

311, Grassroots

I flip when I kick it trippin it
So I can check shit not in a daily style
But once in every while so I can
File check file check the files of my brain
Many of meaning manage to come from the insane
And the butcher the baker the fabulous drama maker
A cracker on a truck goin' breaker breaker
Listen to everyone then disregard it
The maningful shit comes back back to where it started
In your cranium surrounded by pot like a geranium
A capital 2 burns in my mind give me some peace
I looked at her I looked at him and neither one did know
Where the wild thoughts grow check it out

I look to absolutes and there absolutely none
The truth is what you shoot for not one
Nothing brings it all together the journeys never done
I'd sing you Stormy Weather but it's been sung so
Let's have some fun
Three Eleven hass grass roots
Challenge comes and goes and there will be another
I say bring it on
The roots that grow underground are as big as the tree
That you see if not it will fall down
We waste so many moments standing on convention
The only survey is when our heart pays no attention

Move with persistence cover much distance
Knowing no perdition that's my game for instance
Three Eleven true to no tradition
And the Three Eleven crew not dow with convention
But a hundred different people already told what we about
So I make not attempt to try and suss the stupid out
I'd turned into a roughneck that was not my intention
It doesn't even really matter unless I fail to mention that
Peace to all crews that want some peace
First the Mid then the West then we slide through the East
A piece to any crew that want a peice
But peace to all crews that want peace
Check it out

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