

# Psychedelic Funk

## Kottonmouth Kings

This is Kona-Gold from the Hawaiian Islands of creation,  
Mass plantation  
With the Kottonmouth Kings burnin up the nation.

Don't watch your back cause we're comin through front  
And when we're on stage yeah we're smokin like a blunt  
My minds always trippin so you know I can not front  
We're the Kottonmouth Kings, we're kickin psychedelic funk  
Puffin on a blunt, indo, schwag, or skunk  
Southern Cali punks kickin psychedelic funk

Shit its a damn good day, got money in the bank,  
Cash in my tank, pays for my dank  
Got a new Paramax, money for the taxes,  
And for the plenty herb the lord I do thank

Boom, shit, bang, X is the name  
Dirt slang's the game and I bang poontang  
It's the first county all league pimp selection,  
Bobby B's on the mix with the vinyl injection  
I went from sinner to Saint, Saint back to sinner  
Once was a preacher, but I huff paint thinner  
Took your boo home and that bitch made me dinner  
Rolled a couple phillies and I went up in her.  
It's the capital D, the L-O-C  
Can't nobody even fuck with me, hell no  
My style is free, I bangs the P,  
I tagged the circle 'A' for anarchy

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Hot Damn! I'm back in my van.  
Copper pulled me over, asked me what's my plan?  
Been sniffin around like Toucan Sam,  
WHAT? BAM BAM! Now there's bacon on the van  
I said fuck the police I'm an old school skata  
Pull upside the curb, throw up, peace say lata  
Got a dark vibe like that fool Darth Vader,  
Told you mother fuckers I'm an old school skater

I'm D-Loc so fair is fair, party over here, fuck you over there  
I got a bag of bud smothered in red hair  
Saint Dog started drinking so you better beware  
I got so much bounce you can feel my vibration,  
Easy access for easy penetration  
What's all this talk about a generation? Legalize the plant  
Lets free this nation

(Buyaka Buyaka?) hemp plantation  
(Buyaka Buyaka?), free this nation

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Now the kind I smoke is dipped in Willie Wonka  
Chocolate factory, I take more hits than Tonka  
Light you up like blanca, get u buzzin like a bee  
We're the bong token fiends representin' OC  
Oh oh oh shit I'm back up in the mix  
Its D-loc with the grab bag of tricks  
Your bitch is on my dick, your momma is too  
And this is going out to the Kottonmouth krew

Damn that gets old, wearin' ties that don't fit  
Dirty wife beaters, I should just quit  
But I don't give a shit my rhymes make me legit  
Whores in my hand as I bounce through the pit  
Punk rock and I can't forget cha  
Kottonmouth Kings up in the picture  
Suburban noise, man I thought you knew,  
And if you're down with punk rock, throw your horns up fool  
Yes we're comin through with an oldie brew  
West coast juggalos sayin hoodie hoo

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Scratch pow, don't ask me how  
Even if I knew I wouldn't tell you any how  
Take that! Let's fishbowl this bitch  
What's the time? Its time to get lit  
Buyaka buyaka, splif to the clip  
Now the roach is lit, goes right to my lip  
Inhale, hold it real deep  
Orange county horny devils back on the fuckin creep!