

Kings Kottonmouth

"Discombobulated"

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Watch it, watch it, watch it

Dog Boy here, and I'm stickin' with the Kings

Cool and delayed

Saint!, comin' comin'

I be getting faded, discombobulated

Never say I made it till I'm pissin' off the top

O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers

Haters can't fade us cuz it's true hip-hop

MC-in' is the place for me to be in

And nut-swinging is the way that I be G-in'

Never leanin' to the old, for the lyrical hold

Keep my shit bold, morals i stole

Fuck parol when I stroll, man I dodge five-O

I dip-dive, fuck a bribe, live to rock the show and the ho

Skip the blow, gimme the 40, yo

I like a lady down to ride like a rodeo

You see anarchy are flies like the hemp on a hippy

Cussin' like a mother cuz my head's a little trippy

My bud's I like 'em sticky, so pack another rip, D

High as the plains west of the Mississippi

I be getting faded, discombobulated

Never say I made it till I'm pissin' off the top

O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers,

Haters can't fade us cuz it's true hip-hop

Eh rude boy, lad you party nonstop

You're the first to start, you're the last to drop

Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops cuz music is our
weapon

And that them can't stop

Punk rock mental my thoughts are horse

Hip hop freestyle, freedom of course

Ooh, my old girl Mary better known as a shwag-hag

Every other night she help me out buying dime bags

A dime to a twenty, to a forty, to E

I switched to homegrown now I puff on Bobby B's, yo

I be getting faded, discombobulated

Never say I made it till I'm pissin' off the top

O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers,

They just can't fade us cuz it's true hip-hop

Eh rude boy, lad you party nonstop,

You're the first to start, you're the last to drop

Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops cuz music is our
weapon

And that them can't stop

Check your traits, you perpetrate I can't relate

Your mental mind state is far to overrate, you can't
skate

Don't sit and debate, you need to skip the state

Ask Jesus Christ to clean the slate

I think it's fate, I ain't done yet so wait

Your philosophies, pale and underweight, they're out of date

One mo' thing, and then we're straight, put the fake to sleep

And then I catch you at the wake

And then we'll bake, and once again try to relate

Hopefully the good will win, you'll lose the hate

Counts are closed, I think we're up to date

Wake up young chump, get a grip, checkmate

Sound boy, you should've thanked the Saint

He just saved your life from a terrible fate

Sound boy, Saint just put you in check

He set you straight to save your own neck

I be getting faded, discombobulated

Never say I made it till I'm pissin' off the top

O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers,

They just can't fade us cuz it's true hip-hop

Oh, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy

Singing with the Kings up on the record version

Eh rude boy, I say you party nonstop

You're the first to start, you're the last to drop

Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops cuz music is our weapon

And that them can't stop

Shucka shucka to all the rude boys

Shucka shucka with Suburban Noize
Coming in unity, like one big family
Every S.B. release gonna make you feel so irie
It's Dog Boy, you know me chat nonstop
Seeking the roots rub-a-dub, ragamuffin punk rock
It's Dog Boy, kickin down your shit
From your microphone, ear, to your consolate
Like the black flag song, we're gonna rise above
Every time we're coming with respect and love
I am the one Dog-Boy from L.A., CA
In the name of unity I man must say
From London, to Kingston, from the South Bay
All me out to do is flash my stylee
Now I am a-comin' and I'm settin' em down
Little sound boy with no solution
Check the bag, with just one flow
You may find you don't need a ego
It's Dog Boy, you know me chat nonstop
With the roots rub-a-dub, ragamuffin punk rock
Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops, music is our
weapon
And that them can't stop

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