

# Put It Down (feat. Cypress Hill)

## 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

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 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  
 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 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