

Natural

"Psychedelic Funk"

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This is Kona-Gold from the Hawaiian Islands of
creation,
Mass plantation
With the kottonmouth kings burnin up the nation

Don't watch your back cause we're comin through front
And when we're on stage yeah we're smokin like a
blunt
My minds always trippin so you know I can not front
We're the Kottonmouth Kings, we're kickin psychedelic
funk
Puffin on a blunt, indo, schwag, or skunk
Southern Cali punks kickin psychedelic funk

Shit its a damn good day, got money in the bank,
Cash in my tank, pays for my dank
Got a new Paramax, money for the taxes,
And for the plenty herb the lord I do thank

Boom, shit, bang, X is the name
Dirt slang's the game and I bang poontang
It's the first county all league pimp selection,
Bobby B's on the mix with the vinyl injection
I went from sinner to Saint, Saint back to sinner
Once was a preacher, but I huff paint thinner
Took your boo home and that bitch made me dinner
Rolled a couple phillies and I went up in her
It's the capital D, the L-O-C
Can't nobody even fuck with me, hell no
My style is free, I bangs the P,
I tagged the circle 'A' for anarchy

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Hot Damn! I'm back in my van
Copper pulled me over, asked me what's my plan?
Been sniffin around like Toucan Sam,
WHAT? BAM BAM! Now there's bacon on the van
I said fuck the police I'm an old school skata
Pull upside the curb, throw up, peace say lata
Got a dark vibe like that fool Darth Vader,
Told you mother fuckers I'm an old school skater

I'm D-Loc so fair is fair, party over here, fuck you over
there
I got a bag of bud smothered in red hair
Saint Dog started drinking so you better beware
I got so much bounce you can feel my vibration,
Easy access for easy penetration
What's all this talk about a generation? Legalize the
plant
Lets free this nation

(Buyaka Buyaka?) hemp plantation
(Buyaka Buyaka?), free this nation

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Now the kind I smoke is dipped in Willie Wonka
Chocolate factory, I take more hits than Tonka
Light you up like blanca, get u buzzin like a bee
We're the bong token fiends representin' OC
Oh oh oh shit I'm back up in the mix
Its D-loc with the grab bag of tricks
Your bitch is on my dick, your momma is too
And this is going out to the Kottonmouth krew

Damn that gets old, wearin' ties that don't fit
Dirty wife beaters, I should just quit
But I don't give a shit my rhymes make me legit
Whores in my hand as I bounce through the pit
Punk rock and I can't forget cha
Kottonmouth Kings up in the picture
Suburban noise, man I thought you knew,
And if you're down with punk rock, throw your horns up
fool

Yes we're comin through with an oldie brew
West coast juggalos sayin hoodie hoo

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Scratch pow, don't ask me how
Even if I knew I wouldn't tell you any how
Take that! Let's fishbowl this bitch
What's the time? Its time to get lit
Buyaka buyaka, splif to the clip
Now the roach is lit, goes right to my lip
Inhale, hold it real deep
Orange county horny devils back on the fuckin creep!

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