

# Boom Clap Sound

## Kottonmouth Kings

Zippity zippity backa de back zep zep zoom ba ba boom biba de bab  
clucky de clack put one in the hole I'm ready to rap this how we do  
when the kings in the building this how we do when the caps start  
pealing this how we do when Baer goes bare this is how we do when  
I smoke on the green ya tell me you motherfucker what you really  
wanna do wanna run around a track while I run around it too wanna  
run run run let me get that split that run run run let me hit that rep  
that hit that rep that get that gold let me put it in a pipe let me pack  
it in a bowl wanna. run run run run run run runI never really get upset all the way to the point were I feel like  
their is no hope lift now tryna keep a good out look tryna reroute all  
thoughts that will weight me down all I assume to need is a big bag  
of weed and a couple of shots of let's say crown if you beef if I  
don't bang in my jeep then we going to my town, my town yea  
that's where I go when I need to go get oz so I didn't blow my top  
Off face blow when I lose control gotta tell em better come back in  
one piece body whole I know you know or at least I know that you  
relate cause these harps deserve to be story told gonna take the  
least favorite song on yer headphone and know that yer not alone  
I put my stamp on it guaranteed freshness the X factor quality tester  
handcrafted packed up in vacuum seal so when you bang it loud it's  
that shit that you can feel real deal underground street sweeper stone  
town were the future sound gatekeeper kottonmouth license and  
bongoes when yer speakers beating now look who responded the  
A team special unit stoner squad stomping out mudholes told you  
it's a dirty job, clean up crew so pack a bong hit fill it up to the top  
it's gonna be a long trip eyes glazed blood shot I stay ripped I  
disconnect from the system of power grit a Renegade, outcast,  
misfits will equip wit the cannabis survival kitBoom clap boom clap sound to the poem sound to the poem  
sound to the poem  
I don't know about to lose control here they goHere that, that be the sound of the police on the way to ruin  
your time everybody  
In the area spark it up so they lose their mind  
Boom clap forshezee I'm gonna keep these raps bizzy I'm gonna  
keep my brain all dizzy bemap when you get boom klizzy clap clap  
when you hear my gun go blap blap that be the rebel of partying  
bringing so give the bubble to snap snap yea now where did they  
all go move to the beat keep putting the peace we filling the street  
I front of the crowd pulling the heat and never to stop and never  
decease I'm off of the leash so give me the keys you gotta believe

me open yer eyes and now you can see me over the lies I'm overly  
dreaming you looking around yer bringing the ground forever  
I'm peeling just stay to the track I'm eating the gluts and stealing  
simmers of time resemble the grizzly feeding resemble for what  
I'm achieving were in it to rap you call me heaving fuck everybody  
I'm ending up leaving the party is over the stress it ain't stopping  
who's looking for good but now it ain't popping and now that I see  
the true color I think I'll be dropping out the race to keep it from  
flopping keeping the party alive the only one option the only one option  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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