

# Kottonmouth Kings, The Joint

Yo, you gots the joint?  
Nah, I got the joint  
Yo, who's got the joint?  
We all got the joint  
We all on point, we all on point  
Yo, you gots the Joint?  
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Where and when, it probably fell out your ear  
I'ma look behind the couch, finding all kinds of shit  
Hair pins, erasers, crumbled up pieces of paper  
Broken pagers, and a half pack of grits  
Cuz I slipped on my floor walking up the stairs  
Could still be camouflaged, hidin' in my hair  
Behind my ear nestled in the back, but it ain't  
I know because I checked, I'm still searchin' for the dank  
You probably threw it out with your old pack of cigarettes  
Look in the trash can, your as high as you get  
Sometimes you forget, smokin' one to many hits  
About to look in my caddy, down the walkway bricks

I jumped out the screen door, mac light in hand  
Searchin' down the sidewalk, leadin' to my van  
I hit the alarm and the door just slides  
I check from front to back and side to side  
Then I let the Alpine play  
Got the 6 disc changer, read-out display,  
Called my boy Dave, who gets paid to skate  
Bling, hello, I think it fell by your gate  
Well it's not in my van, so I checked my jeep  
Limited edition 4x4 with leather seats  
Looked in the ashtray and only found a roach  
I was so fuckin' high I forgot that we had smoked

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I got the joint, but you ain't gonna smoke it  
Come around get cloudy, it disappeared like hokus pokus  
King klick tokas, royalty smokers  
Come around it disappears like hokus pokus  
I'm gettin' amped up, in different states of mind  
I hit a depth for a track as I prepare my rhyme,  
Sometimes I'm real high, besides I don't lie  
Look at all these phony people tryin to make supply  
Yeah, you sly in your flashy suits  
You sellouts get the fuck outta here, bail out  
I sag my jeans, rock hemp and (??)  
I got a 85 caddy, give a fuck about the billboard  
You live at large with your three car garage  
Your Ferrari, BM, and Lamborgini coutures  
I smoke hard, blow large, keep you guessin  
Up in the treehouse, like a bird, nestin  
Loungin, you'll be amazed how I'm steppin  
It's a blessin, lookin' over my ground  
Eyes like a owl head, rotates around  
360 degrees in a circle

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Yo I got the joint and it's rolled with precision  
Precisely sliced in the ends, surgical incisions  
It's like religion, my blunt rollin' routine  
It's a process, and yet it comes guaranteed, by me (by who?)  
Motherfuckin' Johnny Richter  
If you lay on the work then call me Johnny the evictor  
To play with my money is to play with my emotions  
Like tokens in Vegas, your ass is cash  
I got incredible dank, as it lingers out the chamber  
Mind blowin smoke, unbelievable taste  
Jack frost have you lost, seeing stars in space  
Laced up to the moon, Pluto, then Neptune  
The earth is greenest, smokin' bong loads in Venus  
The rings of Saturn gettin' lost in space  
Homebase it the place we blaze the most weed  
I gots the joint is the bomb ass (??)

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Just a player with the big hair, baby (??) five  
Still bumpin, getting high, constantly red eyed  
12-28, full of bitches inside  
1605, where the homies reside  
We fly, first class, with the (??)  
Rockin' vertebrae (??) wallet chains on their hips  
Saggin' jeans, DCs, pocket full of weed  
I got what you want, tell me what you need  
And I'll proceed to bust out the pounds and break em down  
Got connection to PC, Cali, and Chi-Town  
Whether up north, down south, or the inbetween  
Red, purple, orange, or the lizard green  
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Yo, who's that peepin' in my window?  
Hope it's not a po-po  
Cuz then they gonna see my crops

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Back wall hydroponic system, stealthy position  
With couple thousand watts  
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