

Natural

"Paid Vacation"

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We put some of the illist from the West Coast into
circulation.
You got swept under the world 'cuz we is caucation.
Had you even second guessin' off of hip-hop
occupation.
We don't give a fuck 'bout MTV or your local radio
station.
Kottonmouth kings serves the under ground nation.

[Johnny Richter]
Ohh now I'm back in the scene
Still same car, same zip code, didn't move too far
Same o' friends, same o' story, drink, throw up, and
puke and rally
Same o' plant, I still got Ed
Quit smoking bowls now I get head instead
Same o' bed, but I got new sheets
cause the ass I hit now, yo, you wouldn't believe
Still smokin' pot still dodgin' cops
Two things in my life that are never goin' to stop
Still drivin' hot, bustin' same o' trick
50/50 on the lip, kick flip off the hip
Same o' jokes, poppin' same size toke
Still hit the river in the same dope boat
Still no coke and smoke an ounce a day
And any J in a rotation is done

[Hook]
Our whole life is a paid vacation
You prolly wont hear us on your radio station
'cuz beats like these from the underground nation
Joints keep blazin' crops be rotatin'

Our whole life is a paid vacation
You prolly wont hear us on your radio station
'cuz beats like these from the underground nation
Joints keep blazin', rotatin' forever circulatin' on our
quest to be free

[D-Loc]
God damn I got some warn out shit

The same o' pants and the dirty ass lint
My worn out socks and my worn out shoes
Still got the same o' sweaters I never even use
I got a worn out couch in the middle of my house
It's all fuckin' faded 'cuz I always pass out
My bike still rolls you know the p-k's a ripper
My skates getting' old but I got some new stickers
Vestax my mixer The fade is leakin' over
Open another bottle and puff another big dossier
My life folds up I just got burnt by some candles
I misplaced my record and I smoked all my camels
The people in my kitchen got the shit up in a glass
And the presser from the faucet filled the water don't
blast
I'm gunna lose it my shits going south on me
I'm done damn {*echoes*} I need some money

[Hook]

Our whole life is a paid vacation
You prolly wont hear us on your radio station
'cuz beats like these from the underground nation
Joints keep blazin' cop is rotatin'

Our whole life is a paid vacation
You prolly wont hear us on your radio station
'cuz beats like these from the underground nation
Joints keep blazin', rotatin'

[D-Loc]

Same o' ex and punk rock veins (fuck off)
Same bounced checks signed different names
Same o' sheets got the crusty cum stains (eww)
Same dirty thoughts I got a dick for brains (daddy)
Same o' story same o' routine
Same ear fuck same o' bafiend
Same o' player same o' ass ways
Same o' number back from my club days
Same o' same o' we got some new shit
I just bought a truck and I got a new crib
While you got a new crib, I just purchased a pound
About to chop it all up and about to swing it around my
town

[Johnny Richter]

Well I'ma need about 40 and drop my price to the
ground (whoaaaaaa)
It aint as serious as it sounds (whoaaaaaa)
To the people who laid the foundation
Bob Marley, Cypress Hill, Detroit and Total Devestation

[Hook]

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(daddy, daddy, daddy) {*fade in a child's voice until
end*}

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