

Kottonmouth Kings, Life Rolls On

another day gone...
another day gone...

Sittin in my livin room pullin on some tubes
no more bubble berry so i settled for the blue
snapped it through, and my lungs start to hurt
hold it in long enough it'll but ur dick in the dirt
and people go bezurk tryna get they hands on it
most commonly heard phrase is "Richter's got the chronic"
so im on it, matter a fact im on the top,
cant nobody fuck with me or the Killa Kali Krops
like reebok, yo im unstoppable
and the bowls that i pack are un-poppable
so whatchu grow? all i wanna know is wat seed
what system you using? you got the lights you need?
you gotta masters degree from the weed ivy leagues
or you a cop without a clue just lookin for a lead

life rolls on..its passing by your eyes real fast
another 24, another day is passed..
life rolls on... half of those said we never last
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Hey loc, i think its time to grow again fuck it
if your gonna grow you better come pick up your bucket
Alright im coming through, eh yo grab some montain dew (what)
a pack of zigzags and a couple of brews
I cruise through, in the blue too with the base tubes
i too got the big bumps keep my caddy dumped
dont front on this trunk stump on my bangin bus
we'll erupt on that blunts but turn that shit to dust
dusk to dawn just like the modern day Cheech and Chong
Tim and Dustion on the bong smokin mad amounts of ganj
writtin songs playin pong we was young we don't belong
stealing cigarettes and bongs we was kids gettin it on
but now we're both standing strong 2000 and beyond
to dawns at ? used to fight to get along
that was way back then and this is right now
we're on a mission to get it smoke and bone the hell out

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Theres 420 ways to blaze
choose it tastes great when you smokin out the vape
mind haze, sit back it ll put you in a trance
grab you sack, relax and throw your cap upon the hat rack
throw your feet up, recline just chill
we just smoked and eight of the motherfuckin Kill
for real, hold it in now we going on a ride
the bud inside aint nothin to fuck with
some santa cruz that we got at John's crib
the crip that you can never find around
the reason you cant find it in you city or your town
because it sits in my bedroom and piles and mounds
we got, pounds and pounds that the world dont know about

and if i sold yo, (they'd all be in the clouds)
smoke them out without a doubt
yo its not for the money
its all for the head and gettin stoned with my homies