

# 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 booze

So 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