

Shouts Going Out

Kottonmouth Kings

Shout
This shout goes out to the most high
DJ Rob Harris
Shouts going out to the next plane of reality
I know you can hear it
I know you can feel it I'm alone, so I'm a loner
Smoke weed, so I'm a stoner
Got that ill sick vibe
That make you say bye bye bye boner
Let my pants hang, 'cuz it ain't no thang
I'm taggin' P-town Loc, while I'm puffin' Mary Jane
At the level C, sat out there smokin' dubs
Saint Dog hangin' deep with those rude boy thugs
On the M-I-C rippin' shit for the ill love
So pass me the J, so I can get lit
Hit, like a daily occupation
Hit, let's form a rotation
Hit, now breathe it in and pass it to the left
Hit, Kottonmouth is the Best
Shouts going out to the city where I venture
It's the city of Placentia
Living your life ain't never been better
Kottonmouth gonna send ya to another orbit or another plain
Living lifestyles, blazin' on the Mary Jane
Kottonmouth gonna send ya, right back where you venture
Now green boards
Blue sky
Stress free
No try
Green bud
D Dubs call it O.C. life
Family barbecues, enjoying Sunday afternoons
Hippies in the parks all trippin' off shrooms
No drive bys it's all about drive-ins
Hittin' skins in the back of a Mercedes Benz
And you can rest assured that the herbs always pure
And the brews that we drink are for sure to make you slur
Pacific Co., Dragon Stout, Newcastle Brown Ale
Dark beer Daddy brews in the pound
O.C. is the place that we're talkin' about
So O.C. is the place where the shouts go out
Shouts going out to the city where I venture
It's the city of Placentia
Living your life ain't never been better
Kottonmouth gonna send ya to another orbit or another plane

Kottonmouth ballers blazin' on the Mary Jane
Kottonmouth gonna send ya, right back to Placentia Now the shots be gettin' shot from the left to the right
Kottonmouth gonna take you on a flight
Now gettin' you up with that dub that we smoke late night
I'll be blazin' on that pipe so I can bust on the mic Smokin' cloves, bustin' blows where I go
Saint Dog with that flow comin' out of my soul
Got that psychedelic flow with that punk rock stroll
Got the spikes in my hair, I let my pants hang low
Dog Boy, Humble Gods got my back no doubt
So to the city where you venture shows go out Shouts going out to the city where you venture
Any city that ya been ta
Living your life ain't never been better
Kottonmouth gonna send ya to another orbit or another plane
Living lifestyles blazin' on the Mary Jane
Kottonmouth gonna send ya, right back to Placentia
Anywhere that you venture, right back to Placentia Anywhere that you venture
Anywhere that you venture
O.C.
Anywhere that you venture
But it's that Riverside in me

Songwriters

Michael Aaron Einziger; Steven Thronson; Brad Xavier; Dustin Garrett Miller Published by
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