

# Kottonmouth Kings, Put It Down

(chorus)

Put the pipe down, put the put the pipe down, put the put the pipe down,  
Put the pipe down!,  
put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down,  
Put cha bong down!  
put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, Put the blunt down!  
Put cha pipe down, put cha bong down, put cha blunt down  
And listen up now!

(Richter)

You know southern california be the home of the highest  
Between the Hill and Kottonmouth we smokin nothin but the finest  
The weed incredible, this an unstoppable team  
We down with Cypress like our S-As be down with thirteens  
Never both rights cuz they simply below us, dont mess around with street vendors strictly go to the

(B Real)

Put the blunt down, heres the run down, by the sun down  
Slide us out the joint, i'll get you high before come down  
Catch a contact, homie watch as I take hits  
Show me who you know, thatll take bigger vap hits  
Everybody grows let me know if you need some  
Tell me what you want you can call Dr. Green thumb  
Put the blunt down, if Im wrong well homie then i'm stoned  
Thats what happens when you hit the fuckin bong wow!

(chorus)

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Put cha bong down!  
put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, Put the blunt down!  
Put cha pipe down, put cha bong down, put cha blunt down  
And listen up now!

(D-loc)

Yall mutha fuckas know the deal, its Kottonmouth Kings and Cypress hill  
Got that shit that bump, yall know wassup, this D-double dash dont give a fuck  
Got the kush wrapped up, like I could kill, dont act tough the hood gets real  
???? get backs, dont get slick, i'm feelin kinda good and gotta itch  
1 more time for ya mind, here I go wit my rhyme  
Im a get it from the front you can get it from behind  
Sen Dog and B Real put it down for the krown  
Got the people shook up off tha smoke from the pound

(B Real)

Pack another bowl in the pipe if you want hell  
Maybe we can lace another load, make the song sail  
Let me roll this hash leaf, Kush in the middle son, if you never puttin  
Then we rollin you a little one, dude put the brownie down youre a fukin lightweight  
Were smoking out four twenty, well your searchin for the right date  
High up on the hill, then get you hammered in a second son  
Take a fukin hit and get in line for the second one

(chorus)

Put the pipe down, put the put the pipe down, put the put the pipe down,  
Put the pipe down!,  
put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down,  
Put cha bong down!  
put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, Put the blunt down!  
Put cha pipe down, put cha bong down, put cha blunt down  
And listen up now!

(Sen Dog)

So now you know, you better struggle, all you bustas betta hit the back door  
We aint frontin, thats what its all about, somebody put this gat up in this fools mouth

(X-tra-X)

Welcome to the west coast, where the real tokas stay

They should rename this the cannibus state, you cant relate if you aint from the area

We got that one-hitter quitter thatll bury ya, it gets scary when clones cross-pollonize

Hydroponics, crip-notic, supersonic, madinotic, you wake up and u still feelin groggy yea

Heads foggy like cereal thats soggy yea, you pack the bong but you cant find your lighter still, I loa

Sen dog you gots a fire for a brother man?

(Sen Dog)

I gots some fire but ya lighters still up in ya hand

(chorus)

Put the pipe down, put the put the pipe down, put the put the pipe down,

Put the pipe down!,

put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down, put cha put cha bong down,

Put cha bong down!

put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, put the put the blunt down, Put the blunt down!

Put cha pipe down, put cha bong down, put cha blunt down

And listen up now!

(Sen Dog)

Hit em with the sick shit, just like the misfits

Kottonmouth and Cypress Hill always kick the dope shit

Down with Daddy X, D-loc, and Johnny Richter

Southern Calis most high, do you get the picture?

We dont stop we just keep on dumpin

Wit the spit that kill, homeboy aint lackin nothing

From the streets of SouthCali, all the way to OC

Any where around the world that smokes the dope weed

We got what it takes, Kush bud, hash cakes, smoke filled room when the dip takes place

I be commin on strong, on the song like Tommy Chong,

Beatinon my chest mad dog, king kong, Heres another verse from the dog that came first

We commin at you hard from the ghetto to the surf, I be putting in work, so just stay up off my turf,

Put the blunt down, And listen up now!