

At It Again

Kottonmouth Kings

No, you can't stop this it's already started
You can't pull the smell back after somebody farted
All you can do is turn a fan on
And stand strong
And hope you got the lungs of a fuckin marathon, runner

It's a wonder how I love the skunk
And how I love the boom boom comin out the trunk
And yes I make it happen best time of your life
All we need is captain, a fat blunt, and a light

Tonight I wanna Get high, get drunk, get lit
Get a limo and after that get some chicks
Get a tattoo get a new nickname
Get the fuck out my way Richter's at it again

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So make some room
Move
Get outta my way
I'm about to take it back to NWA days

With an attitude catch me crusin the streets
Got a couple a brews in the cooler next to my feet

But when I show up
Get drunk then throw up
Then refill my cup
You mad, well so what
I don't give a fuck
Circle A on my thumb knuck
Got broads lining up like my name was Good Luck Chuck

Kick ass and always laughin like the Joker on speed
But methamphetamine ain't for me
I'm all about the weed
Sticky green
Keep it clean
Organically grown
After 4 o'clock I'm startin with the shots of Patron

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