

# 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 Krown

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