

Bi-Polar

Kottonmouth Kings

Wasted away, trapped in their maze
Gotta get out
My punk rock's dirty, my hip hop's clean
One side has rust the other triple beam
One side is crazy, phat the other's pissed
And mean half of me's got problems
The other lives a dream
Well, I'm bi-polar, I'm confused
Split personality, I don't know which to chose
One side is filthy rich, the other is dirt poor
Count me out a thousand times, I still come back for more
We barely just began but already you're done
Get your ass up off the couch and roll another for fun
'Cause I ain't even begun barely dented my stash
Open your eyes and grab a pipe or else it's time for you to dash
Where you gonna go when it's time to dash
Grab your sack, don't forget your cash
Life moves fast gotta chose your path
Live while you live 'cause it might be your last
Watch your back it might be over
Sometimes I feel bi-polar
I get confused I don't know where to go
So I stop, slow the tempo
I ain't got hours in my day to smoke with people like you
Wastin' my minutes like a cell phone that you merely abuse
With crooked views at first, I questioned and these unpaid dues
Confuse me not, no second guessin' session veterans never lose
Grab your pipe 'cause you look confused
Rockin' the mic with your unpaid dues
Life's a bitch we win or lose
How many people don't got a clue
Don't got a clue gotta figure it out
Kottonmouth Kings will put it in your mouth
Eeh haw, don't feed the donkeys me and my honkeys
Smoke that sonkey
Yer done, go to bed, pipe it, bye
Got nothin'
Got nothing to say
The system is full of sharks, the water's not that deep
A bunch of dirty sharks are snapping at my sleeve
Their poisoning my weed, I think I'm gonna bleed
And now I'm gonna jump
Well, I'm bi-polar, I'm confused
Split personality, I don't know which to chose
One side is filthy rich, the other is dirt poor
Count me out a thousand times, I still come back for more
Suburbs surprise open your eyes and get a grip on your scene
Realize your life's alive and not a fairytale dream
Most comfortable with slow flow shows, how I like my things
And never pass a packed bowl, unless you know there's some green
Like whoa, burning to the floor
I'm feelin' faded give me some more
Drank a beer and rolled a splif
I do what I do you suck my dick
If you don't like it I don't give a fuck
I just took a shit and I just threw up
Blow it out your butt and out my throat

I choke and slow the tempo
Going, going, gone just put it out of the park
Another win for home team just put the bite with our bark
Just brought some light to the dark another dot hit the mark
You'll never get your bowl burnin' if you don't got the spark
Pick it back up 'cause you might get piped
Slow your roll, put your shoes on tight
Too much smokin' you might get done
I'm done, nothin' no one
One side throw up
The other side full of love
How many live today, got nothing but a big phat blunt
You're done
Got nothin', got nothing to say
Got nothin'
You're done