

## 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