

Kottonmouth Kings, Things I Do

why does people always wanna know about Richter?

what I do is smoke

how much I really smoke

if I got as many bongas as I claim

if my barks about drinkin is just a game

when is enough?

music starts

drinkin' vodka, Blue Label, Schirnoff on the rocks

used to have my sack but I left it at Pac's

fake rips got me trippin'

shit I almost got lost

walkin' up to my old crib

comin' from the garage but the night ain't over yet

I got places to go

hit the bong and get faded but I needed some mo'

I told 'em make sure it's mean but when you brought my green

it was on the B.C. so I only got a faze

know what I mean?

if you don't, that's my lingo a faze is an eighth

I don't want more than an eighth if It ain't crypt out on the plate

sayin' it ain't crypt doesn't mean that it ain't kind

it just means the herb you got ain't close to half as good as mine

that's right the truth hurts but not as bad as the dirt

comin' up through your throat when you choke and that's my word

damn that shit burns

I don't even like to think about the kottonmouth you'd suffer

if you didn't have a drink

chorus starts

cause these are the types of things I do

and these are the types of tales I tell

people ask me if I smoke, I say I do

and the smoke I exhale got that chronic smell

chorus ends

wake up when I want cause that's the life I lead

out every night, takin' trips every week

hangin' out with my peeps, just livin' the life

only smokin' out of glass when you hittin' metal pipes

and passports, gettin' filled

you know the show be tight if KMK's on the bill

cut rock, get lock, kicks never seem to stop

when the crowd gets tired it's their heads that bop

I got a job but I ain't callin' it work

gettin' paid to smoke herb ain't work

it's absurd

Kottonmouth Kings takin' over this millenium

Suburban Noize family, I know you will be feelin' 'em

comin' out your stereo and seein' us on stage

leave thousands of stunts, leavin' ladies in a daze

people shocked and amazed

the weak-hearted seem to faint when they take one hit

off of Johnny Richter's dank

cause I keep goin'

continue with the flowin' like the rappers on my corners

people say that I am goin'

ever flowin' like my hydro when my rap is gettin' far

grab a hundred pounds of chronic then a fancy fuckin' car

chorus starts

cause these are the types of things I do

and these are the types of tales I tell

but ask me if I smoke, I say I do

and that smoke I exhale got that chronic smell

cause these are the types of things I do

and these are the types of tales I tell

but ask me if I smoke, I say I do

and that smoke I exhale got that chronic smell
chorus ends
stumble in the front door, throw my jacket on the ground
looked left, looked right, shit I looked all around
the house is all quiet, didn't hear a single sound
grabbed a bottle of Bicardi and proceeded to pound
about a quarter way through, 'bout eleven thirty-two
headed to Del Taco cause I need to get some food
if not I'm gonna puke and I don't want that
shouldn't have drank twenty, bi'ch
shouldn't have smoked ten bags
relax, that is my stomach of course
shit was comin' up fast and it was chargin' with force
now past my vocal chord, quickly approachin' my teeth
throwin' up every color; yellow, red, orange, green
and there it was for me to see right in front of my eyes
a burrito, two tacos, and my chili-cheese fries
now there's a lesson to learn if you listen right here
beer lickin', never sip the liquor and you in the clear
chorus starts
cause these are the types of things I do
and these are the types of tales I tell
but ask me if I smoke, I say I do
and that smoke I exhale got that chronic smell
chorus ends
don't worry about it
Johnny Richter out smokin' the fuckin' planet all day long
don't forget I was an underage alcoholic before
you was hittin' the bong
been smokin' for over a decade
got ten years under my belt and I ain't even twenty-four
don't worry about it
record scratching "Devestating to your ear"