

Dimitri And His Sexmachines

"Face Facts"

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Figured out long time ago
Nothing's as it seems don't you know
Go underground if you want the scoop
Cuz the population's out the loop

You know I size up my sacks with a couple extra grams
D-Loc got a caddy, I got a V-Dub van
X Daddy rolled a fatty, asked him "What's the plan?"
He took a hit, blew out his rip
And said, "Let's plant the land"

Yeah I smoke some weed, just a little somethin
somethin
Don't hate me because I got the country buzzin
Leave cats shocked, you know the crowd be jumpin
On my pride it blows like a chemical combustion
My real name's Dustin, I spit these customs
AKA D-Loc, E-Loc's little cousin
Don't be mad, be glad, tell your dad
Cuz I be spittin' rhymes you never knew I even had
(??) (into the store?), double parked and got a ticket
By a midget on a pony, I called him shorty
He started twitchin, fingers clickin
While he's bitchin, and I snapped
I had a vision, I was leading in the useless race
I had the pole position, no but kiddin'
And I didn't make that mess up in your kitchen
I was dishin' out some sacks, and me and Loc, well we
were fishin
I keep wishin' that you'd ease on up and quit it with
your trippin
Maybe smoke a bit more weed and stop it with that
candy flippin

Let's face facts, chips get stacked
Unsystematically our pockets get fat
And we kick back, pimp caddilacs
Smoke off pounds, flip dime sacks

Think you can out smoke me, well I'm calling you a liar
Cuz my bowl, I set it on fire

I'm on my couch with my pouch and my fat JB
Got ten different types of weed, about a pound of each
No leaves, they're clipped clean
But the few they hit the bing
Then my phone rings, my boy askin what he need to
bring
I said some coligreen, some kale, some pot, and some
ale
And that freak we met last night, I think her name was
uh...Michelle
Ah what the hell, just put out the word
Any hottie with the nerve, Richter said that he will serve

Graduated high school back in '95, started writin'
rhymes
Laid low, I'm hard to find
A kid like me, no less, I'm kinda fresh
Discovered the weed, took a hit and got blessed
I'm not the best, just flexed on the next
Daddy X plan a text, simply not complexed
I'll give it all I got, put the game to a test
Keep writin' rhymes and forget about the rest

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Ooh damn, there he goes again
Throwin' his cigarettes out the window
Blowin' fog with logs, sticky indo
You know it comes a dime a dozen
Flow like Snoop, lay it back in the cut and
Woo, I think I'll pass on the brew
And smoke my buds with the Kottonmouth Krew
The big bad ass, you know who

Well, I really can't tell if there's a difference anymore
Goin' up or goin' down, where's the elevator door?
Got the pumped out suite on the 13th floor
Black Flag's in my speakers blarin' "Gimme some
more"
Nowadays I stay blazed, a hundred ways, my brain's
crazed
Gone like those punk days, I'm stackin' chips like Frito,
Lays
I've been to that place, fast cars, cheap thrills
Funny looking pills, million dollar deals
Three day orgys in the Hollywood Hills, for real
I don't be speakin' no myths, raised on punk rock riffs
Smokin' spliffs by the cliffs

And you and your crew's talking about "What if...?"'s

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All this talk of gettin' blazed, reminds me of reggae
Sundays
Lazy dread and sweaters bust, the Crenshaw District
lord was a must
Burnin' spliffs to tell (??), hittin' little Jamaica's rockin
record shops
(??) in stock and cravin (egg?) eating stones, (??)
All this talk of gettin' blazed, reminds me of punk rock
ways
Babylon could never rock our boat, all I need (??)
That's what's really goin' on, life's too short to be a
victim
If you don't like what you got, respond
When time has come to make a move, down to you to
come up and prove
It's time to make a change, so chose

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Ganja business controls America

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