# Kottonmouth Kings, Bong Tokin' Alcoholics

My mission the commission of the dishin' out for facts
Cuz when I'm dimin' my rhymin' never slacks, never lacks
So get back to the basics and face it
The American dream ain't what it seems
With lies they've laced it
Can't you taste it?
See they baste it in an imitation butter
We've ate it and realized it's not nature to mother
Generic like no other
Man fuck big brother

The Kottonmouth King Klick
Are you blind or somethin'?
Are you blind to the fact
You think that this system
That this society sees any other color other than green?
Well it's all slave driven'
The illusion of ownership in America
Properting is theft
How we livin' ?

The bong tokin' alcoholics
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Gettin' bent every night is the thing we do
I get up every day in the afternoon
I crawl out the bed on the way to the shower
I gotta hurry up I got a date in a hour
Well I call my boy X on the shower phone
"What's up, Saint? Man, I'm stoned alone
By the way I got the freaks on wait
Call up the krew, hook it up. Late."
I hung up with X and gave my boys a holla
D-loc picked up said, "What's up balla?"
Just drop in a dime and tell him about this party
There'll be a lotta beer and some naughty hotties
I'll call Bobby let him know the plan
And we'll bounce through in the nitrate van
We'll take a road trip, 40 sip on the way
Oh yeah X comin' through with some freaks from the Bay

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The Kottonmouth tilt is what we call it
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Step back I'm bout to crack
Legalize it!

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Now we drank up a fifth and said to spark the bowl
Humble Gods on the radio bumpin' real low
I reach into the back and pull out the 64
I took it to the head like a mothafuckin' pro
Yo, that drink got me on tilt
Ya better sit down cuz you about to spill
Now we approach up on the corner of the house party
I'm down a tall one, i get buzzed, a nightly duty
Conversation with the krew, I thought you knew to pass the brew
Taste that kind of breeze, Saint your ass is through

Break out the beer bong man I wanna get faded
Cuz drinkin' out the bottle is just so overrated
Well well well, grab the 22 and fill it up with Mickeys
Now what's up you drunk bitch? You spillin' on my Dickies
Well boost up the bass, and go easy on the treble
And let 'em all know that we some psycho rebels
With our pants saggin', skates in our hand
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With our pants saggin', skates in our hand
Now we're rollin' 3 deep and we don't give a damn

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I got the blunts and I got the beer
Daddy X hit and skids in the rear view mirror
We walked up to the spot, the keg's our destination
Cuz runnin' local parties is a nightly occupation
I feel too ripped, I felt a finger in my back
"Hey I like your shirt", yeah I see it is quite phat
But no time to mack cuz Saint's drunk as hell
He was standin' on the table and he started to yell
"All the freaks up in the party
Move around and shake your body
And if you're down with the boys of P-Town
Lemme see somebody get naughty
Is the west coast in the house?
Well pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!"
Well get naughty they did and these girls start to strip
Started freakin' on my shit and her boyfriend tried to trip
I said "You talk shit, punk? Let's step outside"
He put his fists up, I put em on his eye
He got a left to the cheek, skateboard to the dome
I busted out the  and took his girlie home

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