

Frontline

Kottonmouth Kings

These fly rhymes and high times are brought to you by Suburban Noize
D-Loc, Saint Vicious, DJ Bobby be, Pakelika
The bakers man, bake me a cake as fast as you can
Polish up the krown then watch it shine
The Kottonmouth Kings are on the frontline
Fly rhymes, high times
Suburban Noize gotta be on the frontline
Zigzags, chronic sack
Nasty girls been ridin' with some big macks
Kickin verbs, smokin herbs
Just an everyday thing in the the suburbs
Bass high, treble low
Nothin' but some big west-coast juggalos
Now I take ten steps, turn and break out the hoop
Grip the zag tightly 'cause I'm about to shoot
Wind in my ear, the advisory I can see
Voices whisper clear, smoke another ST
So I do, I fire it up, round one round two, now I'm lifted up
Three, four can I stand and handle one more?
I'm in the sky, am I knockin' on heavens door?
Now I loaded up the clip and I pulled it through
And seen the little black hole that said I missed you
I can feel the expansion in my chest
I let go I'm stress free, there's no worries left
On this summer my mind travels as my eyes gloss
I reminisce about the days I hung with Big Hoss
And even though he's locked down man he still knows
That Saint Dog's got a love for his big bro
I gotta go
Goin', goin', gone that's it just blazed my last sack
Case to the head so I can see black
So yo that's that pack me another rip
So I can lay back and let my mind start to trip
By me D-Loc, call me stoner of the crew
If your fuckin' with my stash then I'm fuckin' with you
Saint Dog's got my back, man I thought you knew
Fly rhymes, high times, Suburban Noize comin' through
Fly rhymes, high times
Suburban Noize gotta be on the frontline
Bass high, treble low
Nothin' but some big west coast juggalos
Mary Jane, she's my girl
Nowadays seems like the bitch rules my world
And every time our lips meet
She got's me loungin' like a leaf on a bud tree
Now I like to stay high, I got the old-school ride
77' bug and it's white on the outside
But on the inside its full of bitches
An ounce of herb, and seventeen switches
Who's that drunk that slurs and spits? (Saint)
Who gets trashed and likes to talk some shit? (Saint)
Get me on a skate and I bust a heel flip
Man I speak with dirt slang and I just can't quit it
Well I'm D Loc-er, the late night toker
Royal flush, got you bluffin' like a game of poker
Sick sick, stylee, face is always smiley
I like to get high and live the life O' Riley

I'm Saint Dog but ya already know,
The sick fly still high dope style flow
When my clock strikes 12 ask me where I'm gonna go
P-Town baby, suburban juggalo
Fly rhymes, high times
Suburban Noize gotta be on the frontline
Zigzags, chronic sack
Nasty girls been ridin' with some big macks
Kickin verbs, smokin herbs
Just an everyday thing in the the suburbs
Bass high, treble low
Nothin' but some big west-coast juggalos
Well I'm D-Loc steady blazin' grass
Smokin' funky green buds outta transparent glass
If I hand you a 20 then my sack you pass
If it comes up short I'm gonna bust that ass
Saint Dog, I'm the hog I'm the leader of the krew
Stunt man hittin' hard on the avenue
Or is it all because I drank too many brews?
Porn star lifestyle, so I said FUCK YOU!
I got 2 skateboards, I eat hash and spam
My uncle, my pops, they got it easy man
I got a girl that's down, I call her tikki doll
I like to get high and play dunk ball
I like to get high, ain't a punk y'all
Kottonmouth's in the house, so pack ya bowls
We ain't nothin' but some big west coast juggalos!
Fly rhymes, high times
Suburban Noize gotta be on the frontline
Resin screen, dope vein
No thing, bud fiend Kottonmouth Kings
Kickin verbs, smokin' herbs
Just an everyday thing in the suburbs
Bass high, treble low
Nothin' big but some big west coast juggalos
Yeah, haha, Kottonmouth Kings
Bringin' ya more Suburban Noize for your speakers, ya tweakers
The Pimp Daddies lay the track down
O.C. underground sound
So bring your pipe and a pound when ya come to P-Town
Bye-bye, Bye-bye