

Kottonmouth Kings

"Put It Down - Cypress Hill"

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(chorus)

Put the pipe down, put the put the pipe down, put the
put the pipe down,
Put the pipe down!,
put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down, put
cha put cha bong down,
Put cha bong down!
put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, put the
put the blunt down, Put the blunt down!
Put cha pipe down, put cha bong down, put cha blunt
down
And listen up now!

(Richter)

You know southern california be the home of the
highest
Between the Hill and Kottonmouth we smokin' nothin'
but the finest
The weed incredible, this an unstoppable team
We down with Cypress like our S-A's be down with
thirteens
Never both rights 'cause they simply below us, don't
mess around with street vendors strictly go to the
growers, and everybody who know us, we gettin' outta
space high they be like ride ricky ride ricky ricky ride
ride

(B Real)

Put the blunt down, heres the run down, by the sun
down
Slide us out the joint, i'll get you high before come
down
Catch a contact, homie watch as I take hits
Show me who you know, that'll take bigger vap hits
Everybody grows let me know if you need some
Tell me what you want you can call Dr. Green thumb
Put the blunt down, if I'm wrong well homie then i'm
stoned
That's what happens when you hit the fuckin' bong
wow!

(chorus)

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put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down, put
cha put cha bong down,
Put cha bong down!
put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, put the
put the blunt down, Put the blunt down!
Put cha pipe down, put cha bong down, put cha blunt
down
And listen up now!

(D-loc)

Y'all mutha fuckas know the deal, its Kottonmouth
Kings and Cypress hill
Gotta sip that bud, yall know wassup, this D-double
dash don't give a fuck
Got the kush wrapped up, like I could kill, don't act
tough the hood gets real
???? get backs, don't get slick, i'm feelin' kinda good
and gotta itch
1 more time for ya mind, here I go wit my rhyme
I'm a get it from the front you can get it from behind
Sen Dog and B Real put it down for the krown
Got the people shook up off tha smoke from the pound

(B Real)

Pack another bowl in the pipe if you want hell
Maybe we can BLAZE another load, make the song sail
Let me roll this hash leaf, Kush in the middle son, if you
never puttin
Then we rollin' you a little one, dude put the brownie
down you're a fukin lightweight
We're smoking out four twenty, well your searchin for
the right date
High up on the hill, then get you hammered in a second
son
Take a fukin hit and get in line for the second one

(chorus)

Put the pipe down, put the put the pipe down, put the
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Put the pipe down!,
put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down, put
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Put cha bong down!
put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, put the
put the blunt down, Put the blunt down!
Put cha pipe down, put cha bong down, put cha blunt
down
And listen up now!

(Sen Dog)

So now you know, you better struggle, all you bustas
betta hit the back door

We aint frontin', that's what its all about, somebody put
this gat up in this fools mouth

(X-tra-X)

Welcome to the west coast, where the real tokas stay
They should rename this the cannibus state, you can't
relate if you aint from the area

We got that one-hitter quitter that'll bury ya, it gets
scary when clones cross-pollonize

Hydroponics, crip-notic, supersonic, madinotic, you
wake up and u still feelin' groggy yea

Heads foggy like cereal that's soggy yea, you pack the
bong but you cant find your lighter still, I load it twice
so somebody call Cypress Hill

Sen dog you gots a fire for a brother man?

(Sen Dog)

I gots some fire but ya lighters still up in ya hand

(chorus)

Put the pipe down, put the put the pipe down, put the
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Put the pipe down!,

put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down, put
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Put cha bong down!

put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, put the
put the blunt down, Put the blunt down!

Put cha pipe down, put cha bong down, put cha blunt
down

And listen up now!

(Sen Dog)

Hit em with the sick shit, just like the misfits

Kottonmouth and Cypress Hill always kick the dope shit

Down with Daddy X, D-loc, and Johnny Richter

Southern Cali's most high, do you get the picture?

We don't stop we just keep on dumpin'

Wit the spit that kill, homeboy ain't lackin nothing

From the streets of SouthCali, all the way to OC

Any where around the world that smokes the dope
weed

We got what it takes, Kush bud, hash cakes, smoke
filled room when the dip takes place

I be commin' on strong, on the song like Tommy
Chong,

Beatin'on my chest mad dog, king kong, Heres another
verse from the dog that came first

We commin at you hard from the ghetto to the surf, I
be putting in work, so just stay up off my turf, or i'll
have ya homeboy straight callin' for a Hurst

Put the blunt down, And listen up now!

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