

Life Rolls On

Kottonmouth Kings

another day gone...sittin in my livin room pullin on some tubes
no more bubble berry so i settled for the blue
snapped it through and my lungs start to hurt
hold it in long enough it'll put your dick in the dirt
and people go bizerk tryin' to get their hands on it
most commonly heard phraze is, "Richter's got the chronic"
so i'm on it, matter of fact i'm on the top
can't nobody fuck with me or the Killa Kali crops
like reebox yo i'm un stoppable
and the bowls that i pack are un-pop able
so what you grow all i want to know is what seed
what system you using you got the lights you need
you got a masters degree from the weed ivy leagues
or you a cop without a clue just lookin for a leadlife rolls on
its passin by your eyes real fast
another 24 another day is passed
half of those said we'd never lastthey loc i think its time to grow again fuck it
if you're gonna grow you better come pick up your bucket
alright im comin through ay yo grab some mountain dew (what)
a pack of zig zags and a couple of brews
i cruise through in the blue too with the basetubes
i too got the big bumps keep my caddy dumped
dont front on this trunk stump on my bangin bus
we'll erupt on that blunts but turn that shit to dust
dusk to dawn just like the modern day Cheech and Chong
Tim and Dustin on the bong smokin mad amounts of ganj
writtin songs playin pong we was young we don't belong
stealing cigarettes and bongs we was kids gettin it on
but now we're both standing strong 2000 and beyond
to dawns with the bomb used to fight to get along
that was way back then and this is right now
we're on a mission to get it smoke and bone the hell outlife rolls on
its passin by your eyes real fast
another 24 another day is passed
half of those said we'd never lastthere's 420 ways to blaze
choose one it tastes great when you smokin out the vape
mind haze sit back it'll put you in a trance
grab your sack relax and throw your cap up on the hat rack
throw your feet up recline just chill

we just smoked a eighth of the mother fuckin Kill
for real hold it in now we goin on a ride
the bud inside aint nothing to fuck with
some santa cruz that we got at john's crib
the crip that you never find around
the reason you can't find it in your city or your town
because it sits in my bedroom in piles and mounds
we got pounds and pounds that the world dont know about
if i sold it yo they'd all be in the clouds
smoke em out without a doubt
yo its not for the money
its all for the head and gettin stoned with my homies

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