

311, Welcome

Groove as your soul sings. Spinnin' all around as we dust a melody

Welcome to this groove you can move right
We gonna take you higher not caught in the quagmire
I can't survive on a stupid nine to five I'd rather be poor
Writing tunes livin' on a commune
Kickin' it with my brothers and significant others
Life in pursuit of only money we think it's funny
The only thing that money it could ever bring to me
Would be some gifts for my friends follow me now
Trips for my family

The only thing I love is freedom the people around me I need 'em I'd
like to build the world a spliff but like I said I said
You could never get me interested in dreams of wealth
Myself my birthday happens to land on April twelfth whack

A Coney Island of the mind it's mine
I swipe the sweets strip the beats in the sunshine
Loco holmes I stroll because I'm thinking
A tone poem alone is love medicine then the demon
Spring revolution in my spirit here it is and I will kill with it

Traveling head spinnin' from the medicine
Illusions fadin' out an comin' on again
unwind your mind then find entire minutes abstract
the tract of sight day breaking in it
doles out my share of the world ocean and sun
Rising with whirling motion

I fought kicked and screamed my way to getting born now I feel
Warm and I say come on the night won't save anyone
won't you roam
We've grown so we can write again our soul select its own way for
The travellin'
we're here we're breathing and we wanna keep our
Blood running so we're gonna keep gunning till the next homecoming
I like the boogie to the bang bang boogie say up jump the boogie
To the bang bang come on