## **Enjoy**

## **Kottonmouth Kings**

"So enjoy my good friends may these good times last cuz in this lifetime the y

come-n-go to fast one day your sittin on top next day your fallin off fast-So enjoy my good

friends make these good times last"

My gas tank's to the top, with a freshly picked crop
New album 'bout to drop, met a girl I like a lot
Things is on the up and up, like they never gonna stop
Eatin meat that's butcher cut, drinkin sake at Hibach
No rocks on the wrist, I ain't into those things
Silver plugs in my ears, the only things I bling
Maybe a big fat ring, but you won't see no jewels
I don't need a diamond link to make these ladies druel
I just play it cool, maybe throw them a wink
Yannow, buy em a drink, ask them "What do they think?"
About exchanging the digits, that's just how I'm livin
Cause sex could be bought, but love is only given

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I used to stay high now I am zoned out - had a shaved head yes I did now its grown out looks

kinda fresh when its blown out — broke as a joke ask loc moneys — loaned out — lived with my

folks had a spout got thrown out grew fat buds at the spot till they cloned out — used to have a

job part time but I hate work caught smokin joints in the back with the from t clerk - boss  $\mbox{\tt man}$ 

walked in fired me took my work shirt left me bare chested high as fuck punc hin clockwork walkin

down the street unemployed how'd I go wrong back to takin rip after rip from my glass bong damn....

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I'm consistently on one my middle name done

I'm still spun from lasts nights vodka and rum

I popped a biscuit got naughty with a hotty ever hunny in the party Had a bangin body

The beer kept callin me

The buscuy started to roll

I'm rollin but I'm under control

And if I get out of control you betta slow me down

E and my homie chucky chuck gett'en up like circus clowns

Chucky styles and the D-Loc

I'm stoned to the bone eaten K.F.C

We back home from the party up w Hollywood Hills

We was popping some pills and all the alcohol was reel

Drunks throwing up flicken cigarette butt's people fightin In the streets thinking their tough You know what we was on the balcony Laughlin Smoken buds flicken beer bottles while people were dancing