

Kottonmouth Kings

"Spies"

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Sick and tired, the way they walk
Sick and tired, the way they talk
Sick and tired, the things they say
Sick and tired, where's my J?
Sick and tired, same old song
Sick and tired, where's my bong?
Sick and tired, anarchy!

Spies are all around me, Spies in every county
Spies, my head's are bounty
Snipers in the air

The neighborhood watch is after us.
The neighborhood watch don't like Richter's bus
The neighborhood watch is what they say,
But when I see them walkin towards me, I light
another...

Generation X is the title they use
When I skate down MacKenzie Avenue.
Everybody that I see is lookin at me like a vandal
Maybe cause I'm (wheelin?) in some Dickies and some
sandals
Man, I know what you mean when you talk about the
neighborhood
The old folks always sayin that we ain't no good
Talkin to my pops about my music
Sayin we should keep it down and not abuse it
Man, I don't sweat those old ass bastards.
I just sit on the curb and with my herb and get
plastered
They work all day long, they seem so bored
I think their ass should reside in the county morgue
They're postin up signs, man I think they should chill
Talkin if I don't call the cops then my neighbor will
Cause from city to city it's all the same.
The neighborhood watch is a big ass gang

Sick and tired the way they walk,
Sick and tired the way they talk
Sick and tired the things they say, sick and tired.
Where's my J?

Sick and tired, same old song, sick and tired where's
my bong?
Sick and tired, anarchy!

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But when I think they're walkin towards me, I light
another...

Every night when the street lights came on
We used to gather round, take rips from that bong.
Cause John Wayne Country, republican block
A bunch of overweight housewives that wanna be cops.
Cook and clean, the life of slave
Take Kottonmouth's advice and call Jenny Craig
It's not in my control, when we were in school
Wanna see us livin life like the golden rule
Peepin out the window, folks always looking
Minding my business when they should be cooking
Bored is how their life must be,
Wait till there's a real crime on our street
That's when, yeah they'll all run and hide
Leaving Kottonmouth behind to take the neighborhood
pride
When the criminals are lying dead in the streets
Kottonmouth's returning all the stolen TVs
Yeah but that's all right, it's all good
Now you know who's watchin this neighborhood
Cause from city to city it's all the same
The neighborhood watch is a bitch ass gang

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