This My Club Song

Kottonmouth Kings

This is for the people that are drinking in a club
The people getting' drunk, the people getting fucked up
We in the back smoking buds, spinning records, spitting flows so high
Melt the ice off your necklace so keep your head bobbin'
'Cause your neck you know it's fat
I always come prepared for anybody want to snap back
Low key holding shop let me get my groove on
Back up five feet and let me get my groove on
And my drink on, and my smoke on
Then go home with, something to poke on
I do my own thing, I make big moves
I ride big wheels, I fill big shoes
This my club song
This this my club song so put your hands up like what yeah
This my dance song
This this my dance song so lean back, lean back[CHORUS]
This my club song
This this my club song
I'm at the bar getting tore back drinking booze
This my dance song
This this my dance song so lean back, lean back
This the anthem so throw your damn hands up
This the anthem so throw your damn hands up
This my club song
This this my club song
I'm at the bar getting tore back drinking boozeSo many places to go, so many people to see
So many things to do, yo that's the life I lead
I stay busy like a beaver on speed
Breaking mother fucking z's like I'm chopping up trees
Always VIP when I step on the scene
And always last to leave when I'm doing my thing
I'm always double fisted when I'm up in the club
And never leaving alone 'cause you know I get love
I got the smooth mack to get the girls on their back
Laying flat looking like they had a heart attack
Now what you know about that partner, do the math
But you better add fast, I'm a put you on blast
Last laugh on my habit, I guarantee this
Your lady asked if she could grab it so I broke out my dick

Then I took the bitch home and boned all night long
And on my way out I heard the DJ playing this song[CHORUS]I come out on a Friday, blazing down the highway
Fast lane, living life, doing things my way
I'm not trendy, I'm a trend setter
Don't follow trends 'cause my daddy taught me better
Original style, spray paint and a stencil
Rip 'n tear wear hear me blaze the instrumental
Coincidentally I don't want a Bentley
Never like diamonds, Gucci or Fendi
Brand names offend me, I'm puffing on sensi
Never pretend to be something that you're not
Like a tweaker on crystal meth, heating up the rock
That's played out
Pure destruction to my people
Make some noize come on I can't hear you[CHORUS]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/