

Things I Do

Frank Hamilton

Why do people always wanna know about Richter?
What I do at home, how much I really smoke
If I really got as many bongs as I claim
If my barks about drinkin' just a game, well, listen up
Drinkin' Vodka, Blue Label, Smirnoff on the rocks
Wishin' I had my sack but I left it a Paks
Vape rips got me trippin', shit, I almost got lost
Walkin up to my own crib comin' from the garage
But the night ain't over yet I got places to go
Hit the bar to get faded but I needed some more
I told him make sure it's mean but when he brought my bag of green
It was the B.C. so I only got phaze know what I mean
If you dont that's new lingo a phazers an eighth
I dont get more than an eighth if there aint crip out on the plate
New saying it's not crip doesnt mean that it ain't kind
It just means the herb you got ain't close to half as good as mine
That's right the truth hurts but not as bad as the
dirt
Comin' up through your throat when you choke and that's my word
Damn that shit burns I dont even like to think, about the Kottonmouth
Youd suffer if you didnt have a drink 'Cause these are the types of things I do
And these are the types of tales I tell
People ask me if I smoke I say I do
And the smoke I exhale got that chronic smell
Wake up when I want 'cause that's the life I lead
Out every night takin' trips every week
Hangin' out with my peeps just livin' the life
Only smokin' outta glass while you hittin' metal pipes
International flights, passport gettin' filled
You know the showll be tight if KMKs on the bill
Punk, rock, hip hop, pits never seem to stop
When the crowds gettin' tired it's their heads that bob
I got a job but I ain't callin' it work
Gettin' paid to smoke herb ain't work it's absurd
Kottonmouth Kings taken over this millennium
Suburban Noize family I know you will be feelin' 'em
Comin' out your stereo or seein' us on stage
Leavin' thousands astonished, leavin' ladies in a daze
People shocked and amazed the weak hearted seem to faint
When they take one hit off of Johnny Richters dank
'Cause I keep goin', continuously flowin'
Like the wrappers on my condoms people say that I am golden
I've been flowin' like my hydro when I wow those near and far
I'd rather have 10 pounds of chronic than a fancy fuckin' car
'Cause these are the types of things I do
And these are the types of tales I tell
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People ask me if I smoke I say I do
And the smoke I exhale got that chronic smell
Stumble in the front door throw my jacket on the ground
Looked left, looked right, shit, I looked all around
The house was all quiet didnt hear a single sound
Grabbed a bottle of Bacardi and proceeded to pound
About a quarter way through 'bout 11:32
Headed to Del Taco 'cause I need to get some food
If not I'm gonna puke and I don't want that
Shouldnt of drank 20 beers, shouldnt have smoked 10 bats
Couldnt relax, that is my stomach of course
Shit was comin' up fast and it was chargin' with force
Flew past my vocal cords quickly approaching my teeth
Throwin' up every color red, yellow, orange, green
There it was for me to see right in front of my eyes
A burrito two tacos and my chill cheese fries
Now theres a lesson to learn if you listen right here
Beer, liquor, never sicker, liquor, beer, you in the clear
'Cause these are the types of things I do
And these are the types of tales I tell
People ask me if I smoke I say I do
And the smoke I exhale got that chronic smell
Don't worry about it
Johnny Richter out smoking the fucking planet all day long
Don't forget I was a underage alcoholic before you were tasting a bong
Been smoking for a decade, got ten years under my belt
And I ain't even 24
Don't worry about it
Devastating to your ear
Devastating to your ear
Devastating to your ear

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