

# Kottonmouth Kings, Built To Last

YOu gonna hit some weed up in the mother fucker?!?!  
DJ Bobby B..D-D-D-LOC

Time keeps on slidin through that hour glass-I-I need to rip another vapor  
blast- Why do all these people keep on talkin trash- Kottonmouth was built to  
last- Cuz you know that we was built to last

The Adventures of shaky bonez the intruder  
AKA D-Loc Mr. Ginseu Master  
The Budda Blasta its all-good  
Operatin in my green room  
Cutting up my words.  
You betta make way  
Ive been know to blow the spot  
Mr. Ginseu Master  
And Bobby Suenam  
We form like voltron connected by the feet  
So theirs room to reach  
When we transform the beat  
With the ill techniques  
Needles stick like gum  
Bobby on the two and shaky on the one  
Here comes the suenamie brothas  
Duck fuck run grab your shields and  
Put them up this aint for fun  
Table combat son  
You betta blow the spot  
When I penetrate its deep  
You know I smoke my pot  
Everyday I stay ripped  
They call me D L to the C  
Dont Eva get it twisted  
Ya Na Mean. (know what i mean)

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And you know this  
I got some Herb in my pocket  
A caddie and a truck  
A phat chain wallet  
A dirt bike, mini bike and a go-cart  
A skateboard shot gun and a snowboard  
My wake because winter just passed  
Summers comin up  
River runs with the hash  
Me and all my dogs  
Drinken beers token buds  
Workin on our trucks  
Right under the sun  
And when the water cold  
We sit and get stoned  
Hollerin at the hunny's  
Talkin shit from crows boat  
And if you dont know  
I dont really fuckin care  
Like listen to a drunk  
When hes yappin in my ear  
Talken this talkin that  
Not makin no sense  
Like smoken crack by a fence  
Or bud when its dense

Dont ever get it twisted  
Let me tell you again  
The call me L-O-C  
Sucka see ya! Say.

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I be the kid with my pants  
Straight sagged to my knees  
Got my vans on my feet  
Smoke a once a week  
Writing rhymes to beats  
Intertwining with timing  
Rhyming patters are scatteren  
Im as high as the heavens  
Farmer are caddle  
Eaten valiums and tatilen  
On the side of a mountain choppin trees down for cabins  
On the search for medalians  
I about to burn like dragons now  
How could you imagin  
Back in the day I was a pest in the classroom  
With a attitude bablin  
On the desk I was taggen  
While the teacher was talking  
Half the time I was nappin  
Sides the fact I was slacken  
Didnt care if I was passin  
Relaxin and laughing  
Stealing pencils and graphing  
Children for magazine  
Memories of causalities  
People now gather me Im the D-L-O-C  
And Ill I do is smoke weed.

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