

Kottonmouth Kings, First Class

It's time to smoke

Blaze all day, every day
Each way, the right way
My way, green hit, we high
Been there done that
Big blunts, fat sacks
Hit it fast, make it last
First class, we blaze

Shit's all finger licking good when you rollin' through the hood
Twistin Lincoln logs are hard so we burning up the wood
Cuz I be smokin, drunk, drinking weed and pairing skunk
I like to smoke a bitch and been known to slap a blunt
Make the crowd jump, people say them kids got styles
Renting jewels for your videos you frontin' with that smile
Acting wild but you ain't even skirt in the pit
Talking shit, ain't worth a lick
You wanna bark, then you'll get bit, woof
Blow the roof off like an atom bomb
D-Loc to Johnny Richter's like ping to pong
Ain't nothing wrong, don't fix shit if it ain't broke
We ain't no jokes, you know the kings by the size of our tokes,
Motherfuckers

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My voice is swayin, people always ask me what I'm sayin'
Playin' (shottie?) for the women, so I'm smooth operating
Just (plain gamin?), while you smokin on the hay
And for the peeps who are working (??) start your savin'

I keep it clean shaven, around 4 corners
We warned ya, no dank is strong enough to hold us
Like soldiers we fold ya, keep our composure
Roll you in a joint, light you up and smoke ya

Only take so much shwag, made me (??) and gag,
It's time to smoke some (??) so i reached in my bag
Fix my sag as i pulled out my orange zig zags
You know the Kottonmouth Kings, the worlds' greatest tag

Team, we gleam, i spit poisonous juice
Abuse microphones, let my flow run loose
Calling out all troops, puttin' weight up on the table
Bring a scale, round by round, check the soundscan

Damn D-Loc we the cream of the crop,
DJ Bobby B, Daddy X, and Pak, who locks to beats
Sportin' high top docs, slangin' pounds of pot
Take from us, better not

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I got a knack for bud smoke chronic (??)
D-Loc's no joke, toke for toke, he'll float your boat
(??) down my throat, took off my coat
Was it wet? It was soaked
Out smoke you? Not really, nope
Sat back and had a coke, relaxed and had a smoke
A little bit of change, some dank, I was broke
No dollar stretched out, felt like a stroke
Brain transformed, like I was on the dose
Provoke, no coke, I never done roak
You gotta ring around your nose, take a hit off my roach
Tryin' to ball like the most, burnt like a piece of toast
On the coast to coast, deep in the post
Got my eyes on my crops, watchin' over my gross
Just daze you a little, damn he's kinda dope

(I see that I might have underestimated him
You have obviously underestimated my power)

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