

Play On

Rongedal

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 dodi 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 dodi 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 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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