420

D.Masta

Ya know I got 2 states of mind, stoned and asleep
First I hit the sweet leaf, and then I have nice dreams
When I get up, I wake and bake, take a piss and shake
My clock stopped at Four-twenty, what you want me to say
I stay blazed all day, no matter where I?m creepin?
Hot boxing on your block, and at the spot on the weekends
You?ll see smoke risin?, Just who could it be
It?s my rhyme and crime partner, D. dash L. O. C.

Yeah that be me born and raised in the suburbs.
Faded off the bud smoke blowing it at you nerds thanks Johnny Richter for your nice little hand off
I got some purple Kush
Did you bring the sand box?
Let?s bounce some bud so we can make a little Keefe
Spice up the leaf before we smoke the tree
Everybody in the scene
Know we blow the most dosha
That's why they label us the Kottonmouth solders.

?we got all types?? At 4-2-0 yeah our clocks is always altered- ?we talking pounds? These anti-hero?s are just here to serve you proper ?Roll that shit up? So leave those blessings right up here upon the alter ?pass it around? at 4-2-0 everybody?s burning Ganja?

You?ll catch me at the Smoke-Out smoked out, dropping drinks
Having a blast, not giving a fuck, doing my thing
Blowing rings through the crowd, being loud and obnoxious
Now the shots I did with Pak got me feelin? kind of nauseous
But I played it cool and pulled a few snaps
Big fat packed bowls, and had a chicken Caesar wrap
Dipping through the whole place, no where else I?d rather be
Then smokin? weed with my peeps, now I pass it to D.

24.7 Everyday every minute everybody every stoner grab your bud keep composer beer drinkers, pill poppers, acid heads and freaks
All the creatures in the street Heroin addicts and geeks
Kottonmouth Kings signed a one way contract to see the world and smoke the killa chronic
D-Loc said it, so don't you forget it
It?s four (four), two, o and I blow endow.

?we got all types?? At 4-2-0 yeah our clocks is always altered- ?we talking pounds? These anti-hero?s are just here to serve you proper ?Roll that shit up? So leave those blessings right up here upon the alter ?pass it around? at 4-2-0 everybody?s burning Ganja?

Now you might see me on a mission searching for double-vision
And I ain?t no mathematician, more like a stoney musician
But I get a little help from my friends when in need
Hit the bubble, fuck, double, now I?m seeing in three?s

4-5-6, double dash is D
I'm always drinking beer and I'm always smoking weed
hanging in the streets just doing my thing
putting it down for the herb with the Kottonmouth Kings

All these hours and days inter-face with the planet with bubbles and bells the kush is orgasmic ? I transplant my mental to truly titanic fanatic levels for all you bud fiending addict ? the session begins right upstairs in my addict we bless it we roll it we toke it and pass it ? the next time you see us don?t take us for granted ? we?re all getting lifted just the way that we planned it

?we got all types?? At 4-2-0 yeah our clocks is always altered- ?we talking pounds? These anti-hero?s are just here to serve you proper ?Roll that shit up? So leave those blessings right up here upon the alter ?pass it around? at 4-2-0 everybody?s burning Ganja?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/