

Kottonmouth Kings

"Pack Your Bowls"

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[D-Loc]

Let me tell you story about. How some good old boys
do it

[Intro]

Pack your bowl
Lets get stoned.
As we head on down the road. (As we head on down
the road.)

[Richter]

Now please come and take a journey throuhg life.
The experience from what its like for 13 weeks.
On a butt loungin in my bottom bucks yeah.
With my pillow from home im catching and rollin Z's.
Countin sheep while im sleeping in my satin sheets.
Its a long way from X in a double feak.
I spend my day walking up and down invisible streets.
Smoking weed with the kings its a hella good thing.

[Daddy x]

I spent a lfeitme on the open highway. A tough choice
but I got to do it my way.
My voice is gone home so far away I know they are for
another 8 days.
Im passed exhaustion I havent slept for a week. My
girls trippin and we gettin searched by the heat.
On top of that my merks guy rips this blind worst part I
thought I was a pack of mine.

[Chorus]

Pack your bowls pack your bowls. Pack your bowls pack
your bowls.
As we head on down this winding road. (As we head on
down the road).
Pack your bowl lets get stoned. (Ah lets get stoned lets
get stoned.)
As we head on down the road. (As we head on down
the road.)

[D-Loc]

Yeah you know im always getting stoned. Waking up
everyday in the morning rollin bongz.
Big ones always keepin it hot ya know the type to
smoke out like some gun shots.
Put your brain in a slipknot lifes slipknot have you
standin on a rooftop rooftop rooftop.
A foot in the gas lean back while im mashing why its up
throw em up roll em up things I last.

[Richter]

Ha ha ha my lifes kinda funny man. Been everywhere
smoke can out from michigan.
I heads spinning yo I think I need a cat scan. We
smoking so much weed on the cap-i-tan.
Richters mind the can with a bud light in cans im
getting loose when I roll with my band.
And when im with my friend we getting out of hand, im
on the wrong way flicking us we never back again.

[Chorus]

[D-Loc & Richter x2]

We smoke up indo out the window.
Show at the show we go out for broke.
Rips like candle smoke like candle.
Toke after toke we roll down the road yo.

[Daddy X]

Back on the road we write in the thick of things.
Dippin, Dodging, riding through different scenes.
Different counties, cities, and districts somebody call a
doctor this crew is so sick!
We the king klick cannabis monsters chewing up
lobsters how the hellik they caught us.
And they oughta X to got frota pickin on coranas sippin
on coladas.

[Chorus x2]

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