

Irie Feelin'

Kottonmouth Kings

We got that smooth irie feelin' we put it down
We got that smooth irie feelin' with the reggae sound
We got that smooth irie feelin' blazin' on these pounds
With that smooth irie feelin' Kottonmouth Kings earned our Crown

Ya'll can catch me in the parking lot smoking blunts feeling dizzy
Know I spark a lot D-Loc I'm always getting shitty
Hanging out with all the hippies blazing bomb buds in every city
Always got some Zig Zag's and a old school fifty
Something to put in it like crack and if it ain't green then it's wack
So put that garbage back in your backpack
Leave the session start walking we don't smoke none of that
Give me the Bud Light sit down and start talking
Where you at I'm over here no I'm over there

Where'd you say you were Loc?

Shit dog I'm everywhere
I'm always on the creep coming through your speakers high
Like Bob Marley busting over the fresh reggae beat
While you probably in the backyard drinking
Trying to get your boogie on but you can't even dance at all
You barely got any rhythm you just like the song
Now everybody sing along

Although it's stony I ain't even claiming Rasta
I got that love and respect for the ganja
Rebel music makes the soul grow stronger
I eat my oysters so I go a little longer
I swim deep when the reaper starts closing in
I'm a dreamer not a sleeper ask my closest friends
I like living in the moment giving mad love
And when this life is getting tough I'm never giving up
I let the rhythm and the herbals get the best of me
The irie feelin' always seemed to be my destiny
A higher power I can hear the spirits calling me
Positivity injected to me musically
Resignating kinda laid back
Just turn the music up and dig into your weed sack
I know you're digging this
I know you're feeling me
We're just living free
Getting' irie

It's been about 15 years that I've been married to the ganja
And our relationship has only grown stronger
You know that feeling that you get when you make love
Well that's the feeling that I get smoking on my bud
I live the irie life there ain't no denying that
Richter staying stoned always blazing hits back to back
The twenty sack barely gets my day started
If I wake up in a daze then I went to bed retarded
The world revolves around money and greed
But for me the world revolves around you guessed it weed
Too many stony things to see and irie people to meet
So with that said I leave you all with a goodbye and peace