

# 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 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 cuz 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 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