

## Strange Daze

### Kottonmouth Kings

Hey yo Loc  
What's up Johnny Richter?  
I still sport the same frame, I just changed the big picture  
Now Im'a sit your ass down right in the front row  
To let you know how we smoke at a Kottonmouth Kings Show  
You know we do it, did it, doin it again  
I need at least ten tokes for my day to begin  
A big sack of the chronic, cause you know I'm always on it  
Steady smokin out the glass, got the plastic go and pawn it  
And get a refund check, I bet you sell your mamma's drawls  
You keep bouncin like my balls off the walls just because  
You want a piece of what I got plus a sack of my pot  
Think you're really gonna get it, thought wrong, I think not  
We pulled up at Four Twenty in the old rotation  
Rolled up on the homies, like what you blazin  
They said some purple kush  
That they got from Riverside  
But I knew they was fakin, the shit barely got me high

Everything looks the same- but everything feels so differently- and I don't know if its just all in my head or if I'm losin my sanity- My smokin my drinkin is foggin my thinkin that's what they all keep tellin me- and faces-n- places keep changin erasin and everything feels so strange to me"

Now we out on the road, different city every night  
Different ho's every night, different flows every night  
We stay drunk off Bud Light  
So fuck the Malt Liquor  
We drink beer by the can, cup, bottle, or pitcher  
You'll see us onstage faded straight buzzed as fuck  
You'll hear us bumpin down your block when we're in our trucks  
da doom doom doom doom That's what's up, damn I blew another woofers man that 's just my luck  
Well that's your luck, I hope mine's better then that  
As I tilt down my hat, and twist off my beer cap  
Yeah, Loc's kinda crazy doin 80 in the dirt  
With his bike in the back and a beer in his lap  
I don't feel the hurt, when it's time I go bizzerk  
Third gear buckled, shit didn't even hurt  
Well you know I seen the footage, and the film don't lie  
Knocked the wind out his chest and straight blackened his eye

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I'm feelin so strange with the addition of pills  
Poppin little tiny blue things with no time to kill  
Eat the mid-sized whites, they'll keep you rollin' till the mornin'  
Take one with a chick, you know that night you might be bonin'

D-Loc

Whoa ..

I'm feelin kind of DAZED and I'm out of control  
Ya know the big ol fatties are the Tylenol 3's  
And the orange ones I got come straight from overseas  
You know how I do it, wakin up everyday  
Drinkin beers in my bed, waitin for a lady to play  
And I love being on one, two, three, or four  
Looped, staring at the ceiling with my back on the floor  
five, six, I rolled out with my Dick  
I called this bitch, she was a lil ass trick  
Now we not saying it's right, but strange is how we're livin  
Just goin through life having fun with what we're given

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