

# Pass It Around

## Kottonmouth Kings

To the East, West, North and South,  
Keep 'em, keep 'em, keep 'em comin' around  
To the kottonmouth nation! Pass it Around, Pass it Around.

I'm puffin' budz,  
You know I'm all about it,  
I got the reggae rock smokin' out my own chalice.  
My eyes is red; D-Loc can never get enough,  
Sometimes I sit and think of how much weed i really puff-  
You know it's good! I'm sittin' back zonin' out,  
I'm blowin' dank chronic smell comin' out my mouth.  
Now show me somethin' I haven't seen before:  
It's like givin' candy to a kid up in a candy store!  
My eyes is red, the color of a coke can,  
Boarders got me trippin' wishin' thinkin' i'm in Disneyland,  
The purple haze,  
The OG Kush Bud,  
Trainwreck, CC, Skunk 1 n' Dump Truck!  
The cottonmouth got my toungue ridin' it so let me take another hit and let  
me blow another cloud now.  
The cottonmouth got my toungue ridin' so let me roll anouther blunt, fill it  
up, and pass it all around.

pass around the good vibe,  
And the killer herb,  
We unitin' the tribe so go and spread the word.  
It's goin' down man, and I can feel it comin',  
We goin' smoke chain, so let me tell you somethin'-  
There are some laws spiritual and natural,  
And nature never lies: that's pure and factual.  
The propaganda man, it's in the Devil's hands,  
Watch 'em demonize God's perfect plant!  
We been brainwashed all year to believe  
That the cannabis plant is some kinda evil seed.  
Are you kiddin' me? that's insanity!  
It's the plant that can unify humanity!  
So MISTER OFFICER, STOP HARRASSING ME,  
And puttin' all my brothas in the penitentiary:  
I wanna live in peace, you wanna fight wars,  
I wanna sing my song,  
You're beatin' down my door.

You can always catch me next in the rotation (pass it around)  
Johnny Richter and let's do some blazin',  
I'm so lifted off that chronic, hash bat  
Big fatties afre my favorite rolled up in clear wraps, now  
Break out your smelly proofs and get ready to do work  
We gonna smoke and smoke and smoke until our lungs hurt.  
Ask if i'm high and my answer's always "YES SIR!"  
Cannibis cup '06 was a big blur.  
But so were '99 and 2000, hotbox the bullshit we hotbox our houses'  
Hotbox the car and we hotbox the plane,  
We got weed plenty so we be A-OKay!  
The story's told as the story goes,  
State to state in a haze blazin' every show.  
Even over seas we be burnin' em down,  
AS for the K-M-Kings we keep on passin' around.