

Bring It On

Kottonmouth Kings

Bring It, Bring It, Bring It, Bring It On

Oh no, here we go
Kottonmouth Kings about to blow
All because the way we roll
That underground way
Now 10 years later
There's a lot more player haters
But the love is overwhelming
Let me put it this way

Ima baller punk pimp; I'm a rollin' stone
Bonafide born mack
I'm always stoned to the bone
Got an underground palace with a custom made throne
Got my own fuckin' song on my cellular phone
So just leave a message 'cuz I'm never home

So many years in this game and we still strong
So many haters that we had to prove dead wrong
You talking shit you little bitch you wanna bring it, bring it on
You play with BB guns we drop atomic bombs
Save your breath you cowards
You ain't got nothin to say
Workin' nine to fivers
Hate us 'cuz we live this way

Sick of all these fools talking shit
Eat a dick, you need to grow up like a man, bitch
You actin like a chick
Try to punk kottonmouth you'll get burnt like a wick
Give a fuck about your fame
I got under ground hits

Say we're not original
No budget for the videos
Don't push it to the radio
You got hyped up on them demo's
What you want from us (yeah) you need to just let us know Still lick nuts
cause the Industry's a bunch of punks!

You used to be a fan
So why you frontin', B
I just don't understand
Yo what you want from me?
Why you speakin, using my name with profanity?
It's gonna end up in one family's tragedy

Alcohol gets in you
Now your crazy hard
Only place you wanna face me's at the local bar
You karaoke kid. Shit. I keep thousands jumpin'
Only thing you get from me. nah. fuck it. you get nothin'

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Mr. Writer, Mr. Critic, Mr. Shitty Review
Mr. Big Shot Insider with your cynical view
Mr. Website ryda out in Kalamazoo
You're speakin' words untrue
So we say "Fuck You!"

On the phone barkin' like your some big assasin
When you gonna walk the walk
That's what I'm askin'
Blow so much smoke that for air I leave you gaspin'
Cryin' all alone while I'm with the homies laughin'

Hahahahahahahaha

Just keep your mouth shut
Breath smell like old garbage Actin' like you tough
Gettin' all hot and bothered
You like a little pup, lost without a collar
You got no home
I'm a leader; you a follower

I do, I do what I really wanna do
I bust it so much its you all know who
Who gonna wanna test the master D
I'm gonna get you all to stop and see
It's him right there with the Kottonmouth Kings
Pants sag, brown hair, no care no sing
cause what we start we will finish
In the end it will diminish

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