

Put It Down

Kottonmouth Kings

"lights off shit coming at you live and on fire
Kottonmouth kings, and cypress hill"

You know southern california be home of the highest
Between the hill and kottonmouth we smoking nothing but the finest
The weed incredible, we unstoppable teams
We down with cypress like how essays be down with 13's
Never punk rice cause they simply below us
Don't mess around with street vendors strictly go to the growers
And everybody who know us we get outta space high
Be like by bitty bye biddy biddy byebye

Put the blunt down, here's the rundown
Riding sundown slide us out the front
Ill get you high, won't come down
Catch a contact homie watch as I take hits
Show me who you know that take nigga vap hits
Everybody grows let me know if you need some
Tell me what you want; you can call Dr. green thumb
Put the blunt down if I'm wrong well homie then I'm stoned
That's what happens when you hit the fucking bong well

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Put the pipe down, put your bong down, put the blunt down
And listen up now

Y'all mother fuckers no the deal
Its kottonmouth kings and cypress hill
Gotta sip that bud, ya'll know whats up
Its d double dash don't give a fuck
Got a kush wrapped up, and I gotta kill
Don't act tough or you will get real
Nickel bags don't, be slick
I'm feeling kinda good, I got an itch
Its time for your mind
Here I go with my rhyme
I'm gonna get him from the front
You can get him from behind
Sen dog gonna be real
Putting it down for the crown
Got the people shook up
Off the smoke from the pounds

Pack another bowl in the pipe if you want hell
Maybe we can lace another load make the song sell
Let me roll this hash leaf kush in the middle son
If you never putting then we rollin' you a little one
Dude put the brownie down you fucking light weight
We smoking after 21 just searching for the right date
High, ? get you hammered in a second son
Take a fucking hit and get in line for the second one

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So now you know, you better stop all you busts better hit the back door
We ain't fronting, that's what its all about, somebody put this gun up in hi
s mouth

Welcome to the west coast, where the real tokers stay
They should rename this the cannabis state (cannabis state)
We cant relate if you ain't from the area
We got the one hitter quitter that'll bury ya
It gets scarier when clones cross polonaise
Hydroponic, cryptnotic, supersonic, madocnize
You wake up and you still feeling groggy yeah
Heads foggy like cereal that's soggy yeah
You pack a bowl but you cant find your lighter still
A loaded crisis somebody call cypress hill
Sen dog you got some fire for a brother man?
"I got some fire but your lighter's still up in your hand"

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Hit 'em with a sick shit, just like the misfits
Kottonmouth and cypress hill, always kick the dope shit
Down with daddy x, d-loc and johnny richter
Southern cali most high do ya get the picture?
We don't stop, we just keep on thumping
With the skills that kill home boy ain't lacking nothing
From the streets of ? all the way to the o.c.
Any way around the world we smoke the dope weed
We got what it takes, cush, bud, hash cakes
Smoke filled room when the hits take place
I becoming mad stoned on the phone with Tommy Chong
Beating on my chest mad dog, King Kong
Here's another verse from the dirt that came first
We coming at ya hard from the ghetto to the surf
I be putting in work, so just stay up off my turf
Or I'll have your homeboys straight calling for a hurst

Put the blunt down and listen up now