

Suburban Life

Kottonmouth Kings

Suburban life, the American dream.
Suburban life, so pretty and clean.
Suburban life aint what it seems,

The Big "A" little "A" bouncin "B".
The system got you but it won't get me

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Now my pops bought the system, American dreamer.
Bought a new home and a brand new beamer.
But it didn't take long for things to fall apart,
Because the system that he bought aint got no heart.
>From the bills for days he got bloodshot eyes.

The American dream was a pack of lies.
6 months later, municipal court, divorce time baby, Child Support

I went from home cooked meals to TV dinners,
No more lil Steven, now Saint Dog the sinner,
No cash back cause cuz there is no receipt man,
Suburban life aint gonna die for me,

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He's in a little demon to the 3rd degree,
Mo drugs, White thugs and wanna be's,
Soldiers of the burbs all guilty see,
America! Land of the Grand,
You got problems well I got mine too,
There's not enough bud for the kottonmouth crew.

Cause when we smoke we smoke to get away,
To elevate from this world of hate,
Not to perpetrate,
I don't want notarickas Selling herbs on the blocks on every street,
No real jobs for the p-t-p's So what's it gonna be? White minority. C'Mon!

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Now broken home's inside every house,
Neighbors yelling, can't work it out,
I said beaten wives tweaked out nights,
Ooh what a feeling, ooh what a life,
Well ya can't turn back the hands of time,
So let me tell ya bout a fly-ass friend of mine,
It's Bobby B, King of the crop,
Deep dark purse. Phat drop top,
Philly blunt placed behind his ear,
2 turntables and a Heineken beer,
And this is just an every day thang,
Kottonmouth Kings, Telephone rings!
It's X and you know he's rollin with Saint Dog.
Leapin like some frogs, truck for the hogs,
Trunk for the snakes, Stage boxin rakes,
What ever we could get we was gonna take!
Just like the pirates of the Caribbean,
Neighborhood watch don't like what they seein,
Ha ha ha we got it like that,
Kottonmouth rollin' deep,
Get your surfboard waxed,
C'mon!

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Crack the System!

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