

C-Murder F/ Silkk the Shocker

"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

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