

Kings Kottonmouth

"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 it's a damn good day, got money in the bank,

Gas in my tank, pays for my dank

Got a new Paramax, money for the taxes,

And for the plant of 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

(?), 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

Don't watch your back cause we're comin through the 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

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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? BLAM BLAM! Now there's bacon on the van

I said fuck the police I'm an old school skater

(??) On the curb throw up peace and say lata

Got a dark vibe like that fool Darth Vador,

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

Let's free this nation

(Buyaka Buyaka?) Hemp plantation

(Buyaka Buyaka?), free this nation

Don't watch your back cause we're comin through the 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

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

(?) wearing' (?) 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
Don't watch your back cause we're comin through the
front
And when we're on stage 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
Scratch pow, don't ask me how
Even if I knew I wouldn't tell you anyhow
Take that! Let's fishbowl this bitch
What's the time? Its time to get lit
Buyaka buyaka, spliff 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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