

## **The Jungle Brothers**

### **"Play On"**

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[Rae & Christian]

You know how we be reckoning white labels hard-to-get  
Once again  
Live on Grand Central  
Next stop - Grand Central

[Mike G]

Yo!

Phone's ringin', where's the action, time to get on blaze  
Half-next I got your message I'm about to go page  
Grand Central, time to blow some mentals, cashing the  
essentials  
Build enough credentials, that's essentials  
I make timbo's shine like the face on a dime  
Make you freak, electric boogie, whap, Boogaloo-one  
Jump back kiss myself and still keep myself in time  
Check the brotha the you're seein' just stays on your  
mind  
We got the fundamental usage  
To make you feel the looseness  
You recognize the jungle and you're screaming "Oh my  
goodness!"  
The remedy to keep the party lively  
It's no trouble or mystery who you call, yo  
The JB's - like cool breeze on a coast  
Ain't gotta say no more we let the vibe be your host  
And let the rude boy roast, and like the fat rump roast  
Won't you take a taste of this, you're on-off wagging  
your boast  
It's the can't-go-wrong, it's the funky-and-strong  
It's tha tack, you tell the DJ let the record play on

[Afrika]

Play on, play on, play off, play on - uh yeah  
Uh do you want me to flow?  
Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah  
Sing another funky rhyme?  
Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah  
Uh do you wanna feel the vibe?  
Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah  
Well I'ma do it one time  
Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh check it out, hah

They call me Afrika, I fit the script bone you with the  
Statula  
I comin' back at ya with more juice than Dracula  
attackin' ya  
Lyrical acrobatics is a habit  
Makin' the track bounce like a Bugs Bunny rabbit [Make  
'em bounce baby!]  
Take you behind my bush, spill it on your belly  
Keepin' on the down-low just like R. Kelly  
Unload my clip with the JB classics  
Tou know that baby damn like they drop their funky shit  
[No doubt!]  
Like you, you got the flava, know you caught the  
vapours  
Want that koochy lick in the only sky-pager  
You know me from the native time, eighteen years  
young  
But it was the trade that made your money give me  
some  
Yeah, play on & play on & play on & play on Grand  
Central [Word up!]

Uh do you want me to flow?  
Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah  
I'll sing another funky rhyme?  
Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah  
Uh do you wanna feel the vibe?  
Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah  
Uh do you want me to flow?  
Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah

[Mike G]  
Yo, yo, it's Mike G, the grand boogie, we make 'em  
bounce and such  
I was just a young boy when I learned the jungle touch  
Made a platina from rust, made a build-up in trust  
And when the sound boy came, we came around and  
we crushed  
We set the scoops up nice and that we through want to  
miss  
And then we tapped them with the horns they never  
came off their crib  
The rhyme reck'ning grows as the roof gets phrased  
It's just another scene the Brothers had to put bun  
cleans  
Orchestrated by the Brothers that groove in Grand  
Central  
I learned to make you bounce as a part of  
fundamentals  
Every record must be sold 'cause in this job there are

no rentals

Let my soul die when only Vai-Chi's suck my mentals  
When I rock upon the mic i'm pushing hard for my  
mental

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I play on

I play on

I play on

Yeah

[Afrika]

Do you want me to flow?

Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah

Sing another funky rhyme?

Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah

Uh do you wanna feel the vibe?

Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah

Well I'ma do it one time

Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh check it out, hah

Uh do you want me to flow?

Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah

Sing another funky rhyme?

Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah

Uh do you wanna feel the vibe?

Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah

Well I'ma do it one time

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