

**Kings Kottonmouth****"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

Let's face facts, chips get stacked

Unsystematically our pockets get fat

And we kick back, pimp caddilacs

Smoke off pounds, flip dime sacks

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 pimped 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

Let's face facts, chips get stacked

Unsystematically our pockets get fat

And we kick back, pimp caddilacs

Smoke off pounds, flip dime sacks

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

Let's face facts, chips get stacked

Unsystematically our pockets get fat

And we kick back, pimp caddilacs

Smoke off pounds, flip dime sacks

Ganja business controls America

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