

# Frontline

## Robert Post

These fly rhymes and high times are brought to you by Suburban Noize

D-Loc, Saint Vicious, DJ Bobby B, Pakelika

The bakers man, bake me a cake as fast as you can

Polish up the crown, then watch it shine

The Kottonmouth Kings are on the front line

Fly rhymes, high times

Suburban Noize gotta be on the front line

Zig Zags, chronic sacs

Tell the girls they be ridin' with some big macs

Gettin' burnt, smokin' herb

Just an everyday thing in the suburbs

Bass high, treble low

Nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos, jugalos

Not I take ten steps, turn, and break out the hoop

Grip my sac tightly 'coz I'm about to shoot

Wind in my ear the abasherea I can see

Voices whisper clear, "Smoke another ST"

So I do, I fire it up, round 1, round 2, now I'm lifted up

3, 4, can I stand and handle 1 more

I'm in the sky, am I knockin' on heaven's door?

Now I'm loading up on the clip and I'm pullin' through

I see the little black hole that say, "I missed you"

I can feel the expansion in my chest

I let go, I'm stress free, there's no worries left

Runnin' so my mind travels and my eyes gloss

I reminisce about the days I hung with big hoss

And even though he's locked down, man, he still knows

That Saint Dog's got love for his big bro, I gotta go

Goin', goin', gone, that's it just blazed my last sack

Case to the head, so I can see black

So yo, that's that, pack me another rip

So I can lay back and let my mind start to trip

Why me, D-Loc, call me the stoner of the krew

If you fuckin' with my stash then I'm fuckin' with you

Saint Dog's got my back, "Man I thought you knew"

Fly rhymes, high times, Suburban Noize comin' through

Fly rhymes, high times

Suburban Noize gotta be on the front line

Bass high, treble low

Nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos, jugalos  
Now Mary Jane, she's my girl  
Nowadays seems like the bitch rules my world  
And everytime our lips meet  
She's got me laughin' like a leaf from a bud tree  
You know I like to stay high, I got that old school ride  
'77 bug and it's white on the outside  
But on the inside it's full of bitches  
An ounce of erb and 17 switches  
Who's that drunk that slurs and spit?  
"Saint"  
Who gets trashed and likes to talk some shit?  
"Saint"  
Get me on a skate and I'll bust a heelflip  
Man I speak with dirt slang and I just can't quit  
I'm D-Locer ,the late night toker  
Royal flush got you bluffin' like a game of poker  
'66 style, face goes smiley  
I like to get high and live the life of Riley  
Now I'm Saint Dog but ya already know  
That sick fly, still high, dope style flow  
When my clock strikes 12, ask me where I'm gonna go  
P-Town baby, suburban jugalo  
Fly rhymes, high times  
Suburban Noize gotta be on the front line  
Zig Zags, chronic sacs  
Ask the girls they be ridin' with some big macs  
Gettin' burnt, smokin' herb  
Just an everyday thing in the suburbs  
Bass high, treble low  
Nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos, jugalos  
Well, I'm D-Loc steady blazin' grass  
Got the phunky green buds and the transparent glass  
If I had you a 20 then my sack you pass  
If it comes up short I'm gonna bust that ass  
Saint Dog, I'm the hog, I'm the leader of the krew  
Stunt man hittin' hard on the avenue  
Or is it all because I drank too many brews?  
Porn Star lifestyle, so I say fuck you  
I got 2 skateboards, I eat hash and spam  
My uncle, my pops, ain't buyin' me a van  
I got a girlish girl, I call her Tiki doll  
I like to get high and play dunkball, dunkball, dunkball  
Dunkball, dunkball, dunkball  
I like to get high ain't a punk y'all

Kottonmouth's in the house so pack ya bowls  
We ain't nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos  
Fly rhymes, high times  
Suburban Noize gotta be on the front line  
Rezin' screens, dope feen  
No thing but think Kottonmouth King  
Gettin' burnt, smokin' herb  
Just an everyday thing in the suburbs  
Bass high, treble low  
Nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos, jugalos  
Yeah, Kottonmouth Kings  
Bringin' ya more Suburban Noize for ya speakers  
Ya tweakers, the pimp daddies, laying the track down  
O.C. underground sound, [Incomprehensible]  
When ya come to P-Town, bye bye, bye bye

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