Psychedelic Funk

Kottonmouth Kings

This is Kona-Gold from the Hawaiian Islands of creation
Mass plantation
With the Kottonmouth Kings burnin' up the nation
Don't watch your back cause we're comin' through front
And when we're on stage yeah we'll smoke ya like a blunt
My minds always trippin 'so you know I cannot front
We're the Kottonmouth King Klick, kickin psychedelic funk
Puffin on a blunt, indo, schwag, or skunk
Southern Cali punks kickin' psychedelic funk
Shit it's a damn good day, got money in the bank
Gas in my tank, pays for my dank
Got a new Paramax, money for the taxes
And for the plenty herb the lord I do thank
Boom, shit, bang, X is the name
Dirt slang's the game and I bangs poontang
It's the first county all league pimp selection
Bobby B's on the mix with the vinyl injection
I went from sinner to Saint, Saint back to sinner
Once was a preacher, but I huff paint thinner
Took your woo home and that bitch made me dinner
Rolled a couple pinners and I went up in her
It's the capital D, the L-O-C
Can't nobody even fuck with me, (hell no)
My style is free, I bangs the P
I tag the circle "A" for anarchy
Don't watch your back cause we're comin' through the front
And when we're on stage yeah we're smokin' like a blunt
My minds always trippin' so you know I can not front
We're the Kottonmouth King Klick, kickin' psychedelic funk
Puffin on a blunt, indo, swag, or skunk
Southern Cali punks kickin' psychedelic funk
Hot Damn! I'm back in my van
Copper pulled me over, asked me what's my plan?
Pig sniffin' around like Toucan Sam
WHAT? BLAM BLAM! Now there's bacon on the van
I said fuck the police I'm an old school skater
Roll aside the curb, throw peace and say later
Got a dark vibe like that fool Darth Vador
Told you motherfuckers I'm an old school skater

I'm D-Loc so fair is fair, party over here, fuck you over there
I got a bag of bud smothered in red hair
Saint Dog started drinking so you better beware
Well I got so much bounce you can feel my vibration

Easy access for easy penetration
What's all this talk about a generation?
Legalize the plant
Lets free this nation
Boo ya ka Boo ya ka.. hemp plantation
Boo ya ka Boo ya ka.. free this nation
Don't watch your back cause we're comin' through the front
And when we're on stage yeah we're smokin' like a blunt
My minds always trippin' so you know I can not front
We're the Kottonmouth King Klick, kickin' psychedelic funk
Puffin' on a blunt indo, swag, or skunk
Southern Cali punks kickin' psychedelic funk
Now the kind I smoke is dipped in Willie Wonka
Chocolate factory, I take more hits than Tonka
Light you up like blanca, get u buzzin' like a bee
We're the bong tokin' fiends representin' O.C.
Oh oh oh oh shit I'm back up in the mix
Its D-loc with the grab bag of tricks
Your bitch is on my dick, your momma is too
And this is going out to the Kottonmouth Krew
Damn that gets old, wearin' ties that don't fit
Dirty wife beaters, size that just quit
But I don't give a shit my rhymes make me legit
Board's in my hands as I bail through the pit
Punk rock and I can't forget cha
Kottonmouth Kings up in the picture
Suburban Noise, man I thought you knew
And if you're down with punk rock, throw your horns up fool
Yes we're comin' through with an old deep brew
West coast juggalos sayin' hoodie hoo
Don't watch your back cause we're comin' through the front
And when we're on stage we're smokin' like a blunt
My minds always trippin' so you know I can not front
We're the Kottonmouth King Klick, kickin' psychedelic funk
Puffin' on a blunt indo, swag, or skunk
Southern Cali punks kickin' psychedelic funk
Scratch pow, don't ask me how
Even if I knew I wouldn't tell you any how
Take that! Let's fishbowl this bitch
What's the time? It's time to get lit

Boo ya ka Boo ya ka, splif to the clip
Now the roach is lit, goes right to my lip
Inhale, hold it real deep
Orange County horny devils back on the fuckin' creep!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/