

Pack Your Bowls

Kottonmouth Kings

Let me tell you story about. How some good old boys do it

Pack your bowl

Lets get stoned

As we head on down the road (As we head on down the road)

Now please come and take a journey through life

The experience from what its like for thirteen weeks

On a butt loungin' in my bottom bucks yeah

With my pillow from home I'm catching and rollin' Z's

Countin' sheep while I'm sleeping in my satin sheets

Its a long way from X in a double freak

I spend my day walking up and down invisible streets

Smoking weed with the kings its a hell a good thing

I spent a lifetime on the open highway. A tough choice but I got to do it my way

My voice is gone home so far away I know they are for another eight days

I'm passed exhaustion I haven't slept for a week

My girls trippin' and we gettin' searched by the heat

On top of that my merks guy rips this blind

Worst part I thought I was a pack of mine

Pack your bowls pack your bowls. Pack your bowls pack your bowls

As we head on down this winding road (As we head on down the road)

Pack your bowl lets get stoned (Ah lets get stoned lets get stoned)

As we head on down the road (As we head on down the road)

Yeah you know I'm always getting stoned

Waking up everyday in the morning rollin' bong

Big ones always keepin' it hot

Ya know the type to smoke out like some gun shots

Put your brain in a slipknot

Life's slipknot have you standing on a rooftop rooftop rooftop

A foot in the gas lean back while I'm mashing why its up throw em up roll em up things I last

Ha ha ha my life's kinda funny man

Been everywhere smoke can out from Michigan

I heads spinning yo I think I need a cat scan

We smoking so much weed on the cap-I-tan

Richter's mind the can with a bud light

In case I'm getting loose when I roll with my band

And when I'm with my friend we getting out of hand

I'm on the wrong way flicking us we never back again

We smoke up indo out the window

Show at the show we go out for broke

Rips like candle smoke like candle

Back on the road we write in the thick of things

Dippin', dodging, riding through different scenes

Different counties, cities, and districts somebody call a doctor this crew is so sick!

We the king klick cannabis monsters chewing up lobsters how the hellik they caught us

And they oughta X to got frota pickin' on Coronas sippin' on Coladas