

Dog's Life

Kottonmouth Kings

Dog's Life (low)
Wise man he once told me
aint worth a roll
When our wheels keep spinning
I guess they broke the mold
I don't know
The life I lead is the life of a dog
I may have fleas but I run our yard
I see those clones looking down on me
But unlike those clones this dog is free
Oh lord it's a dogs life
Oh lord it's a dogs life dogs life
I'm feeling Kinda Irie
It's bubbling inside me
Straight up it's a dogs life
Way way wait
Stop that track
Lets rewind retrack pull slack and roll back
To the days when I hung with G-Mack
You got to face facts
So relap
Yo what about G-Mack?
Man it's homey Elo
Man it's cousin D-Loc
Moved into his house
And we didn't wanna be broke
So roll some smoke
I wrote rymes
Decided way back that we had good times
And we drank brews
We shot booze
Both got ladies
And broke the rules
Whether I snooze my squeeze
Clean my slate
And like a dog should
Yo I pissed on his plate
Man I' lovin southern Cali Cali
Drinkin brews in the alley
Just holding down the stages from Diego to the valley
Bustin' up my car
We gettin' lifted
As I fly goin' big at Snow Valley?
Oh lord it's a dogs life
It's a dogs life
Oh lord it's a dogs life dogs life
I'm feeling kinda ...
It's bubbling inside me
The life I lead is the life of a dog
I may have fleas but I run our yard
I aint no slave to a suit and a tie
No ratfaced clone I'll never be that guy
I aint caught up in some savage career?
I'm living in love lord not in fear I see those clones
looking down on me
But unlike those clones I man is free
Save the bone for the clones

My mentals homegrown
I'd rather be myself than live my life like a drone
If you got a job here's what i say
You'll be off to work and I'll be on my way
Skate a pipe or go dirt bike riding
You'll be punching clocks
And I'll be grinding and sliding
50-50 grinds can-cans and knack-knacks
It really don't matter cause I roam with the dog pack

Ohla in stylee these make me ...
My satisfaction when the crowd gets smiley
Behind me chanting KottonMouth Kings
Throw me on stage busting rymes blowing rings
I'm feeling kinda
It's bubbling inside me
Lord have mercy forgive me for my sins
I live the dogs life so how do I begin
I aint never had a dope track to write a dope rap
I started with the broke pack
Then I handled that
No full track to playback
Just my ghettoblaster I ball grip with D-Loc
Then the mic I master
Imagine I go to work on a Monday morning
While I contemplate lord what I'm doing
I might go surfing or write a song instead
I might or Even go back to bed
Or call down to Xland
My true bred friend
Flash the latest dub from the
Too Rude album for you
He is the man but me stylin'
But then now we're the KottonMouth Kings up on the
Too Rude rythm