Misunderstood

Kottonmouth Kings

I said my momma don't understand me
Daddy never really cared
Fuck the rest
I've failed their test
I guess life just ain't fair
A preacher man done told me, said your ways you better change
But forgive me man, I got a mic in my hand
And it's my time to rock the stage
Misunderstood
One in a million, a million in one
A stoner reeking havoc, but I don't carry a gun
Only a microphone so I can rock the stage
Don't got a beeper But I gots to some page up some dope ass lyrics
From my imagination
Smoked out the officer on my probation
Bustin' caps in the balls of this generation
I flip this phat verse with no hesitation
My bro Mad Dog, the south bay psycho, got the bomb sugar bud
Goin' everlasting cycle, the dank of the dankest don't get no sweeter
My boy B-Dub ain't a motherfuckin' tweaker
He's a ganja man, that's the way it goes
2 turntables always rock at shows
Hey Bobby B, how does your bud grow?
Shhh....That's on the down low
I said my momma don't understand me, Daddy never really cared
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A preacher man done told me, said your ways you better change
But forgive me man, I got a mic in my hand
And it's my time to rock the stage, misunderstood
Kottonmouth Komittee made of horny devils, psycho rebels
Bitch turn up the treble
We wanna be heard because we speak the truth
Yo we miss Rob Harris in the DJ booth
And that's the truth, 'cause that's the roots
We miss Rob Harris in the DJ booth
Yo all I'm sayin' kid is the freedom of speech

A freedom to blaze, a freedom to reach

New plateaus are a high away
2 joints in the morning then I'm A-OK
I smoke two joints in the morning
Get the vodka then I mix the OJ, ok
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I'm D-Loc I puffs all the smoke
Never have herbs 'cause I'm always broke
Never had a job, probably never will
That's right Saint Dog, we da kings of the hill
I'm Saint Dog never find me trippin'
Never gun grippin', always 40 sippin'
Anarchy is the life of me, give me booze, blunts, broads
And I'll tap all three
I got a German glow with an irie flow
You're red in the face 'cause I bucked your hoe
So what now bro? You know we told ya so
We got more game that L.A.'s got blow
Yo my boy D-Loc got ears like a monkey
My boy Saint Dog is a hip-hop drunkie
DJ Bobby B gots the tracks that are funky
If you really must know I grow my green bud skunky
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