

# Things I Do

## Kottonmouth Kings

Why do people always wanna know about Richter?  
What I do at home, how much I really smoke  
If I really got as many bongs as I claim  
If my barks about drinkin' just a game, well, listen up  
Drinkin' Vodka, Blue Label, Smirnoff on the rocks  
Wishin' I had my sack but I left it a Paks  
Vape rips got me trippin', shit, I almost got lost  
Walkin up to my own crib comin' from the garage  
But the night ain't over yet I got places to go  
Hit the bar to get faded but I needed some more  
I told him make sure it's mean but when he brought my bag of green  
It was the B.C. so I only got phaze know what I mean  
If you dont that's new lingo a phazers an eighth  
I dont get more than an eighth if there aint crip out on the plate  
New saying it's not crip doesnt mean that it ain't kind  
It just means the herb you got ain't close to half as good as mine  
That's right the truth hurts but not as bad as the  
dirt  
Comin' up through your throat when you choke and that's my word  
Damn that shit burns I dont even like to think, about the Kottonmouth  
Youd suffer if you didnt have a drink 'Cause these are the types of things I do  
And these are the types of tales I tell  
People ask me if I smoke I say I do  
And the smoke I exhale got that chronic smell  
Wake up when I want 'cause that's the life I lead  
Out every night takin' trips every week  
Hangin' out with my peeps just livin' the life  
Only smokin' outta glass while you hittin' metal pipes  
International flights, passport gettin' filled  
You know the showll be tight if KMKs on the bill  
Punk, rock, hip hop, pits never seem to stop  
When the crowds gettin' tired it's their heads that bob  
I got a job but I ain't callin' it work  
Gettin' paid to smoke herb ain't work it's absurd  
Kottonmouth Kings taken over this millennium  
Suburban Noize family I know you will be feelin' 'em  
Comin' out your stereo or seein' us on stage  
Leavin' thousands astonished, leavin' ladies in a daze  
People shocked and amazed the weak hearted seem to faint  
When they take one hit off of Johnny Richters dank  
'Cause I keep goin', continuously flowin'  
Like the wrappers on my condoms people say that I am golden  
I've been flowin' like my hydro when I wow those near and far  
I'd rather have 10 pounds of chronic than a fancy fuckin' car  
'Cause these are the types of things I do  
And these are the types of tales I tell  
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People ask me if I smoke I say I do  
And the smoke I exhale got that chronic smell  
Stumble in the front door throw my jacket on the ground  
Looked left, looked right, shit, I looked all around  
The house was all quiet didnt hear a single sound  
Grabbed a bottle of Bacardi and proceeded to pound  
About a quarter way through 'bout 11:32  
Headed to Del Taco 'cause I need to get some food  
If not I'm gonna puke and I don't want that  
Shouldnt of drank 20 beers, shouldnt have smoked 10 bats  
Couldnt relax, that is my stomach of course  
Shit was comin' up fast and it was chargin' with force  
Flew past my vocal cords quickly approaching my teeth  
Throwin' up every color red, yellow, orange, green  
There it was for me to see right in front of my eyes  
A burrito two tacos and my chill cheese fries  
Now theres a lesson to learn if you listen right here  
Beer, liquor, never sicker, liquor, beer, you in the clear  
'Cause these are the types of things I do  
And these are the types of tales I tell  
People ask me if I smoke I say I do  
And the smoke I exhale got that chronic smell  
Don't worry about it  
Johnny Richter out smoking the fucking planet all day long  
Don't forget I was a underage alcoholic before you were tasting a bong  
Been smoking for a decade, got ten years under my belt  
And I ain't even 24  
Don't worry about it  
Devastating to your ear  
Devastating to your ear  
Devastating to your ear

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