

# Welcome To The Suburbs

Kottonmouth Kings

Home sweet home  
let me take a drink of my fuckin bud light  
yo richter light that joint  
yo X turn the porch light on

welcome to the Suburbs  
where the grass is green  
home of the motherfuckin Kottonmouth Kings  
where days become night and nights become dreams  
where everything gets lost in a dream

welcome to the block with the spot that call my home  
where the locks are unlocked the land of cellular phones  
where the kings was formed the true kings is from  
sittin right in orange county livin under the sun

growin up in the burbs where the herbs the word  
the herb herb herb , you know the herbs the word  
we high as some birds in your ear is my turd  
dont test Kottonmouth or you might get served

now you're gonna get served that'll kick to the curb  
where the King klick stay licks premium herb  
every day every day outta body outta mind  
take a trip with us deep behind the county line

we hella hella high runnin from it one time  
never hit the shwag only smokin on the kind yo  
outta body outta outta mind  
Need a beer from the keg, but I'm to drunk to stand in line tho  
we in the king's dome with a bowl to the kind  
my body's feelin numb im going crazy  
outta body outta outta mind  
yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

I got my old girl Caddy the color of a cookie  
lookin butter pecan cuz you know i can  
rollin way too cute on my way to Thriftys  
about to shoot a lil hoop and get a scoop for fity  
i bump it doo-ah diddy diddy dum  
growin up in the burbs drinkin beers havin fun  
and im always on the run with a sack in my pocket  
Kottonmouth Kings yo we the hot topic

you'll find me rollin my truck just as high as fuck  
you'll find me hittin my bub on my to the pub  
you'll find me in mid arc on the way to my moms  
cause if i dont get high i won't be stayin to long  
you'll see me puffin jays on avenues and highways  
i might be rippin off my foldin portable vape  
and i never slip i'm always either smoke or drinking kind  
99 percent of the time I'm going out of my mind

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yo welcome to the suburbs where the grass is green  
the home of the motherfuckin Kottonmouth Kings  
where days become nights and nights become dreams  
where everthing aint what it seems

bout to get my buzz bloomin cuz its close to noon  
double grippin on the brew steady sippin till im through  
cuz i aint one to pound but i can go all day  
Loc and Ritcher never play get it straight get out our way  
remember back in the day we built a lakebed  
only rollin to the beach when its double overhead  
i go down to the waves to watch some kamikazi runs  
and if im outta joints im going home (you're done)  
hee haw, i think i heard a donkey, donkey  
you a weird motherfucker D  
recently i seen a new look in your eyes  
i been expanding my high searching for whats wise  
well i blister my thumb from flickin many bics  
you know i listen to my pops and call the neighbors fuckin' pricks  
special hits on the street no one knowing the line  
now im going outta body and outta outta mind