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 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 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

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