

# Pound 4 Pound

## Kottonmouth Kings

Still on my west coast riphop shit  
King click mobsters are mile high in cannabis copters  
Ha ha Lets ride come on Round for round its goin down in the compound (its goin down)  
Pound for pound we burn em down (burn em down Burn em down)  
Pound for pound we light em up in the compound  
Round for round we burn em down (always smoking chronic) This beat is no nonsense  
Break out the candles and incense  
And flowers fuck a shower  
Its a blunt bath  
Crack another blunt wrap  
And grab the double bag  
Fuck a back pack  
This shits about to go down like bagdad  
Waving blue rags ill be flying the weed flag  
kottonmouth kings never buy shit we ship sacks  
started with the zigzags moved up to hash bags  
now we at the compound lacing raps  
so we stack stacks we always stackin stackin  
on the top you know I got em  
we always packin bowls  
back and forth you know I pop em  
and when they drop em  
we cough em out until we squash em  
I puff until I choke  
Eyes low they call me dloc  
Blazing on this indo smoke  
Im all californiased out  
Got some flavor from the west coast  
Riding on these tracks like a lowrider  
Bounce smoke an ounce  
Do it slow so they see me when I roll  
I let em know Round for round its goin down in the compound (its goin down)  
Pound for pound we burn em down (burn em down Burn em down)  
Pound for pound we light em up in the compound  
Round for round we burn em down (always smoking chronic) My fingers got and itch  
Its fucking crazy shit  
Its fucking crazy shit  
Stoner truck of the latest shit  
Never call my ladies bitch

My trigger fingers got an itch  
I got a wood bat swinging on the first pitch  
Inside screw ball packing and im cracking it  
I got a loose screw someone cut my brake chords  
Im flying down the road banging on my dashboard  
Driving off a cliff puffin on a fat spliff  
Dirtball man I guess these haters finally got their wish  
Smokes billowing the neighborhoods intact  
The kings is in the fucking building  
Quarter ounce about to crack  
Most fat give it all up give me that sack  
You dont want to not give me that  
When Im at home play bubble go flat  
From the Force of the bat home run  
Check mate energy thick from the belly of all of the partying  
All of the pain that we went thru to keep this shit poppin  
You better believe it wont stop  
Retarded to think we dont know that was you  
you better believe me forever we rockin  
forever the krown will power the sound  
we do it or die  
Round for round its goin down in the compound (its goin down)  
Pound for pound we burn em down (burn em down Burn em down)  
Pound for pound we light em up in the compound  
Round for round we burn em down (always smoking chronic)  
Blowing the bomb packing the chronic  
All the time smoking the best  
Keepin it fresh snappin the bong  
Yeah snapping the bong  
Look at my bag rolling the ghang  
Burnin em down til it gone  
Keep up my steez rockin it down  
Sagging my pants we keepin it west  
We still ride or die packing loads in glass pipes  
Twistin grips on motorbikes  
Blowing up and burning mikes  
Say what you like hope your names no on my doc  
Pulling strings out of sight  
Blinded by the white light  
Let the dogs out unleash em on your residence  
Air force one im flying higher than the president  
Yes im heaven sent  
Burnin holy sacraments  
7 deadly sins guaranteed that I wont repent  
I wont repent either me neither  
My heater be the fajita  
That all the hungry rappers want to eat up  
I beat up the track  
Sit up pop it up to another gear  
To another year lick another fear

Shut up take it on home  
All of the enemies clearRound for round its goin down in the compound (its goin down)  
Pound for pound we burn em down (burn em down Burn em down)  
Pound for pound we light em up in the compound  
Round for round we burn em down (always smoking chronic)RED FOX

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