

311, C.U.T.M.

Hexum, Sexton, Mahoney and Wills
We groove so fuckin' hard it gives you the chills
Well I've been stricken
The bass is kickin'
When suckers step to me, boy, I give them a lickin'

Chorus
Cosmic Utopian Thrivin' Mission, my baby
Cosmic Utopian Thrivin' Mission, my baby

I feel good
Yo bad self

Well, I am the Hexum, call me Nick
I live by the code of cosmic
I've come to say, we're here to stay
Utopian way we'll play today
We've got the drive, we are so live
Won't take a dive, we're gonna thrive
We got a condition called ambition
To the cosmic utopian thrivin' mission

Chorus

Witness this, yo the pissed lyricist
In your face celebratin' a brand new race
We know colors are just brothers and some others
Drive on the ginger but they failed to mention
The consequence of no conscience
You can't fool, I'm schoolin' you with the new school
Now speakin on a round, step back mother fucker, I'm goin' to town

Chorus

I feel good
Break it down
I got one more rhyme

Yes, the verbs I got
They hit that spot
The crowd is freakin'
And bro., I'm peekin'
When I'm on stage, you're havin' a fit
But without my brothers, baby, I ain't shit

Chorus