

# Frontline

## Nowhere USA

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 stylie, 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 phunk 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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