

# Bong Tokin' Alcoholics

## Kottonmouth Kings

My mission the commission of the dishin' out for facts  
'cause when I'm dimin' my rhymin' never slacks, never lacks  
So get back to the basics and face it  
The American dream ain't what it seems  
With lies they've laced it  
Can't you taste it?  
See they baste it in an imitation butter  
We've ate it and realized it's not nature to mother  
Generic like no other  
Man fuck big brother

The Kottonmouth King Klick  
Are you blind or somethin'?  
Are you blind to the fact  
You think that this system  
That this society sees any other color other than green?  
Well it's all slave driven'  
The illusion of ownership in America  
Properting is theft  
How we livin' ?

The bong tokin' alcoholics  
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Gettin' bent every night is the thing we do  
I get up every day in the afternoon  
I crawl out the bed on the way to the shower  
I gotta hurry up I got a date in a hour  
Well I call my boy X on the shower phone  
"What's up, Saint? Man, I'm stoned alone  
By the way I got the freaks on wait  
Call up the krew, hook it up. Late."  
I hung up with X and gave my boys a holla  
D-loc picked up said, "What's up balla?"  
Just drop in a dime and tell him about this party  
There'll be a lotta beer and some naughty hotties  
I'll call Bobby let him know the plan  
And we'll bounce through in the nitrate van  
We'll take a road trip, 40 sip on the way  
Oh yeah X comin' through with some freaks from the Bay

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The Kottonmouth tilt is what we call it  
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Step back I'm bout to crack  
Legalize it!

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Now we drank up a fifth and said to spark the bowl  
Humble Gods on the radio bumpin' real low  
I reach into the back and pull out the 64

I took it to the head like a mothafuckin' pro  
Yo, that drink got me on tilt  
Ya better sit down 'cause you about to spill  
Now we approach up on the corner of the house party  
I'm down a tall one, i get buzzed, a nightly duty  
Conversation with the krew, I thought you knew to pass the brew  
Taste that kind of breeze, Saint your ass is through  
Break out the beer bong man I wanna get faded  
'cause drinkin' out the bottle is just so overrated  
Well well well, grab the 22 and fill it up with Mickeys  
Now what's up you drunk bitch? You spillin' on my Dickies  
Well boost up the bass, and go easy on the treble  
And let 'em all know that we some psycho rebels  
With our pants saggin', skates in our hand  
With our pants saggin', skates in our hand  
With our pants saggin', skates in our hand  
Now we're rollin' 3 deep and we don't give a damn

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I got the blunts and I got the beer  
Daddy X hit and skids in the rear view mirror  
We walked up to the spot, the keg's our destination  
'cause runnin' local parties is a nightly occupation  
I feel too ripped, I felt a finger in my back  
"Hey I like your shirt", yeah I see it is quite phat  
But no time to mack 'cause Saint's drunk as hell  
He was standin' on the table and he started to yell  
"All the freaks up in the party  
Move around and shake your body  
And if you're down with the boys of P-Town  
Lemme see somebody get naughty  
Is the west coast in the house?  
Well pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!"  
Well get naughty they did and these girls start to strip  
Started freakin' on my shit and her boyfriend tried to trip  
I said "You talk shit, punk? Let's step outside"  
He put his fists up, I put em on his eye  
He got a left to the cheek, skateboard to the dome  
I busted out the \_ and took his girlie home

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