

Enjoy

Kottonmouth Kings

"So enjoy my good friends may these good times last cuz in this lifetime the y
come-n-go to fast one day your sittin on top next day your fallin off fast-
So enjoy my good
friends make these good times last"

My gas tank's to the top, with a freshly picked crop
New album 'bout to drop, met a girl I like a lot
Things is on the up and up, like they never gonna stop
Eatin meat that's butcher cut, drinkin sake at Hibach
No rocks on the wrist, I ain't into those things
Silver plugs in my ears, the only things I bling
Maybe a big fat ring, but you won't see no jewels
I don't need a diamond link to make these ladies druel
I just play it cool, maybe throw them a wink
Yannow, buy em a drink, ask them "What do they think?"
About exchanging the digits, that's just how I'm livin
Cause sex could be bought, but love is only given

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I used to stay high now I am zoned out - had a shaved head yes I did now its
grown out looks
kinda fresh when its blown out - broke as a joke ask loc moneys - loaned out
- lived with my
folks had a spout got thrown out grew fat buds at the spot till they cloned
out - used to have a
job part time but I hate work caught smokin joints in the back with the fron
t clerk - boss man
walked in fired me took my work shirt left me bare chested high as fuck punc
hin clockwork walkin
down the street unemployed how'd I go wrong back to takin rip after rip from
my glass bong damn....

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I'm consistently on one my middle name done
I'm still spun from lasts nights vodka and rum
I popped a biscuit got naughty with a hotty ever hunny in the party
Had a bangin body
The beer kept callin me
The buscuyc started to roll
I'm rollin but I'm under control
And if I get out of control you betta slow me down
E and my homie chucky chuck gett'en up like circus clowns
Chucky styles and the D-Loc
I'm stoned to the bone eaten K.F.C
We back home from the party up w Hollywood Hills
We was popping some pills and all the alcohol was reel

Drunks throwing up flicken cigarette butt's people fightin
In the streets thinking their tough
You know what we was on the balcony Laughlin
Smoken buds flicken beer bottles while people were dancing

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