

Boom Clap Sound (feat. Chris Webby)

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 headhone 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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