## **Kottonmouth Kings**

A party a party we going to a party A party a party we going to a party A party a party we going to a party We going to a party We going to a party A party a party we going to a party A party a party we going to a party A party a party we going to a party Where's the party Everybody come on with me Now everybody go and tell your friends Let them know come through 'round ten 'Cause that's when the party's gonna begin That's when I'm showing up yo so that's when the party begins 'Cause when I walk in the door the whole place goes bananas I got party planners from California to Atlanta Always got a moving camera for those girls gone bad A couple Alabama slammers now they're calling me dad Now this nights a definite success 'Cause there's a bunch of girls with some big old breasts Which means a long line of people willing to pay At twenty bucks a head for me a nice payday And it don't stop until I pass out Sorry if I don't know ya homie but you're assed out This after party's at my house right now it's maxed out You smell what I'm sizzlin' you know what I'm talking about Where's the party!!!

## Bounce

Boogie down skate high Come dipping through the party around 12 'o' clock Pants sagged hat cocked got some weed in my pocket Walk up in the spot shit pop like rockets Head straight to the bar so I get my drink on Pound that shit quick and order another one People taking pictures of D-Loc the dog Bitches taking off their tops DJ playing my songs Got my girl in my arms and we getting' towed back Kiss me on the neck rubbing on my nut sack Got the back thong on 'cause she know I like that Got my hand down her pants feeling down her ass crack It's time to smoke a blunt 'cause we getting' fucked up Walking through the dance floor throwing shit up All the homies is drunk and the records still spinning When the DJ is done I'm a go home and fuck

Hey ladies you looking kind of sexy
I be smoking up that chronic not the mexi
You know that 'cause I'm King Daddy X see
Put you on the payroll and the party's never ending
It's like throwing gasoline on a fire
I own the club you don't need a fucking flyer
I thought you knew I had friends in high places
We should get together and exchange some fuck faces
Now that's exactly how I hooked up with my wifey
Now she's the only one left to entice me
Late night we got the party favors
Open up the stash box we got the 31 flavors

Turn the music up forget about the neighbors We getting' fresh like a pack of Life Savers Ever sat legs wide on a kings throne It's over there girl make yourself right at home