

## **Kings Kottonmouth**

### **"Dogs Life"**

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Wise man he once told me, lost cause, ain't worth a roll

But our wheels keep spinning, I guess we broke the mold, I don't know

The life I lead is the life of a dog

I may have fleas but I run our yard

I see those clones looking down on me

But unlike those clones this dog is free

Oh Lord it's a dog's life

I'm feeling kinda irie

It's bubblin' inside me

Straight up it's a dog's life

Wait wait wait, stop that track

Let's rewind, retract, pull slack and roll back

To the days when I hung with G-mack you got to face facts

So relap, what about G-mack?

Met his homie E-Loc, met his cousin D-Loc

Move into his house and we didn't wanna be broke

So Loc slung smoke, I wrote rhymes

Decided way back that we have good times

And we drank brews, and we shot booze

Both got ladies and broke the rules

But when I snooze my squeeze, clean my slate  
And like a dog should, yo I pissed on his plate  
Man I'm lovin' Southern Cali, drinkin' brews in the alleys  
Holding down the stages from Diego to the Valley  
Bustin' on my Kauwai, getting lifted off the Maui  
As I fly, goin' big at Snow Valley  
Oh Lord it's a dog's life  
I'm feeling kinda irie  
It's bubblin' inside me  
The life I lead is the life of a dog, I may have fleas  
But I run our yard  
I ain't no slave to a suit and a tie  
No rat race clone, I'll never be that guy  
I ain't got caught up in some selfish career  
I'm livin' in love, but I'm not in fear  
I see those clones lookin down on me  
But unlike those clones my mind is free  
Save the mold for the clones, my mental's home grown  
I'd rather be myself than live my life like a drone  
If you gotta job, here's what I say  
You'll be off to work and I'll be on my way  
Skate a pipe or go dirt-bike riding  
You'll be punching clocks and I'll be grinding and  
sliding  
50-50 grinds, can cans and nac nacs  
It really don't matter cuz I roam with the dog pack

Oh Lord it's a dog's life

I'm feeling kinda irie

It's bubblin' inside me

Oh lie in stylee, these flows make me irie

My satisfaction's when the crowd gets smiley

Behind me, chattin' Kottonmouth Kings

Homie on stage bustin' rhymes, blowin' rings

I'm feeling kinda irie

It's bubblin' inside me

Lord have mercy, forgive me for my sins

I live the dog's life, so how do I begin?

I ain't never had a dope track to write a dope rap

I started with the broke-pack, then I had no DAT

No full track to playback, just my ghetto-blaster

A bong rip with D-Loc, then I'm like the master

Imagine ya to work on a Monday morning

While I contemplate Lord, what I'm doin'

I might go surf or write a song instead

I might puff a splif and eat, and go back to bed

Fuck all that, the X my true bred friend

Flash the latest dub from the new Too Rude album for  
you

Demand bout me style and find out

About the Kottonmouth Kings up on the Too Rude  
rhythm

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