

Kottonmouth Kings, Dogs Life

Wise man he once told me, lost cause, ain't worth a roll
But our wheels keep spinning, I guess we broke the mold, I don't know

The life I lead is the life of a dog
I may have fleas but I run our yard
I see those clones looking down on me
But unlike those clones this dog is free

Oh Lord it's a dog's life
I'm feeling kinda irie
It's bubblin' inside me

Straight up it's a dog's life
Wait wait wait, stop that track
Let's rewind, retract, pull slack and roll back
To the days when I hung with G-mack you got to face facts
So relap, what about G-mack?
Met his homie E-Loc, met his cousin D-Loc
Move into his house and we didn't wanna be broke
So Loc slung smoke, I wrote rhymes
Decided way back that we have good times
And we drank brews, and we shot booze
Both got ladies and broke the rules
But when I snooze my squeeze, clean my slate
And like a dog should, yo I pissed on his plate

Man I'm lovin' Southern Cali, drinkin' brews in the alleys
Holding down the stages from Diego to the Valley
Bustin' on my Kauwai, getting lifted off the Maui
As I fly, goin' big at Snow Valley

Oh Lord it's a dog's life
I'm feeling kinda irie
It's bubblin' inside me

The life I lead is the life of a dog, I may have fleas
But I run our yard
I ain't no slave to a suit and a tie
No rat race clone, I'll never be that guy
I ain't got caught up in some selfish career
I'm livin' in love, but I'm not in fear
I see those clones lookin down on me
But unlike those clones my mind is free
Save the mold for the clones, my mental's home grown
I'd rather be myself than live my life like a drone
If you gotta job, here's what I say
You'll be off to work and I'll be on my way
Skate a pipe or go dirt-bike riding
You'll be punching clocks and I'll be grinding and sliding
50-50 grinds, can cans and nac nacs
It really don't matter cuz I roam with the dog pack

Oh Lord it's a dog's life
I'm feeling kinda irie
It's bubblin' inside me

Oh lie in stylee, these flows make me irie
My satisfaction's when the crowd gets smiley
Behind me, chattin' Kottonmouth Kings
Homie on stage bustin' rhymes, blowin' rings

I'm feeling kinda irie
It's bubblin' inside me

Lord have mercy, forgive me for my sins
I live the dog's life, so how do I begin?
I ain't never had a dope track to write a dope rap
I started with the broke-pack, then I had no DAT
No full track to playback, just my ghetto-blaster
A bong rip with D-Loc, then I'm like the master

Imagine ya to work on a Monday morning
While I contemplate Lord, what I'm doin'
I might go surf or write a song instead
I might puff a splif and eat, and go back to bed
Fuck all that, the X my true bred friend
Flash the latest dub from the new Too Rude album for you
Demand bout me style and find out
About the Kottonmouth Kings up on the Too Rude rhythm

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