Play On

Kottonmouth Kings

Kottonmouth Kings don't stand for a gang
Kottonmouth Kings just let the nuts hang
Everyday thing how we hang, how we hang
Kottonmouth Kings just do their own thingThis the type of thing that we be doin' everyday
Didi dodi didi dodi didi dodi day

Make some room so these players can play
So we can play on, play onNow I woke up this morning and I thought about Hoss
Smoked a cigarette and I chucked my dirty drawers

Threw on some Dickies and I grabbed my back chain

Slapped it down my waist and I let my pants hang

Beanie on my head just to cover up my lump

The night before got in a fight just cause I was drunk

Grabbed my sack of weed and I loaded up the bong

Took a rip held it in then I coughed up a lung

Burn some incense so I can cover up the smell

An everyday thing that I live to tell

Pulled out my Black Flys, covered up my red eyes

If that copper pulls me over well its lies, lies, lies

Dirty copper, dirty copper, dirty copperNow the stereo is on and the CD was bumpin'

Insane Clown Posse talkin' bout chicken huntin'

Walked up to the fridge, opened it up and grabbed my brew

Picked up the phone dialed my pimp and called the crew

Party later on, over by river jetties

56Th Street so you know there'll be some betties

Pacific Coast Highway takes me to my destination

Party time baby, its a nightly occupation

Stepped out the pad, walked in the player's den

On the way mail a letter to my brother in the pen

There's a smile on your face from my smooth dub style

See you later alligator, after a while crocodileNow a new day dawned, lets get things started

Hit the bong, wrote a song, took a piss and farted

Dip my blue jeans in some bleach and starches

Mobbin' OC we need the golden arches

D-Loc where you at?

Saint's hung over and he started to yack

Kicked out of Mickey D's 'cause we don't know how to act

Lets call up Kevin Zinger hook a forty sack

Now tonight's the night like DJ Quik

At least 3 parties that we gotta hit

And if the cops show up were gonna start some shit

Riot time baby-Kottonmouth Klick

Punk rock music homegrown in OC

Adolescents, Doggy Style, DI and Social D

No Doubt, Agent Orange now the PTB

The last generation of the dynasty

Now the skates in the sack lets hit the ditch

Broke up with my girlie cause the ho was a bitch

Still that boy that be puttin' it down

Representin' OC, P-TownThis the type of thing that we be doin' everyday

Didi dodi didi dodi day

Make some room so these players can play

So we can play on play onBrought the 77 slant nose V-dub Bug

Leaks oil but the roads (?)called it crazy (mug?)

Its a little noisy but inside its all good

Got two 15's underneath the hood

Well I was rollin' down Yorba Linda Blvd

Got the neighborhoods bumpin', tainted hard

Dodgin' and weavin' down suburban streets

Till this one house wife started bitchin' at me

So I pulled the bug over and I revved it up

First gear lit em up, then I backed it up

Over the curb, told her to kiss my ass

Gave her the bird, boned out on that ass

Back on the mission to score a sack

77 Boned out passed the Cadillac

Heard a horn honk it was full of freaks

Ladies on my tip cause I'm so unique

Turn the bass high and I tilted my lid

I'm used to gettin' jocked, I'm that P-Town kid

And you know I'm doin' shit that you wish you did

Dip right goin' 30 around the corner I slid

Stopped at the school jumped on my skate

4 Freaks showed up, one I use to date

They broke out the blunt and they got me stoned

Another day gone, so long, so longThis the type of thing that we be doin' everyday

Didi dodi didi dodi day

Make some room so these players can play

So we can play on, play on(We don't let them know?) that we smoke out everyday

Didi dodi didi dodi day

Bring a fat sack so the homies can blaze

So we can blaze on, blaze onDidi dodi didi dodi day

Didi dodi didi dodi day

Play on Blaze on

Blaze on Play on

Play on Blaze on Blaze on Play on

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