Round And Round

Kottonmouth Kings

I take hits, Pull it through the Chamber,
I hold it in, My lungs are in Danger,
It tastes good, I can't deny the Flavor,
But to the buds, We ain't no Stranger,
Check the chamber it's hella Cloudy,
I smoke flavor don't ever Doubt me,
Humbolt County to Southern Cali,
Pass the mic Johnny Richter bout to Rally,
First time busted as a young rap fiend,
Stealin' tapes from Music Plus was the place of the scene,
I didn't know what happened so I peeped in the window,
I seen Richter sittin' with a bunch of po-po's,
Yo ???? system wonder how the fuck they found me,
No back-seat on my way to the county,
Now what's Richter gonna do with no smokes for the ride?
Shit's gettin' deep, it's fuckin' with my high,
Threw my bike in the trunk, fuckin' scratchin' my frame,
Defaced my serial number, and they fuckin' with my brain,
Just two blocks to go as I skate to the bud hut,
My boy's locked up, I'm like what the fuck?!
I said don't worry Loc I got the money buried stashed,
And I'm, always in a hurry He can be here fast,
In a flash like jack I jump from the bud hut,
To Richter's bus with the engine stuffed,
We Do What We Do,
Plant Our Seeds In The Ground,
Saturate The Sound While The World Goes Around,
Drop A Bomb On The Planet And Watch It Explode,
Round And Round It Goes,
And Pounds And Pounds We Smoke,
And Round And Round It Goes,
Drop A Bomb On The Planet And Watch It Explode,
Three days later Richter's out on leave,
You know D-Loc picked me up with some bomb ass weed,
Indeed we stay high,
Red-eyed feel the vibes,
Beehives in the back,
Plenty honey for the phillies,
Head to Bobby B's where the purple lookin' pretty,

I'm sittin' shot gun hot boxin' through the city,
I'm feelin' shitty, nitty witty got me greedy,
It's a pity, I'm feelin' fine to incline,
Elevation of the herb is elevation of your mind,

Well rewind, damn that's a dope ass track,
Well then turn that shit up, hold up let me get my sack,
Hey yo where's the glass, speed up we're gettin' passed,
I stepped on the gas hold the wheel,
I dropped my smoke, well goddammit Loc,
It's burnin' a hole, and my tire bout to blow,
I see a UFO, your kidding me, Noooooo!
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Saturate The Sound While The World Goes Around,
Drop A Bomb On The Planet And Watch It Explode,
Round And Round It Goes,
And Pounds And Pounds We Smoke,
And Round And Round It Goes,
Drop A Bomb On The Planet And Watch It Explode,
This bud's the bomb knock you dead out your socks,
Put your shwag back in the bag and pretend that we forgot,
From the mossy grounds to the hydroponic dock,
Seasons don't matter 'cause our bud come in flocks,
Load up the zong I'm about to pack a few rounds,
I looked at D-Loc and I gave him a pound,
You got no time for stress and no chronic in the pipe,
Classic hits glass, ?? tight,
You like, I like, inspected it right,
Took some hits then passed, D-Loc fell on his ass,
You fuckin' with the rolo, reverse to last,
Permission don't stop when we're searching for the green,
Because the green is the cream and the cream make ya gleam,
You all up in our scene tryin' to pack us your shwag,
While smokin' on the chronic that you wished you had,
I pass to X Dad in the marijuana lab,
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