Play On

Corrina Joseph

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 thing
This 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 on
Now 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 copper
Now 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 crocodile
Now 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-Town
This 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 on
Brought 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 long
This 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 on
Didi 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/