

# At It Again

Kottonmouth Kings

No, you can't stop this it's already started  
You can't pull the smell back after somebody farted  
All you can do is turn a fan on  
And stand strong  
And hope you got the lungs of a fuckin marathon, runner

It's a wonder how I love the skunk  
And how I love the boom boom comin out the trunk  
And yes I make it happen best time of your life  
All we need is captain, a fat blunt, and a light

Tonight I wanna Get high, get drunk, get lit  
Get a limo and after that get some chicks  
Get a tattoo get a new nickname  
Get the fuck out my way Richter's at it again

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So make some room  
Move  
Get outta my way  
I'm about to take it back to NWA days

With an attitude catch me crusin the streets  
Got a couple a brews in the cooler next to my feet

But when I show up  
Get drunk then throw up  
Then refill my cup  
You mad, well so what  
I don't give a fuck  
Circle A on my thumb knuck  
Got broads lining up like my name was Good Luck Chuck

Kick ass and always laughin like the Joker on speed  
But methamphetamine ain't for me  
I'm all about the weed  
Sticky green  
Keep it clean  
Organically grown  
After 4 o'clock I'm startin with the shots of Patron

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