

Everyday Thang

Kottonmouth Kings

Too many bong hits and not enough time
A couple vikadins and a bottle of wine
Two big titties and a dope ass beat
One blowjob and my days complete

I got a feeling itching for the flavor
I place a call to my next door neighbor
He's got a grow room, in full bloom
He said drop by 'round half past noon
He's got the tasters, samples the vapors
We get our head high like skyscrapers
I brought the papers and more party favors
Like Biz Markee said "Nothing can save ya"
My girls trippin im sippin red wine
she said that i dont ever spend enough time
We roll some kind, I press rewind
Hit that shit from the front and behind
You know the time, the crime rhyme sayer
a crooked politican soon im gunna be the mayor
I change the laws and this whole jurisdiction
And legalize weed come and sign the petition

A lodi-dodi, D-Loc came to party
I dont cause no troube, I dont bother nobody
Were just some Kings that rock on the mic
And when we rock up on the mic we rock the mic right
You blaze the weed then you down with the set yeah
We got the type of bud that make you forget yeah
The type of shit that make you wanna write a rap
Spit a flow go to bed and get some head up on the floor OOOOOOh
Hands up to this old school beat
Swayin back and forth from the West to the East
We get high yeah we drinkin our drinks
Got everybody buggin on the Kottonmouth Kings
And we a decade deep and we keep doin out thang
Gettin down to the boggy the boggy the bang bang
Gettin down to the boggy the boggy the bang
Its just and everyday thangs how we do the thang thang

Its just and everyday (day) thing around my way (way)
Yo what you say (Say) well pass me the hay (Hay)
See we dont play (Play) We smoke that bombay (bay)
That shit that make you carzy (Oh i got 'em carzy)
Around noon i like to get up fuck go back to bed
And at two i hit the snooze and get a little head
Around nine i get the wine and start sippin or red
The next day get up and do it all over again
Its just an everyday thing around these part
Catch me coolin in my yard with a joint puffin hard
and i always got a beer near,by,and close to hand
A proud king in his castle lookin over his land
Now understand whats good for me might not be right for yourself
See people pray i go to heaven others damn me to hell
But whats a playa suppose to do yo i can only be me
And for this Kottonmouth king this is my everyday thing