

Strange Daze

Kottonmouth Kings

Hey yo Loc
What's up Johnny Richter?
I still sport the same frame, I just changed the big picture
Now Im'a sit your ass down right in the front row
To let you know how we smoke at a Kottonmouth Kings Show
You know we do it, did it, doin it again
I need at least ten tokes for my day to begin
A big sack of the chronic, cause you know I'm always on it
Steady smokin out the glass, got the plastic go and pawn it
And get a refund check, I bet you sell your mamma's drawls
You keep bouncin like my balls off the walls just because
You want a piece of what I got plus a sack of my pot
Think you're really gonna get it, thought wrong, I think not
We pulled up at Four Twenty in the old rotation
Rolled up on the homies, like what you blazin
They said some purple kush
That they got from Riverside
But I knew they was fakin, the shit barely got me high

Everything looks the same- but everything feels so differently- and I don't
know if its just
all in my head or if I'm losin my sanity- My smokin my drinkin is foggin my
thinkin that's what
they all keep tellin me- and faces-n-
places keep changin erasin and everything feels so strange
to me"

Now we out on the road, different city every night
Different ho's every night, different flows every night
We stay drunk off Bud Light
So fuck the Malt Liquor
We drink beer by the can, cup, bottle, or pitcher
You'll see us onstage faded straight buzzed as fuck
You'll hear us bumpin down your block when we're in our trucks
da doom doom doom doom That's what's up, damn I blew another woofer man that
's just my luck
Well that's your luck, I hope mine's better then that
As I tilt down my hat, and twist off my beer cap
Yeah, Loc's kinda crazy doin 80 in the dirt
With his bike in the back and a beer in his lap
I don't feel the hurt, when it's time I go bizzerk
Third gear buckled, shit didn't even hurt
Well you know I seen the footage, and the film don't lie
Knocked the wind out his chest and straight blackened his eye

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I'm feelin so strange with the addition of pills
Poppin little tiny blue things with no time to kill
Eat the mid-sized whites, they'll keep you rollin' till the mornin'
Take one with a chick, you know that night you might be bonin'

D-Loc

Whoa ..

I'm feelin kind of DAZED and I'm out of control
Ya know the big ol fatties are the Tylenol 3's
And the orange ones I got come straight from overseas
You know how I do it, wakin up everyday
Drinkin beers in my bed, waitin for a lady to play
And I love being on one, two, three, or four
Looped, staring at the ceiling with my back on the floor
five, six, I rolled out with my Dick
I called this bitch, she was a lil ass trick
Now we not saying it's right, but strange is how we're livin
Just goin through life having fun with what we're given

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