Life Rolls On

Kottonmouth Kings

Another day gone Another day gone

Sittin' in mah livin' room pullin on sum tubes

No more bubble berry so I settled for the blues

Snapped it through and my lungs start to hurt

Hold it in long enough to put your dick in the dirt

And people go beZeRk tryin' to get there hands on it

Most common heard phrases 'Richters got tha chronic'

So I'm on it

Matter fact I'm on the top

Can't nobody fuck wit me or the killa kali crops

Like Reebok's yo I'm unstoppable and the bowls that I pack are unpoppable

So what you grow? all I want to know is what seeds

What system you usin'? you got the lite's you need?

You gotta mess with the greed from the weed I believe

Is you a cop without a clue jus' lookin' for a need

Life rolls on
Passin' by yo eyes so fast
Another 24' another day has passed
Life rolls on
Half of you said we'd never last
Life rolls on
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Hey loc I think it's time to grow again Fuck it If your gonna grow you better come pik up your bucket Alright I'm comin' through 'Ay yo grab some mountain dew, wha!? A pack of zig zagz and a couple a brews I cruise through in the blue 2 with the bass tubes I too got the big bumps keep my caddy dumped Don't front on this trunk stump on mah bangin' bus Well he rumped on the blunt spot turn that shit to dust Dust till dawn jus' like the modern day Cheech and Chong Tim and Dustin on the bong smokin' mad amounts of ganj' Writin' songs playin' pong we be signin' off the law Stealin' cigarettes and bongs we was kids gettin' it on But now I grow, standin' strong 2000 and beyond Too dawns hit the bong used to fight to get along That was way back then and this iz right now We on a mission to Guinness smoke it And blow tha hell out

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There's 4hundred and 20 ways to blaze Use one and change crate When you smokin' up the vape Mon hey, sit back need to put you in a trance Grab you're sac relax An throw your cap up on the hat rack Throw you're feet up recline jus' chill We jus' smoked an eighth of the mothafuckin' kill Fo' real hold it in now we goin' on a ride The bud inside ain't nothin' to fuck wit So Santa Cruz that we got our jobs crypt The crypt that you never find aroun' The reason you can't find it in your city or you're town Becuz it sits in my bedroom in piles and pounds We got pound and pounds that the world don't know about If I sold it "yo they'd all be in the clouds" Chillin' out without a doubt it's not fo' the money It's all fo' the head n gettin' stoned with my honeys

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Peace out to the four fathers Blaze that shit up!