

The Joint

Kottonmouth Kings

Yo, you gots the joint?
Nah, I got the joint
Yo, who's got the joint?
We all got the joint
We all on point, we all on point
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Where and when, it probably fell out your ear
I'ma look behind the couch, finding all kinds of shit
Hair pins, erasers, crumbled up pieces of paper
Broken pagers, and a half pack of grits
Cuz I slipped on my floor walking up the stairs
Could still be camouflaged, hidin' in my hair
Behind my ear nestled in the back, but it ain't
I know because I checked, I'm still searchin' for the dank
You probably threw it out with your old pack of cigarettes
Look in the trash can, your as high as you get
Sometimes you forget, smokin' one to many hits
About to look in my caddy, down the walkway bricks

I jumped out the screen door, mac light in hand
Searchin' down the sidewalk, leadin' to my van
I hit the alarm and the door just slides
I check from front to back and side to side
Then I let the Alpine play
Got the 6 disc changer, read-out display,
Called my boy Dave, who gets paid to skate
Bling, hello, I think it fell by your gate
Well it's not in my van, so I checked my jeep
Limited edition 4x4 with leather seats
Looked in the ashtray and only found a roach
I was so fuckin' high I forgot that we had smoked

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I got the joint, but you ain't gonna smoke it
Come around get cloudy, it disappeared like hokus pokus
King klick tokas, royalty smokers
Come around it disappears like hokus pokus
I'm gettin' amped up, in different states of mind
I hit a depth for a track as I prepare my rhyme,
Sometimes I'm real high, besides I don't lie
Look at all these phony people tryin to make supply
Yeah, you sly in your flashy suits
You sellouts get the fuck outta here, bail out
I sag my jeans, rock hemp and (??)
I got a 85 caddy, give a fuck about the billboard
You live at large with your three car garage
Your Ferrari, BM, and Lamborgini coutures
I smoke hard, blow large, keep you guessin

Up in the treehouse, like a bird, nestin
Loungin, you'll be amazed how I'm steppin
It's a blessin, lookin' over my ground
Eyes like a owl head, rotates around
360 degrees in a circle

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Yo I got the joint and it's rolled with precision
Precisely sliced in the ends, surgical incisions
It's like religion, my blunt rollin' routine
It's a process, and yet it comes guaranteed, by me (by who?)
Motherfuckin' Johnny Richter
If you lay on the work then call me Johnny the evictor
To play with my money is to play with my emotions
Like tokens in Vegas, your ass is cash
I got incredible dank, as it lingers out the chamber
Mind blowin smoke, unbelievable taste
Jack frost have you lost, seeing stars in space
Laced up to the moon, Pluto, then Neptune
The earth is greenest, smokin' bong loads in Venus
The rings of Saturn gettin' lost in space
Homebase it the place we blaze the most weed
I gots the joint is the bomb ass (??)

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Just a player with the big hair, baby (??) five
Still bumpin, getting high, constantly red eyed
12-28, full of bitches inside
1605, where the homies reside
We fly, first class, with the (??)
Rockin' vertebrae (??) wallet chains on their hips
Saggin' jeans, DCs, pocket full of weed
I got what you want, tell me what you need
And I'll proceed to bust out the pounds and break em down
Got connection to PC, Cali, and Chi-Town
Whether up north, down south, or the inbetween
Red, purple, orange, or the lizard green
I got the joint but you ain't gonna smoke it
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Yo, who's that peepin' in my window?
Hope it's not a po-po
Cuz then they gonna see my crops

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Come around, it disappears like hokus pokus

Back wall hydroponic system, stealthy position

With couple thousand watts

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