Kottonmouth Kings, Size Of An Ant

Sittin' on my front porch sippin' on my pipe
Lizard on the bowl blownin' gold shit was tight
Early in the morning 7:30 a.m.
Snatchin' nugz in the (???) from the walls of my den
Living in a bud plant, I hollowed out the stem
Two stories three rooms it's my kryptominium
My domain now remains supplied in (???)
All I do is clean my crib and clip the water leaves
Free relief is always offered from the great O.D.
Standing seven feet tall my toupee huge tree
Is lovely smells so fruity I'm fucking hoopy
Flying like Woodstock barking orders like I'm Snoopy
Excuse me, pardon it's time for a session
We press on heading on up to the top section
Everybody is invited, I prefer those heavy hitters
You know someone down to smoke?
I really hate those stay and quitters
So it figures Loc is rollin' Bobby B ain't far behind
Daddy X and Pakelika come in swinging on some vines
To the tip top of the tallest kola we begin to climb
Sugar smokes some (???) ropes and a gang of keif

Where are we?
Lost in a plant
The size of an ant and we're stuck to the sap
How high?
To the Kolas
We got no map and we forgot to pack a back pack

D double dash L O C, I popped out my bud plant clearly
Invisibly see through ya'll can't find me
Completely blind like an erased line
Stay refined disappear go away like bad emotion
I'm over here camouflage in my potion
Ya'll can't find me I'm slick like Rick
Got an oldschool flip equipped
Vanac spits

Growing to the mic I become attached
Imagine if I grew branches from my body limbs crowded
Out my mouth like chlorophyll dispel all skill whack MCs
I leave em flat decapitate immortals
Now growing vines from my arms I'm like the swamp thing man appearing in plant
Form plasma ejected complicated (???)
Dynamic apparatus combindin' for rhyming (???)

Everlasting grow room wired with the bass boom
Krispy colored nugs is another called the typhoon
Full bloom flowerin', sky scraper towerin'
Endless sea of green, hydro lights that be powerin'
Full drip system frequent mistin'
Tropical climate so all the buds they were glisten
Rollin' cones all day, runnin' round underground
Bobby's bud's are where I stay and I'm the size of an ant
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I reside in the bud the nugs about dove
Life in the bag of the blueberry love

I'm feelin' my dust so I climb to the core
It started getting chilly cuz the weather's gettin' colder
I grabbed my folder, write a rhyme and called Kona
He came over, then we rolled up a hooter
Jumped on the scooters and we found the lines
You know I fumbled my rhyme
Stoney trail rides, we smokin' spliffs by bricks
It's a myth the gift to get lifted
I gave the plant a sniff then I kissed it
I made a wish the rest got blessed
I'm living in a plant the size of an ant
It's 4:20 now it's time to react
No need for a sack cuz I'm sick of runnin' laps
Look down by my feet and saw a little piece of ant crap

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A living organism material and organic
Vanac's animal kingdom biochem
Green nitro genismatter contain
My brains essential for growth by photosynthesis
Varyin derivatives Richter your (???)
Riding high.. technical I detect dust in my perimeter
Pulse rate erratic your breathing sallow
Elbow strike vines, tri-cones, technology (???) plant intoxicants
Trapped inside the clone chamber
Psilocybin production dodgin (???) atomic multiply if you supply of the ? cycle
acting fungi medicinal
Mushroom consumption digestion cannabis alchemy opium chemist amphedamines
Say drugs an aphrodisiac
MCs they lack it
Your minds the size of an ant