

## **Kings Kottonmouth**

### **"Things I Do"**

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why does people always wanna know about Richter?

what I do is smoke

how much I really smoke

if I got as many bongs as I claim

if my barks about drinkin is just a game

when is enough?

\*music starts\*

drinkin' vodka, Blue Label, Schirnoff on the rocks

used to have my sack but I left it at Pac's

fake rips got me trippin'

shit I almost got lost

walkin' up to my old crib

comin' from the garage but the night ain't over yet

I got places to go

hit the bong and get faded but I needed some mo'

I told 'em make sure it's mean but when you brought  
my green

it was on the B.C. so I only got a faze

know what I mean?

if you don't, that's my lingo a faze is an eighth

I don't want more than an eighth if It ain't crypt out on  
the plate

sayin' it ain't crypt doesn't mean that it ain't kind

it just means the herb you got ain't close to half as  
good as mine

that's right the truth hurts but not as bad as the dirt

comin' up through your throat when you choke and  
that's my word

damn that shit burns

I don't even like to think about the kottonmouth you'd  
suffer

if you didn't have a drink

\*chorus starts\*

cause these are the types of things I do

and these are the types of tales I tell

people ask me if I smoke, I say I do

and the smoke I exhale got that chronic smell

\*chorus ends\*

wake up when I want cause that's the life I lead

out every night, takin' trips every week

hangin' out with my peeps, just livin' the life

only smokin' out of glass when you hittin' metal pipes

and passports, gettin' filled

you know the show be tight if KMK's on the bill

cut rock, get lock, kicks never seem to stop

when the crowd gets tired it's their heads that bop

I got a job but I ain't callin' it work

gettin' paid to smoke herb ain't work

it's absurd

Kottonmouth Kings takin' over this millenium  
Suburban Noize family, I know you will be feelin' 'em  
comin' out your stereo and seein' us on stage  
leave thousands of stunts, leavin' ladies in a daze  
people shocked and amazed  
the weak-hearted seem to faint when they take one hit  
off of Johnny Richter's dank  
cause I keep goin'  
continue with the flowin' like the rappers on my corners  
people say that I am goin'  
ever flowin' like my hydro when my rap is gettin' far  
grab a hundred pounds of chronic then a fancy fuckin'  
car

\*chorus starts\*

cause these are the types of things I do  
and these are the types of tales I tell  
but ask me if I smoke, I say I do  
and that smoke I exhale got that chronic smell  
cause these are the types of things I do  
and these are the types of tales I tell  
but ask me if I smoke, I say I do  
and that smoke I exhale got that chronic smell

\*chorus ends\*

stumble in the front door, throw my jacket on the  
ground  
looked left, looked right, shit I looked all around

the house is all quiet, didn't hear a single sound  
grabbed a bottle of Bicardi and proceeded to pound  
about a quarter way through, 'bout eleven thirty-two  
headed to Del Taco cause I need to get some food  
if not I'm gonna puke and I don't want that  
shouldn't have drank twenty, bi'ch  
shouldn't have smoked ten bags  
relax, that is my stomach of course  
shit was comin' up fast and it was chargin' with force  
now past my vocal chord, quickly approachin' my teeth  
throwin' up every color; yellow, red, orange, green  
and there it was for me to see right in front of my eyes  
a burrito, two tacos, and my chili-cheese fries  
now there's a lesson to learn if you listen right here  
beer lickin', never sip the liquor and you in the clear

\*chorus starts\*

cause these are the types of things I do  
and these are the types of tales I tell  
but ask me if I smoke, I say I do  
and that smoke I exhale got that chronic smell

\*chorus ends\*

don't worry about it  
Johnny Richter out smokin' the fuckin' planet all day  
long  
don't forget I was an underage alcoholic before  
you was hittin' the bong

been smokin' for over a decade

got ten years under my belt and I ain't even twenty-four

don't worry about it

\*record scratching "Devestating to your ear"

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