

Pound 4 Pound

Kottonmouth Kings

Still on my west coast riphop shit
King click mobsters are mile high in cannabis copters
Ha ha Lets ride come on Round for round its goin down in the compound (its goin down)
Pound for pound we burn em down (burn em down Burn em down)
Pound for pound we light em up in the compound
Round for round we burn em down (always smoking chronic) This beat is no nonsense
Break out the candles and incense
And flowers fuck a shower
Its a blunt bath
Crack another blunt wrap
And grab the double bag
Fuck a back pack
This shits about to go down like bagdad
Waving blue rags ill be flying the weed flag
kottonmouth kings never buy shit we ship sacks
started with the zigzags moved up to hash bags
now we at the compound lacing raps
so we stack stacks we always stackin stackin
on the top you know I got em
we always packin bowls
back and forth you know I pop em
and when they drop em
we cough em out until we squash em
I puff until I choke
Eyes low they call me dloc
Blazing on this indo smoke
Im all californiaed out
Got some flavor from the west coast
Riding on these tracks like a lowrider
Bounce smoke an ounce
Do it slow so they see me when I roll
I let em know Round for round its goin down in the compound (its goin down)
Pound for pound we burn em down (burn em down Burn em down)
Pound for pound we light em up in the compound
Round for round we burn em down (always smoking chronic) My fingers got and itch
Its fucking crazy shit
Its fucking crazy shit
Stoner truck of the latest shit
Never call my ladies bitch

My trigger fingers got an itch
I got a wood bat swinging on the first pitch
Inside screw ball packing and im cracking it
I got a loose screw someone cut my brake chords
Im flying down the road banging on my dashboard
Driving off a cliff puffin on a fat spliff
Dirtball man I guess these haters finally got their wish
Smokes billowing the neighborhoods intact
The kings is in the fucking building
Quarter ounce about to crack
Most fat give it all up give me that sack
You dont want to not give me that
When Im at home play bubble go flat
From the Force of the bat home run
Check mate energy thick from the belly of all of the partying
All of the pain that we went thru to keep this shit poppin
You better believe it wont stop
Retarded to think we dont know that was you
you better believe me forever we rockin
forever the krown will power the sound
we do it or die
Round for round its goin down in the compound (its goin down)
Pound for pound we burn em down (burn em down Burn em down)
Pound for pound we light em up in the compound
Round for round we burn em down (always smoking chronic)
Blowing the bomb packing the chronic
All the time smoking the best
Keepin it fresh snappin the bong
Yeah snapping the bong
Look at my bag rolling the ghang
Burnin em down til it gone
Keep up my steez rockin it down
Sagging my pants we keepin it west
We still ride or die packing loads in glass pipes
Twistin grips on motorbikes
Blowing up and burning mikes
Say what you like hope your names no on my doc
Pulling strings out of sight
Blinded by the white light
Let the dogs out unleash em on your residence
Air force one im flying higher than the president
Yes im heaven sent
Burnin holy sacraments
7 deadly sins guaranteed that I wont repent
I wont repent either me neither
My heater be the fajita
That all the hungry rappers want to eat up
I beat up the track
Sit up pop it up to another gear
To another year lick another fear

Shut up take it on home
All of the enemies clearRound for round its goin down in the compound (its goin down)
Pound for pound we burn em down (burn em down Burn em down)
Pound for pound we light em up in the compound
Round for round we burn em down (always smoking chronic)RED FOX

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