

## Natural

### "Bump"

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(Intro):

Creep, creep, I'm on the creep  
The creep for the kind bud  
O.C. late night, rolling in the v-dub  
Sick of scraping resin so I'm looking for a sack  
All I learn, I'll head for burn  
BSO's got my back  
Right on, right on brother, blaze on  
You better rip that shit, rip it  
It's that 1605 shit, real hunnington beats  
Backyard fucking, garage style

(Chorus):

Bump, bump, bump  
That's the sound of the fifteens while they're hitting in  
my trunk  
Said bump, bump, bump  
We're the Kottonmouth Kings and we don't give a fuck

(Verse) Saint Dog:

Well I'm that kid that the bitches talk about  
Saint's what they shout, you got all the clout  
A day in the life of a Kottonmouth King, 1605 (fool pass  
me the thing)  
Now the stereo is off, I sway, push play  
You hear humble gods from a mile away  
All the heads are bobbing because the base is bumping  
D-Loc is mumbling, (I got a little something)  
Well he passed me a hornet and I took a sip  
Sparked up a bowl and I took a rip, trip  
Came to halt at an intersection  
Turned up the music at my discretion  
D-Loc in the back said what do I see  
A jeep full of freaks just staring at me  
D-Loc was right, they were in a range rover  
Looked over my shoulder, I pulled them all over  
They got out the car and stepped to my side  
I said, hello ladies let's take a ride  
I'm Saint Dog, that's D-Loc the man  
Daddy X is the one that's driving the van  
So climb on in and don't be shy

We're gonna close the doors and let the games be fly  
Once again I said it, my name's ST  
It's just another day of a P-T-B  
Come on, come on

(Chorus)x2

Saint Dog putting it down for suburban pride

(Verse) Saint Dog:

I was living my life on a nine to five  
Up early in the morning trying to survive  
Chump change, it's a shame, with no education  
No inspiration, no destination,  
But now my occupation is to do what I like  
Keep the crowd moving and rock the mic  
Because if I don't rock it, then another sucker will  
And if you don't jock it, then I can't pay the bills  
Trick Daddy X threw me out on stage  
Said Saint, represent for the underage  
Same damn year, my face is up and raised  
Got that ring in my nose labeled sixteen gauge

D-Loc:

No Saint dog, I hunt ducks with a twelve gauge  
And when I'm on the stage, yes I get get real blazed  
Get me on the court my skills will put you in a maze  
T-T-T-twicking a twine all day  
Come on, come on

(Chorus)x3

D-Loc's on the mic, rip rip shit up

(Verse) D-Loc:

It's the unpolitical, psychoanalytical,  
Undefeated Champ that will stick you fool  
My style is crazy, not wooka wakka lazy  
If you chill with me I'll be sure to (blaze thee)  
Plant you in the ground, let you drift like a daisy  
That shit's in my system makes my life kind of hazy  
My momma, my poppa, I think I should tell them  
The J gots my head, and fucked up my cerebellum  
It's about time to compute your math  
Because my beats keep bumping like a seismograph  
See I've tripped before, but never like this  
Straight to my mind, put my brain in a bliss  
I wont fake the funk, when I'm smoking on a skunk  
That forty bowl evil got my peacock drunk  
And like Micky Mantle, I can switch my stance  
I'm a supercharged baller that's electrically enhanced

My flows are silky soft, like I'm writing them in lotion  
And I'm a lyricist, that's poetry in motion  
To each town, to each house, I cause mass  
commotion  
?????? take it all for my potion  
Farewell to all and to all goodnight  
I'm leaving these ??? out all night  
Wait wait wait you said ??? that shit will suck you up  
Get off the ??? and rock the bump  
Come on

(Chorus)x1

Biotch!

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