

## First Class

## Kottonmouth Kings

It's time to smoke  
Blaze all day, every day  
Each way, the right way  
My way, greenhay, we high  
Been there done that  
Big blunts, fat sacks  
Hit it fast, make it last  
First class, we blaze

Shit's all finger licking good when you rollin' through the hood  
Twistin Lincoln logs are hard so we burning up the wood  
Cuz I be smokin, drunk, drinking weed and pairing skunk  
I like to smoke a bitch and been known to slap a blunt  
Make the crowd jump, people say them kids got styles  
Renting jewels for your videos you frontin' with that smile  
Acting wild but you ain't even skirt in the pit  
Talking shit, ain't worth a lick  
You wanna bark, then you'll get bit, woof  
Blow the roof off like an atom bomb  
D-Loc to Johnny Richter's like ping to pong  
Ain't nothing wrong, don't fix shit if it ain't broke  
We ain't no jokes, you know the kings by the size of our tokes,  
Motherfuckers

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My voice is swayin, people always ask me what I'm sayin'  
Playin' (shottie?) for the women, so I'm smooth operating  
Just (plain gamin?), while you smokin on the hay  
And for the peeps who are working (??) start your savin'

I keep it clean shaven, around 4 corners  
We warned ya, no dank is strong enough to hold us  
Like soldiers we fold ya, keep our composure  
Roll you in a joint, light you up and smoke ya

Only take so much shwag, made me (??) and gag,  
It's time to smoke some (??) so i reached in my bag  
Fix my sag as i pulled out my orange zig zags  
You know the Kottonmouth Kings, the worlds' greatest tag

Team, we gleam, i spit poisonous juice  
Abuse microphones, let my flow run loose  
Calling out all troops, puttin' weight up on the table  
Bring a scale, round by round, check the soundscan

Damn D-Loc we the cream of the crop,  
DJ Bobby B, Daddy X, and Pak, who locks to beats  
Sportin' high top docs, slangin' pounds of pot  
Take from us, better not

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I got a knack for bud smoke chronic (??)  
D-Loc's no joke, toke for toke, he'll float your boat  
(??) down my throat, took off my coat  
Was it wet? It was soaked  
Out smoke you? Not really, nope  
Sat back and had a coke, relaxed and had a smoke  
A little bit of change, some dank, I was broke  
No dollar stretched out, felt like a stroke  
Brain transformed, like I was on the dose  
Provoke, no coke, I never done roak  
You gotta ring around your nose, take a hit off my roach  
Tryin' to ball like the most, burnt like a piece of toast  
On the coast to coast, deep in the post  
Got my eyes on my crops, watchin' over my gross  
Just daze you a little, damn he's kinda dope

(I see that I might have underestimated him  
You have obviously underestimated my power)

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