

Kottonmouth Kings, Here We Go Again

Each Now who say Dog Boy only come in a reggae fashion?
Hey Mon' say never judge a book by it's cover, turn the page to discover
You got the reggae on one and the punk rock ragamuffin on the other
Richter!

You know it's time to leave my house, so I slid out the door
Had this hole in my pocket so my sack hits the floor
Now this ain't nothing new I've had these jeans for years
Hopped into my bus and started banging the gears
Took it on the redline then I slapped it in two
Reached in-between my seats and I pulled out another brew
But now I'm 5-0-2, it ain't the route for me
So I grab some chicken littles from KFC

I'ma go to Mickey D's, get a burger with some cheese
Discuss these plans how I'm flippin' these keys
Capishe (?), cuz you don't know
I'll give it to my friend, no, we spilt the door
Back in the bus we puffs, kept rollin'
Scoot, Dog Boy, Daddy X is holdin'
There go the potion, look you're frozen
Damn this bud's good!

Here we go again, bump 2000
Forward the plan, forward, the mission
Here we go again, bump 2000

Bump bump, you know how the sound flows
Bump, bump, yo it's like that you know
Bump bump, Babylon beware
We got one microphone for the world to share

(??) on the ears of America
(??) rock the mic by the lyrical hysteria
(??) few selects infiltrates all areas
(??) upon the mic, released upon America

I got a '85 Caddy with the Clarion Amp
With some 10s in the trunk for punks who wanna bump my shit
Bang, rattle your chest and brain
Frame by frame rearrange your shit
Adjust your amps and your shit might hit
Don't quit to the beat, the bass gets deeper
Listen to the tones as they crush your speakers
With the little bitty thump,

Well yup I'm still drunk with the humps in the trunk
You hear the Kottonmouth Kings yellin' out bump bump
I flew through a yellow, then I ran a red
Grabbed a bev saw a cop, hit the clutch and revved
Knew I had to slow down so I smoked a bowl
Picked up D-Loc and told him start to roll
Freeway was packed so I paid the toll
Four joints later my bus was fishbowed

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(??) Jamaica island of the songs
And all you ever hear is the bass and drum
I said the (??)
When the rhythm hit, it become anthem
(??) have no car, we take many car, mon
We drive around (??) ragamuffin
(??) trees at the window, now wicked rhythm
Come along for the ride through Jamaican countryside

When it come to music, lord we love it
Any style we can (??)
Bump 2000, lord here we come again
First time around we rock all across the land

How's that sound with the tick and the bump
I puff the skunk while I'm settin' off alarms
EQ my mid so my highs don't twitch
I drop bombs while your sounds blown to shit,
I like to sip on my binger, ice water rips are cleaner
Push the bud down with my finger, then I snapped a load
The bud i got is meaner, felony no misdemeanor
Got a Beamer same as Zingers, with the system full blown

Daddy X, correct, who'd you expect?
The man slinging necks on the bottle connects
What'd you think X is for ecstasy?
Is that why the fuckers standing next to me?
Or is it because I'm a Kottonmouth King,
With pounds and pounds and pounds of Florida keif
Nah no thing, smoke ring coinsure
You'll never find my bong water dirty like the sewer

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