

Natural

"Front Line"

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These fly rhymes and high times are brought to you by Suburban Noize.

D-Loc, Saint vicious, DJ Bobby B, Pakelika.
The bakers man. Bake me a cake as fast as you can.
Polish up the crown then watch it shine. The
Kottonmouth kings are on the frontline.

Fly Rhymes, high times suburban noize
gotta be on the frontline. Zig Zags, chronic sacks, tell
the girls they been riding with some big macs.

Gettin, burnt smokin herbs, just an everyday thing in
suburbs
Bass high, treble low, nothin but some big west coast
jugalos, jugalos.
Now I take 10 steps turn and break out the hoop.
Grip my sack tightly cause I'm about to shoot.
Wind in my ear the I can see
Voices whisper clear, "Smoke another ST."
So I do I fire it up, round 1, round 2, now I'm lifted up
3,4 can I stand and handle 1 more.
I'm in the sky am I knockin on heavens door?
Now I'm loading up the clip and I'm pullin through, I
see the little black hole that says I missed you.
I can feel the expansion in my chest, I let go
I'm stress free there's no worries left.
my mind travels and my eyes gloss, I reminisce
about the days I hung with big hoss.
An even though he's locked down many still knows that
Saint Dog's got love for his big bro.
Going, going gone, that's it just blazed my last sack.
Case to the head so I can see black.
So yo, that's that, pack me another rip
so I can lay back and let my mind start to trip.
(Why me) Dloc, call me stoner of the krew.
If you fuckin with my stash then I'm fuckin with you.
Saint Dog's got my back. "Man I thought ya knew!"
Fly rhymes, high times, suburban noize comin through.

Now MaryJane, she's my girl,

nowdays seems like the bitch rules my world.
And everytime our lips meet,
she's got me loungin like a leaf on a bud tree.
You know I like to stay high. I got the old school ride.
77' bug and it's white on the outside.
But on the inside it's full of bitches,
and ounce of erb and 17 switches.
Who's that drunk that slurs and spits? "Saint!"
Who gets trashed and likes to talk some shit?"Saint!"
Get me on the skate and I bust a heelflip
Speak with dirt slang and I just can't quit.
I'm D-LOC-er the late night toker.
Royal flush gots you bluffin like a game of poker.
66 stylee, face goes smiley, I like to live the life of riley

Now I'm saint dog but ya already know,
that sick fly, still high, dope style flow.
When my clock strikes 12 ask me where I'm gonna go,
p-town baby suburban jugalo.

Well, I'm DLOC steady blazin grass,
got the phunky green buds and the transparent glass.
If I had you a 20 then my sack you pass.
If it comes up short I'm gonna bust that ass.
saint dog I'm the hog I'm the leader of the krew.
Stunt man hittin hard on the avenue.
Or is it all because I drank too many brews?
Porn Star lifestyle so I say fuck you!
I got 2 skateboards I eat hash and spam.
My uncle, my pops aint buyin me a
I got a girlish girl I call her Tiki doll.
I like to get high and play dunkball
I like to get high aint a punk yall!!

kottonmouth kings's in the house so pack ya bowl
& we aint nothin but some big west coast jugalos!!

Yeah!! kottonmouth kings! Bringing ya more
suburban noize for ya speakers. Ya tweakers!
The pimp daddies, laying the track down,
O.C. underground sound. When ya come to P-Town...
Bye bye... Bye bye.

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