money, four bucks a pack  
Going out of my way for some dirt sticks at that  
It's gettin to be crap, I'm all up out of wack  
But I'm rowdy, I need to buy a patch  
The dirty little camel is makin' me weeze

Go around to the castle where there's bong and weed

I need to take a shit, got no time to think  
There's a zong by the toilet, and some bud on the sink  
Some bud on the sink, some bud on the sink

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I knew a real stoner named D-Loc  
Never went to sleep, smoked weed till the sun broke  
Up all night with his pipe, puffin' indo  
Evaporated herb, like (delapidating?) ozone  
Sack after sack, after sack, now he's flat broke  
About to get faded, take a toke, while the tape rolls  
Kottonmouth Kings write rhymes on hemp stones  
Daddy X don't smoke, and (??)  
Save the best of the best, when pack it in the vest  
You know the THC content you will never guess  
Unless you invest, we can put it to the test  
There's no stress for the cess, we all about the next  
guest  
(??), now our minds spun,  
We in a whole new place, lowered the lights  
Bud stickin, laced, fruit taste, sticky  
Nothing but dank, number one rank  
No need to rush, sippin' buds by the crops  
Those little red rocks in the hydroponic box  
To keep the plants kissin, we got a drip system  
Electronical device, liquid dice  
(??) to the fullest and beautiful kolas  
One puff, you clueless, to all you rookie smokers  
(??) was stun, relation was won  
We love to see our plants looki' pretty in the sun

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