Built To Last

Kottonmouth Kings

Time keeps on slippin through that hour glass-I-I need to rip another vapor blast-Why do all these people keep on talking trash- Kottonmouth was built to last - you know that we was built to last

The Adventures of shaky bones the intruder AKA D-Loc Mr. Ginseu Master The Budda Blasta it's all-good Operatin in my green room Cutting up my words. You better make way I've been know to blow the spot Mr. Ginseu Master And Bobby Suenam We form like volton connected by the feet So theirs room to reach When we transform the beat With the ill techniques Needles stick like gum Bobby on the two and shaky on the one Here comes the suenamie brothers Duck fuck run grab your shields and Putten up this ain't for fun Table combat son You better blow the spot When I penetrate it's deep You know I smoke my pot Everyday I stay ripped They call me D-Loc the C Don't Eva get it twisted Naw! Mean.

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And you know this I got so Herb in my pocket A caddie an a truck A phat chain wallet A dirt bike, mini bike and a go-cart A skateboard shoot gun and a snowboard My wake because winter just passed Summer coming up River runs with the hash Me and all my dogs Drinking beers token buds Working on are trucks Right under the sun And when the water cold We sit and get stoned Hollering at the hunny's Talking shit from crow's boat

And if you don't know I don't really fucking care Like listen to a drunk When he's yappin in my ear Talking this, talking that Your not make no sense Like smoking crack by a fence Or bud when it's dense Don't run get it twisted I'm a tell you again The call me L-O-C Sucker see ya! Say. Time keeps on slippin through that hour glass-I-I need to rip another vapor blast- Why do all these people keep on talking trash- Kottonmouth was built to last- you know that we was built to last I be the kid with my pants Straight sagged to my knees Got my vans on my feet Smoke a once a week Written rhymes to beats Intertwining with timing Rhyming patters are scattering I'm as high as the heavens Farmer are caddle Eaten Valiums and tatilen On the side of a mountain choppin trees down or cabins On the search for medallions While they thinking their stallions I'm about to burn like dragons How could you imagine Back in the day I was a pest in the classroom With a attitude babbling On the desk I was taggen While the teacher was talking Hold the time I was nappin Sides the fact I was slacken Didn't care if I was passin Relaxing and laughing Stealing pencils and graphing Children for magazine Memories of causalities People now gather me I'm the D-L-O-C And I'll I do is smoke weed. Time keeps on slippin through that hour glass-I-I need to rip another vapor blast- Why do all these people keep on talking trash- Kottonmouth was built to last- you know that we was built to last