

Face Facts

Kottonmouth Kings

Figured out a long time ago,
Nothing's as it seems don't you know,
Go underground if you want the scoop,
'cause 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, You gotta smoke some weed just a little somthin'
somthin',
Don't hate me because I got the country buzzin',
????, you know the crowd be jumpin',
On my product blows like a chemical combustion,
Real name, Dustin, I spit these customs,
A.K.A. D-Loc, E-Loc's little cousin,
Don't be mad, be glad, tell your dad,
'cause I be spittin' rhymes you never knew I even had,
?? walked into the sunlights,
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 ?? restraints 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 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 candE 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,
'cause my bowl, my bowl I set 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 ask him what he need to bring,
I said some collar green, 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,Oooh 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 cuttin',
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' Give Me Some More,
Now a days 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 orgies in the Hollywood Hills, for reals,
I don't be speakin' no myths, raised on punk rock riffs, smokin' spliffs by the cliffs,
And you and your krew'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 ?? hittin' little Jamacia's rockin' record shops,
??? in stock and cravin' ?? eating ???,All this talk of gettin' blazed reminds me of punk rock ways,
Babylon could never rock our boat ???,
That's what's really goin' on life 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.

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