

Life Ain't What It Seems

Kottonmouth Kings

Life aint what it seems, it aint no fucking dream.
So get a grip up on your shit and make sure your pipe's clean.

When I drink booze put a crown on my royal
Kottonmouth Kings make a pipe outta foil
Put a grip to my lip, dip it in honey oil.
Smoke it to the butt put it out in the soil.
Damn Saint Dog, I'm outta weed again, "I feel ya"
Pockets lookin thin aint got a dime to spend!
Big Hoss is in the pen, yes he's doing 10, "Fuck the system!"
I smoke a cigarette and try to comprehend.
Judicial system got me wishing I was president
I got a grudge against the judgment that's irrelevant.
I write a rhyme to attract and show intelligence
Shit, every other night I'm getting hella bent.
I roll my skate to relate to this society, society
No money in my pockets cause they lied to me, "lied to me too!"
No papers to my name, ya see my bong broke, bong broke
I guess that's why they call me crazy D-Loc.

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When I grow buds I put keefe on my soil
Put the green in the bing then I make my water boil.
Alcohol and rice roll nice with the coil
Evian in my bong so my water don't spoil.
Damn Loc-Dog I'm outta drink again, "I feel ya!"
Buds lookin slim, I need a Heineken, "A Heineken!"
My bro's locked down doin 9 or 10, "Fuck that!"
Step back, I'm bout to crack, can you comprehend?

Placentia City got me witty on this way of life.
I (ride?) a duck, what the fuck, skin it with my knife
There's a zone in my dome called the twilight
I'm down for my crown each and every night
Well I keep my tolerance, stay inside my flow
Make ya say 'damn bro I got to go to a show'
Life aint what it seems, it aint a dream and I aint playing.
But I'm Saint Vicious and Daddy X is saying

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Now when a read a mag put a grand on my royal
Government lies yo they make my water boil.
R.I.P. to my peeps 6 feet in the soil.
Riverside hometown represent, stay loyal.

No money for the skate no change for the tax
Went surfin with no keefe but forgot the sex wax.
Have a purple friend to help ya to relax.
A one foot glass called the paramax.
Now afternoon to you is my morning
I wake up hit the roach and then I'm snoring
Outta bed around 3 take 7 BT's
Like DJ Rob Harris kid I'm soarin'

I pertains an ill congested vibe
Makes ladies strive for my bozak
Addicted like prozac. You know that I track em like Lojak.
I'm slicker and quicker, I'll stick ya like Kojak.
I'm alone upon this rhyme that I've created.
This rhyme that I've inflated, wont trade it so gimme my space.
Government controls so they hated
Our life, it has been jaded and faded
We're getting erased.

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