

Kottonmouth Kings, Life Aint What It Seems

Life ain't what it seems
It aint no fucking dream
So get a grip up on your shit and make sure your pipe's clean

When I drink booze put a crown on my royal
Kottonmouth Kings make a pipe out of foil
Put a grip to my lip, dip it in honey oil
Smoke it to the butt put it out in the soil
Damn Saint Dog, I'm outta weed again, "I feel ya";
Pockets lookin' thin ain't got a dime to spend
Big Hoss up in the pen, and yes he's doing 10, "Fuck the system!";
I smoke a cigarette and try to comprehend
Judicial system got me wishing I was president
I got a grudge against the judgment that's irrelevant
I write a rhyme to attract and show intelligence
Shit, every other night I'm getting hella bent
I roll my skate to relate to this society
No money in my pockets cause they lied to me, "lied to me too";
No papers to my name, ya see my bong broke, "bong broke";
I guess that's why they call me crazy D-Loc

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When I grow buds I put keefe on my soil
Put the green in the bing then I make my water boil
Alcohol and rice roll nice with the coil
Evian in my bong so my water don't spoil
Damn Loc-Dog I'm outta drink again, "I feel ya!";
Buds lookin' slim, I need a Heineken, "A Heineken";
My bro's locked down doin 9 or 10, "Fuck that!";
Step back, I'm bout to crack, can you comprehend?

Placentia City got me witty on this way of life
I blast a duck, what the fuck, skin it with my knife
There's a zone in my dome called the twilight
I'm down for my krown each and every night
Yo I keep my tolerance stay inside my flow
Make ya say damn bro I got to go to a show
Life ain't what it seems, it ain't a dream and I ain't playing
But I'm Saint Vicious and Daddy X is paying

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Now when a read a mag put a grand on my royal
Government lies yo they make my water boil
R.I.P. to my peeps 6 feet in the soil
Riverside hometown represent, stay loyal

No money for a skate no change for the tax
Went surfin' with no keefe but forgot the sex wax
Have a purple friend to help me to relax
And one foot glass called the paramax
Now afternoon to you is my morning
I wake up hit the roach and then I'm snoring
Outta bed around 3 take 7 BT's
Like DJ Rob Harris kid I'm soarin'
I pertains an ill congested vibe
Makes ladies strive for my bozak
Addicted like prozac
You know that I track 'em like Lojak

I'm slicker and quicker, I'll stick ya like Kojak
I'm alone up in this rhyme that I've created
This rhyme that I've inflated, won't trade it so gimme my space
Government controls so they hate it
Our life, it has been jaded and faded
We're getting erased

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