

# Kottonmouth Kings, Misunderstood

I said my momma don't understand me  
Daddy never really cared  
Fuck the rest  
I've failed their test  
I guess life just ain't fair  
A preacher man done told me, said your ways you better change  
But forgive me man, I got a mic in my hand  
And it's my time to rock the stage  
Misunderstood

One in a million, a million in one  
A stoner reeking havoc, but I don't carry a gun  
Only a microphone so I can rock the stage  
Don't got a beeper But I gots to some page up some dope ass lyrics  
From my imagination  
Smoked out the officer on my probation  
Bustin' caps in the balls of this generation  
I flip this phat verse with no hesitation  
My bro Mad Dog, the south bay psycho, got the bomb sugar bud  
Goin' everlasting cycle, the dank of the dankest don't get no sweeter  
My boy B-Dub ain't a motherfuckin' tweaker  
He's a ganja man, that's the way it goes  
2 turntables always rock at shows  
Hey Bobby B, how does your bud grow?  
Shhh....That's on the down low

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Kottonmouth Komittee made of horny devils, psycho rebels  
Bitch turn up the treble  
We wanna be heard because we speak the truth  
Yo we miss Rob Harris in the DJ booth  
And that's the truth, cuz that's the roots  
We miss Rob Harris in the DJ booth  
Yo all I'm sayin' kid is the freedom of speech  
A freedom to blaze, a freedom to reach  
New plateaus are a high away  
2 joints in the morning then I'm A-OK  
I smoke two joints in the morning  
Get the vodka then I mix the OJ, ok

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I'm D-Loc I puffs all the smoke  
Never have herbs cuz I'm always broke  
Never had a job, probably never will  
That's right Saint Dog, we da kings of the hill  
I'm Saint Dog never find me trippin'  
Never gun grippin', always 40 sippin'  
Anarchy is the life of me, give me booze, blunts, broads  
And I'll tap all three  
I got a German glow with an irie flow  
You're red in the face cuz I bucked your hoe

So what now bro? You know we told ya so  
We got more game that L.A.'s got blow  
Yo my boy D-Loc got ears like a monkey  
My boy Saint Dog is a hip-hop drunkie  
DJ Bobby B gots the tracks that are funky  
If you really must know I grow my green bud skunky

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