

Kottonmouth Kings, Discombobulated

Watch it, watch it, watch it
Dog Boy here, and I'm stickin' with the Kings
Cool and delayed
Saint!, comin' comin'

I be getting faded, discombobulated
Never say I made it till I'm pissin' off the top
O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers
Haters can't fade us cuz it's true hip-hop

MC-in' is the place for me to be in
And nut-swinging is the way that I be G-in'
Never leanin' to the old, for the lyrical hold
Keep my shit bold, morals i stole
Fuck parol when I stroll, man I dodge five-O
I dip-dive, fuck a bribe, live to rock the show and the ho
Skip the blow, gimme the 40, yo
I like a lady down to ride like a rodeo
You see anarchy are flies like the hemp on a hippy
Cussin' like a mother cuz my head's a little trippy
My bud's I like 'em sticky, so pack another rip, D
High as the plains west of the Mississippi

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O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers,
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Eh rude boy, lad you party nonstop
You're the first to start, you're the last to drop
Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops cuz music is our weapon
And that them can't stop

Punk rock mental my thoughts are horse
Hip hop freestyle, freedom of course
Ooh, my old girl Mary better known as a shwag-hag
Every other night she help me out buying dime bags
A dime to a twenty, to a forty, to E
I switched to homegrown now I puff on Bobby B's, yo

I be getting faded, discombobulated
Never say I made it till I'm pissin' off the top
O.C. playas, fly rhyme sayers,
They just can't fade us cuz it's true hip-hop

Eh rude boy, lad you party nonstop,
You're the first to start, you're the last to drop
Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops cuz music is our weapon
And that them can't stop

Check your traits, you perpetrate I can't relate
Your mental mind state is far to overrate, you can't skate
Don't sit and debate, you need to skip the state
Ask Jesus Christ to clean the slate
I think it's fate, I ain't done yet so wait
Your philosophies, pale and underweight, they're out of date
One mo' thing, and then we're straight, put the fake to sleep
And then I catch you at the wake
And then we'll bake, and once again try to relate
Hopefully the good will win, you'll lose the hate
Counts are closed, I think we're up to date
Wake up young chump, get a grip, checkmate

Sound boy, you should've thanked the Saint

He just saved your life from a terrible fate
Sound boy, Saint just put you in check
He set you straight to save your own neck

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Oh, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy
Singing with the Kings up on the record version
Eh rude boy, I say you party nonstop
You're the first to start, you're the last to drop
Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops cuz music is our weapon
And that them can't stop
Shucka shucka to all the rude boys
Shucka shucka with Suburban Noize
Coming in unity, like one big family
Every S.B. release gonna make you feel so irie
It's Dog Boy, you know me chat nonstop
Seeking the roots rub-a-dub, ragamuffin punk rock
It's Dog Boy, kickin down your shit
From your microphone, ear, to your consolate
Like the black flag song, we're gonna rise above
Every time we're coming with respect and love
I am the one Dog-Boy from L.A., CA
In the name of unity I man must say
From London, to Kingston, from the South Bay
All me out to do is flash my stylee
Now I am a-comin' and I'm settin' em down
Little sound boy with no solution
Check the bag, with just one flow
You may find you don't need a ego
It's Dog Boy, you know me chat nonstop
With the roots rub-a-dub, ragamuffin punk rock
Eh rude boy, you never fear the cops, music is our weapon
And that them can't stop