

# Discombobulated

Kottonmouth Kings

Watch it, watch it, watch it  
Dog Boy here, and I'm stickin' with the Kings  
Cool and delayed  
Saint!, comin' comin'

I be getting faded, discombobulated  
Never say I made it till im pissin off the top  
O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers  
Haters can't fade us cuz it's true hip-hop

MC-in' is the place for me to be in  
And nut-swinging is the way that I be G-in'  
Never leanin' to the old, for the lyrical hold  
Keep my shit bold, morals i stole  
Fuck parol when I stroll, man I dodge five-0  
I dip-dive, fuck a bribe, live to rock the show and the ho  
Skip the blow, gimme the 40, yo  
I like a lady down to ride like a rodeo  
You see anarchy are flies like the hemp on a hippy  
Cussin' like a mother cuz my head's a little trippy  
My bud's I like 'em sticky, so pack another rip, D  
High as the plains west of the Mississippi

I be getting faded, discombobulated  
Never say I made it till im pissin off the top  
O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers,  
Haters can't fade us cuz it's true hip-hop

Eh rude boy, lad you party nonstop  
You're the first to start, you're the last to drop  
Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops cuz music is our weapon  
And that them can't stop

Punk rock mental my thoughts are horse  
Hip hop freestyle, freedom of course  
Ooh, my old girl Mary better known as a shwag-hag  
Every other night she help me out buying dime bags  
A dime to a twenty, to a forty, to E  
I switched to homegrown now I puff on Bobby B's, yo

I be getting faded, discombobulated  
Never say I made it till im pissin off the top  
O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers,  
They just can't fade us cuz it's true hip-hop

Eh rude boy, lad you party nonstop,  
You're the first to start, you're the last to drop  
Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops cuz music is our weapon  
And that them can't stop

Check your traits, you perpetrate I can't relate  
Your mental mind state is far to overrate, you can't skate  
Don't sit and debate, you need to skip the state  
Ask Jesus Christ to clean the slate  
I think it's fate, I ain't done yet so wait  
Your philosophies, pale and underweight, they're out of date  
One mo' thing, and then we're straight, put the fake to sleep

And then I catch you at the wake  
And then we'll bake, and once again try to relate  
Hopefully the good will win, you'll lose the hate  
Counts are closed, I think we're up to date  
Wake up young chump, get a grip, checkmate

Sound boy, you should've thanked the Saint  
He just saved your life from a terrible fate  
Sound boy, Saint just put you in check  
He set you straight to save your own neck

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Oh, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy  
Singing with the Kings up on the record version  
Eh rude boy, I say you party nonstop  
You're the first to start, you're the last to drop  
Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops cuz music is our weapon  
And that them can't stop  
Shucka shucka to all the rude boys  
Shucka shucka with Suburban Noize  
Coming in unity, like one big family  
Every S.B. release gonna make you feel so irie  
It's Dog Boy, you know me chat nonstop  
Seeking the roots rub-a-dub, ragamuffin punk rock  
It's Dog Boy, kickin down your shit  
From your microphone, ear, to your consolate  
Like the black flag song, we're gonna rise above  
Every time we're coming with respect and love  
I am the one Dog-Boy from L.A., CA  
In the name of unity I man must say  
From London, to Kingston, from the South Bay  
All me out to do is flash my stylee  
Now I am a-comin' and I'm settin' em down  
Little sound boy with no solution  
Check the bag, with just one flow  
You may find you don't need a ego  
It's Dog Boy, you know me chat nonstop  
With the roots rub-a-dub, ragamuffin punk rock  
Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops, music is our weapon  
And that them can't stop