

## Natural

### "Bring it On"

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Bring It, Bring It, Bring It, Bring It On

(DADDY X)

Oh no, here we go  
Kottonmouth Kings about to blow  
All because the way we roll  
That underground way  
Now 10 years later  
There's a lot more player haters  
But the love is overwhelming  
Let me put it this way

Ima baller punk pimp; I'm a rollin' stone  
Bonafide born mack  
I'm always stoned to the bone  
Got an underground palace with a custom made throne  
Got my own fuckin' song on my cellular phone  
So just leave a message 'cuz I'm never home

(Chorus)

So many years in this game and we still strong  
So many haters that we had to prove dead wrong  
You talking shit you little bitch you wanna bring it, bring  
it on  
You play with BB guns we drop atomic bombs  
Save your breath you cowards  
You ain't got nothin to say  
Workin' nine to fivers  
Hate us 'cuz we live this way

(D-LOC)

Sick of all these fools talking shit  
Eat a dick, you need to grow up like a man, bitch  
You actin like a chick  
Try to punk kottonmouth you'll get burnt like a wick  
Give a fuck about your fame  
I got under ground hits

Say we're not original  
No budget for the videos  
Don't push it to the radio

You got hyped up on them demo's  
What you want from us (yeah) you need to just let us  
know Still lick nuts  
cause the Industry's a bunch of punks!

(RICHTER)

You used to be a fan  
So why you frontin', B  
I just don't understand  
Yo what you want from me?  
Why you speakin, using my name with profanity?  
It's gonna end up in one family's tragedy

Alcohol gets in you  
Now your crazy hard  
Only place you wanna face me's at the local bar  
You karaoke kid. Shit. I keep thousands jumpin'  
Only thing you get from me. nah. fuck it. you get nothin'

(Chorus)

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(DADDY X)

Mr. Writer, Mr. Critic, Mr. Shitty Review  
Mr. Big Shot Insider with your cynical view  
Mr. Website ryda out in Kalamazoo  
You're speakin' words untrue  
So we say "Fuck You!"

(RICHTER)

On the phone barkin' like your some big assasin  
When you gonna walk the walk  
That's what I'm askin'  
Blow so much smoke that for air I leave you gaspin'  
Cryin' all alone while I'm with the homies laughin'

Hahahahahahahaha

Just keep your mouth shut  
Breath smell like old garbage Actin' like you tough  
Gettin' all hot and bothered  
You like a little pup, lost without a collar  
You got no home

I'm a leader; you a follower

(D-LOC)

I do, I do what I really wanna do  
I bust it so much its you all know who  
Who gonna wanna test the master D  
I'm gonna get you all to stop and see  
It's him right there with the Kottonmouth Kings  
Pants sag, brown hair, no care no sing  
cause what we start we will finish  
In the end it will diminish

(Chorus)

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