

Put It Down

Kottonmouth Kings

Lights off, shit comin' at you live and on fire
Kottonmouth Kings and Cypress Hill You know southern California be home of the highest
Between the Hill and Kottonmouth, we smoking nothing but the finest
The weed incredible, we unstoppable teams
We down with Cypress like how essays be down with 13s Never punk rice 'cuz they simply below us
Dont mess around with street vendors, strictly go to the growers
And everybody who know us, we get outta space high
Be like, bye bitty, bye biddy, biddy, bye, bye Put the blunt down, here's the rundown, riding sundown
Slide us out the front, I'll get you high, wont come down
Catch a contact, homie, watch as I take hits
Show me who you know that take nigga vap hits Everybody grows, let me know if you need some
Tell me what you want, you can call Dr. Green thumb
Put the blunt down if I'm wrong, well, homie, then I'm stoned
Thats what happens when you hit the fuckin' bong well Put the pipe down, put the, put the, put the pipe down
Put the, put the, put the pipe down, put the pipe down
Put your bong down, put your, put your, put your bong down
Put your, put your, put your bong down put the bong down Put the blunt down, put the, put the, put the blunt
down
Put the, put the, put the blunt down put the blunt down
Put the pipe down, put your bong down, put the blunt down
And listen up now Yall mothafuckers, know the deal
It's Kottonmouth Kings and Cypress Hill
Gotta sip that bud, yall know what's up
It's D double dash, dont give a fuck Got a kush wrapped up and I gotta kill
Dont act tough or you will get real
Nickel bags dont, be slick
I'm feelin' kinda good, I got an itch It's time for your mind
Here I go with my rhyme
I'm gonna get him from the front
You can get him from behind Sen Dog gonna be real
Puttin' it down for tha crown
Got the people shook up
Off the smoke from the pounds Pack another bowl in the pipe if you want hell
Maybe we can lace another load, make the song sell
Let me roll this hash leaf kush in the middle, son
If you never puttin' then we rollin' you a little one Dude, put the brownie down, you fuckin' light weight
We smoking after 21, just searchin' for the right date
High, [unverified] get you hammered in a second, son
Take a fuckin' hit and get in line for the second one Put the pipe down, put the, put the, put the pipe down

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 Put your bong down, put your, put your, put your bong down
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 Put the, put the, put the blunt down put the blunt down
 Put the pipe down, put your bong down, put the blunt down
 And listen up now So now you know, you better stop
 All you busts, better hit the back door
 We ain't frontin', that's what it's all about
 Somebody put this gun up in his mouth Welcome to the West Coast, where the real tokers stay
 They should rename this the Cannabis State
 (Cannabis State)
 We can't relate if you ain't from the area
 We got the one hitter quitter that'll bury ya It gets scarier when clones cross polonaise
 Hydro, criptnotic, super sonic, madocnize
 You wake up and you still feelin' groggy, yeah
 Heads foggy like cereal that's soggy, yeah You pack a bowl, but you can't find your lighter still
 [Unverified] somebody call Cypress Hill
 Sen Dog, you got some fire for a brother, man?
 "I got some fire but your lighters still up in your hand Put the pipe down, put the, put the, put the pipe down
 Put the, put the, put the pipe down, put the pipe down
 Put your bong down, put your, put your, put your bong down
 Put your, put your, put your bong down put the bong down Put the blunt down, put the, put the, put the blunt
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 Put the, put the, put the blunt down put the blunt down
 Put the pipe down, put your bong down, put the blunt down
 And listen up now Hit em with a sick shit, just like the misfits
 Kottonmouth and Cypress Hill, always kick the dope shit
 Down with Daddy X, D-Loc and Johnny Richter
 Southern Cali most high, do ya get the picture? We don't stop, we just keep on thumping
 [Unverified] home boy ain't lackin' nothing
 From the streets of [unverified] all the way to the O.C.
 Any way around the world we smoke the dope weed We got what it takes, cush, bud, hash, cakes
 Smoke filled room when the hits take place
 I becoming mad, stoned on the phone with Tommy Chong
 Beatin' on my chest, mad dog, King Kong Here's another verse from the dirt that came first
 We comin' at ya hard from the ghetto to the surf
 I be putting in work, so just stay up off my turf
 Or I'll have your homeboys straight callin' for a hurst Put the blunt down and listen up now