

Natural

"First Class"

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It's time to smoke..

Chorus: Kottomouth Kings

Blaze All Day, Every Day
Each Way, The Right Way
My Way, Greenhay, We High
Been There, Done That
Big Blunts, Fat Sacks
Hit It Fast, Make It Last
First Class, We Blaze...

Shit's all finger licking good when you rollin through
the hood
Twistin Lincoln Logs are hard so we burnin up the wood
cause I be smokin drunk drinkin weed and pairin skunk
I like to smoke a bitch and been known to slap a blunt
Make the crowd jump, people say them kids got styles
Renting jewels for your videos you frontin' with that
smile
Acting wild but you ain't even skirt in the pit
Talking shit ain't worth a lick
You wanna bark then you'll get bit, WOOF!
Blow the roof off like an atom bomb
D-Loc to Johnny Richter's like ping to pong
Ain't nothing wrong don't fix shit if it ain't broke
We ain't no jokes
You know the Kings by the size of our tokes,
motherfuckers!

[Chorus]

My voice is swayin' people always ask me what I'm
sayin'
Playin' shoddy for the women, so I'm smooth operatin
Just ??? and while you're smokin' on the hay
And for the peeps who work to keep start your savin'
I keep it clean shaven around four corners
We warned ya no dank strong enough to hold us
Like soldiers we fold ya keep our composer
Roll you in a joint light you up and smoke ya

Only take so much shwag made me quag and gag
It's time to smoke some pehnap so I reached in my bag
Fix my sac as i pulled out my orange zig-zags
You know the Kottonmouth Kings the worlds' greatest
tag
Team we gleam I spit poisonous juice
Abuse microphones let my flow run loose
Calling out all troops puttin' weight up on the table
Bring a scale round by round check the SoundScan
Damn D-Loc we the cream of the crop
DJ Bobby B, Daddy X, and Pak who locks to beats
Sportin' high top docs, slangin' pounds of pot
Take from us, better not

[Chorus]

I got a knack for bud smoke chronic ??
D-Loc's no joke toke for toke he'll float your boat
?? down my throat, took off my coat (was it wet?)
It was soaked, (out smoke you?) not really nope
Sat back and had a coke
Relaxed and had a smoke
A little bit of change, some dank, I was broke
No dollar stretched out felt like a stroke
Brain transformed like i was on the dose
I won't do coke I never done roak
You gotta ring around your nose take a hit off my roach
Tryin' to ball like the most try to burnt like a piece of
toast
On the coast to coast, deep in the post
Got my eyes on my crops watchin' over my gross
Just daze you a little, damn he's kinda dope

[Chorus]

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