

Life Ain't What It Seems

Kottonmouth Kings

Life ain't what it seems

It aint no fucking dream

So get a grip up on your shit and make sure your pipe's clean
When I drink booze put a crown on my royal

Kottonmouth Kings make a pipe out of foil

Put a grip to my lip, dip it in honey oil

Smoke it to the butt put it out in the soil

Damn Saint Dog, I'm outta weed again, "I feel ya"

Pockets lookin' thin ain't got a dime to spend

Big Hoss up in the pen, and yes he's doing 10, "Fuck the system!"

I smoke a cigarette and try to comprehend

Judicial system got me wishing I was president

I got a grudge against the judgment that's irrelevant

I write a rhyme to attract and show intelligence

Shit, every other night I'm getting hella bent

I roll my skate to relate to this society

No money in my pockets cause they lied to me, "lied to me too"

No papers to my name, ya see my bong broke, "bong broke"

I guess that's why they call me crazy D-Lo
Life ain't what it seems

It ain't no fucking dream

So get a grip upon yo shit and make sure yo pipes clean
When I grow buds I put keefe on my soil

Put the green in the bing then I make my water boil

Alcohol and rice roll nice with the coil

Evian in my bong so my water don't spoil

Damn Loc-Dog I'm outta drink again, "I feel ya!"

Buds lookin' slim, I need a Heineken, "A Heineken"

My bro's locked down doin 9 or 10, "Fuck that!"

Step back, I'm bout to crack, can you comprehend?
Placentia City got me witty on this way of life

I blast a duck, what the fuck, skin it with my knife

There's a zone in my dome called the twilight

I'm down for my krown each and every night

Yo I keep my tolerance stay inside my flow

Make ya say damn bro I got to go to a show

Life ain't what it seems, it ain't a dream and I ain't playing

But I'm Saint Vicious and Daddy X is paying
Life ain't what it seems

It ain't no fucking dream

So get a grip upon yo shit and make sure yo pipes clean
Now when a read a mag put a grand on my royal

Government lies yo they make my water boil

R.I.P. to my peeps 6 feet in the soil

Riverside hometown represent, stay loyal
No money for a skate no change for the tax

Went surfin' with no keefe but forgot the sex wax
Have a purple friend to help me to relax
And one foot glass called the paramax
Now afternoon to you is my morning
I wake up hit the roach and then I'm snoring
Outta bed around 3 take 7 BT's
Like DJ Rob Harris kid I'm soarin'
I pertains an ill congested vibe
Makes ladies strive for my bozak
Addicted like prozac
You know that I track 'em like Lojak
I'm slicker and quicker, I'll stick ya like Kojak
I'm alone up in this rhyme that I've created
This rhyme that I've inflated, won't trade it so gimme my space
Government controls so they hate it
Our life, it has been jaded and faded
We're getting erased Life ain't what it seems
It ain't no fucking dream
So get a grip upon yo shit and make sure yo pipes clean.

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