

Part One Tribe

Ya know I got 2 states of mind, stoned and asleep  
 First I hit the sweet leaf, and then I have nice dreams  
 When I get up, I wake and bake, take a piss and shake  
 My clock stopped at Four-twenty, what you want me to say  
 I stay blazed all day, no matter where I?m creepin?  
 Hot boxing on your block, and at the spot on the weekends  
 You?ll see smoke risin?, Just who could it be  
 It?s my rhyme and crime partner, D. dash L. O. C.

Yeah that be me born and raised in the suburbs.  
 Faded off the bud smoke blowing it at you nerds thanks Johnny Richter for your nice little hand  
 off  
 I got some purple Kush  
 Did you bring the sand box?  
 Let?s bounce some bud so we can make a little Keefe  
 Spice up the leaf before we smoke the tree  
 Everybody in the scene  
 Know we blow the most dosha  
 That's why they label us the Kottonmouth solders.

?we got all types?? At 4-2-0 yeah our clocks is always altered- ?we talking pounds? These  
 anti-hero?s are just here to serve you proper ?Roll that shit up? So leave those blessings right  
 up here upon the alter ?pass it around? at 4-2-0 everybody?s burning Ganja?

You?ll catch me at the Smoke-Out smoked out, dropping drinks  
 Having a blast, not giving a fuck, doing my thing  
 Blowing rings through the crowd, being loud and obnoxious  
 Now the shots I did with Pak got me feelin? kind of nauseous  
 But I played it cool and pulled a few snaps  
 Big fat packed bowls, and had a chicken Caesar wrap  
 Dipping through the whole place, no where else I?d rather be  
 Then smokin? weed with my peeps, now I pass it to D.

24.7 Everyday every minute everybody every stoner grab your bud keep composer beer drinkers,  
 pill poppers, acid heads and freaks  
 All the creatures in the street Heroin addicts and geeks  
 Kottonmouth Kings signed a one way contract to see the world and smoke the killa chronic  
 D-Loc said it, so don't you forget it  
 It?s four (four), two, o and I blow endow.

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Now you might see me on a mission searching for double-vision  
And I ain?t no mathematician, more like a stoney musician  
But I get a little help from my friends when in need  
Hit the bubble, fuck, double, now I?m seeing in three?s

4-5-6, double dash is D  
I'm always drinking beer and I'm always smoking weed  
hanging in the streets just doing my thing  
putting it down for the herb with the Kottonmouth Kings

All these hours and days inter-face with the planet with bubbles and bells the kush is orgasmic  
? I transplant my mental to truly titanic fanatic levels for all you bud fiending addict ? the session begins right upstairs in my addict we bless it we roll it we toke it and pass it ? the next time you see us don?t take us for granted ? we?re all getting lifted just the way that we planned it

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