

Built To Last

Kottonmouth Kings

Time keeps on slippin through that hour glass-I-
I need to rip another vapor blast-
Why do all these people keep on talking trash- Kottonmouth was built to last
- you know that we
was built to last

The Adventures of shaky bones the intruder
AKA D-Loc Mr. Ginseu Master
The Budda Blasta it's all-good
Operatin in my green room
Cutting up my words.
You better make way
I've been know to blow the spot
Mr. Ginseu Master
And Bobby Suenam
We form like volton connected by the feet
So theirs room to reach
When we transform the beat
With the ill techniques
Needles stick like gum
Bobby on the two and shaky on the one
Here comes the suenamie brothers
Duck fuck run grab your shields and
Putten up this ain't for fun
Table combat son
You better blow the spot
When I penetrate it's deep
You know I smoke my pot
Everyday I stay ripped
They call me D-Loc the C
Don't Eva get it twisted
Naw! Mean.

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And you know this
I got so Herb in my pocket
A caddie an a truck
A phat chain wallet
A dirt bike, mini bike and a go-cart
A skateboard shoot gun and a snowboard
My wake because winter just passed
Summer coming up
River runs with the hash
Me and all my dogs
Drinking beers token buds
Working on are trucks
Right under the sun
And when the water cold
We sit and get stoned
Hollering at the hunny's
Talking shit from crow's boat

And if you don't know
I don't really fucking care
Like listen to a drunk
When he's yappin in my ear
Talking this, talking that
Your not make no sense
Like smoking crack by a fence
Or bud when it's dense
Don't run get it twisted
I'm a tell you again
The call me L-O-C
Sucker see ya! Say.

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I be the kid with my pants
Straight sagged to my knees
Got my vans on my feet
Smoke a once a week
Written rhymes to beats
Intertwining with timing
Rhyming patters are scattering
I'm as high as the heavens
Farmer are caddle
Eaten Valiums and tatilen
On the side of a mountain choppin trees down or cabins
On the search for medallions
While they thinking their stallions
I'm about to burn like dragons
How could you imagine
Back in the day I was a pest in the classroom
With a attitude babbling
On the desk I was taggen
While the teacher was talking
Hold the time I was nappin
Sides the fact I was slacken
Didn't care if I was passin
Relaxing and laughing
Stealing pencils and graphing
Children for magazine
Memories of causalities
People now gather me I'm the D-L-O-C
And I'll I do is smoke weed.

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