

Kottonmouth Kings

"Life Rolls On"

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another day gone...

sittin in my livin room pullin on some tubes
no more bubble berry so i settled for the blue
snapped it through and my lungs start to hurt
hold it in long enough it'll put your dick in the dirt
and people go bizerk tryin' to get their hands on it
most commonly heard phrase is, "Richter's got the
chronic"

so i'm on it, matter of fact i'm on the top
can't nobody fuck with me or the Killa Kali crops
like reebox yo i'm un stoppable
and the bowls that i pack are un-pop able
so what you grow all i want to know is what seed
what system you using you got the lights you need
you got a masters degree from the weed ivy leagues
or you a cop without a clue just lookin for a lead

life rolls on
its passin by your eyes real fast
another 24 another day is passed
half of those said we'd never last

hey loc i think its time to grow again fuck it
if you're gonna grow you better come pick up your
bucket
alright im comin through ay yo grab some mountain
dew (what)
a pack of zig zags and a couple of brews
i cruise through in the blue too with the basetubes
i too got the big bumps keep my caddy dumped
dont front on this trunk stump on my bangin bus
we'll erupt on that blunts but turn that shit to dust
dusk to dawn just like the modern day Cheech and
Chong

Tim and Dustin on the bong smokin mad amounts of
ganj
writtin songs playin pong we was young we don't
belong
stealing cigarettes and bongs we was kids gettin it on
but now we're both standing strong 2000 and beyond

to dawns at ? used to fight to get along
that was way back then and this is right now
weÂ're on a mission to get it smoke and bone the hell
out

life rolls on
its passin by your eyes real fast
another 24 another day is passed
half of those said weÂ'd never last

thereÂ's 420 ways to blaze
use one it tastes great when you smokin out the vape
mind haze sit back itÂ'll put you in a trance
grab your sack relax and throw your cap up on the hat
rack
throw your feet up recline just chill
we just smoked a eighth of the mother fuckin Kill
for real hold it in now we goin on a ride
the bud inside aint nothing to fuck with
some santa cruz that we got at johnÂ's crib
the crip that you never find around
the reason you canÂ't find it in your city or your town
because it sits in my bedroom in piles and mounds
we got pounds and pounds that the world dont know
about
if i sold it yo theyÂ'd all be in the clouds
smoke em out without a doubt
yo its not for the money
its all for the head and gettin stoned with my homies

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