Frontline

The Right Ons

These fly rhymes and high times are brought to you by Suburban Noize
D-Loc, Saint Vicious, DJ Bobby B, Pakelika
The bakers man, bake me a cake as fast as you can
Polish up the crown, then watch it shine
The Kottonmouth Kings are on the front line
Fly rhymes, high times
Suburban Noize gotta be on the front line
Zig Zags, chronic sacs
Tell the girls they be ridin' with some big macs
Gettin' burnt, smokin' herb
Just an everyday thing in the suburbs
Bass high, treble low
Nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos, jugalos
Not I take ten steps, turn, and break out the hoop
Grip my sac tightly 'coz I'm about to shoot
Wind in my ear the abasherea I can see
Voices whisper clear, "Smoke another ST"
So I do, I fire it up, round 1, round 2, now I'm lifted up
3, 4, can I stand and handle 1 more
I'm in the sky, am I knockin' on heaven's door?
Now I'm loading up on the clip and I'm pullin' through
I see the little black hole that say, "I missed you"
I can feel the expansion in my chest
I let go, I'm stress free, there's no worries left
Runnin' so my mind travels and my eyes gloss
I reminisce about the days I hung with big hoss
And even though he's locked down, man, he still knows
That Saint Dog's got love for his big bro, I gotta go
Goin', goin', gone, that's it just blazed my last sack
Case to the head, so I can see black
So yo, that's that, pack me another rip
So I can lay back and let my mind start to trip
Why me, D-Loc, call me the stoner of the krew
If you fuckin' with my stash then I'm fuckin' with you
Saint Dog's got my back, "Man I thought you knew"
Fly rhymes, high times, Suburban Noize comin' through
Fly rhymes, high times
Suburban Noize gotta be on the front line
Bass high, treble low

Nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos, jugalos
Now Mary Jane, she's my girl
Nowadays seems like the bitch rules my world
And everytime our lips meet
She's got me laughin' like a leaf from a bud tree
You know I like to stay high, I got that old school ride
'77 bug and it's white on the outside
But on the inside it's full of bitches
An ounce of erb and 17 switches
Who's that drunk that slurs and spit?
"Saint"
Who gets trashed and likes to talk some shit?
"Saint"
Get me on a skate and I'll bust a heelflip
Man I speak with dirt slang and I just can't quit
I'm D-Locer ,the late night toker
Royal flush got you bluffin' like a game of poker
'66 stylie, face goes smiley
I like to get high and live the life of Riley
Now I'm Saint Dog but ya already know
That sick fly, still high, dope style flow
When my clock strikes 12, ask me where I'm gonna go
P-Town baby, suburban jugalo
Fly rhymes, high times
Suburban Noize gotta be on the front line
Zig Zags, chronic sacs
Ask the girls they be ridin' with some big macs
Gettin' burnt, smokin' herb
Just an everyday thing in the suburbs
Bass high, treble low
Nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos, jugalos
Well, I'm D-Loc steady blazin' grass
Got the phunky green buds and the transparent glass
If I had you a 20 then my sack you pass
If it comes up short I'm gonna bust that ass
Saint Dog, I'm the hog, I'm the leader of the krew
Stunt man hittin' hard on the avenue
Or is it all because I drank too many brews?
Porn Star lifestyle, so I say fuck you
I got 2 skateboards, I eat hash and spam
My uncle, my pops, ain't buyin' me a van
I got a girlish girl, I call her Tiki doll
I like to get high and play dunkball, dunkball, dunkball
Dunkball, dunkball, dunkball
I like to get high ain't a punk y'all

Kottonmouth's in the house so pack ya bowls
We ain't nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos
Fly rhymes, high times
Suburban Noize gotta be on the front line
Rezin' screens, dope feen
No thing but think Kottonmouth King
Gettin' burnt, smokin' herb
Just an everyday thing in the suburbs
Bass high, treble low
Nothin' but some big West Coast jugalos, jugalos
Yeah, Kottonmouth Kings
Bringin' ya more Suburban Noize for ya speakers
Ya tweakers, the pimp daddies, laying the track down
O.C. underground sound, [Incomprehensible]
When ya come to P-Town, bye bye, bye bye

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