

Sublime, All You Need

Headed out for Austin, now were half way down the road.
Hollering budda-budda-budda-budda-by! Steady staring out the window.
It feels good, it feels nice, it feels like you need it.
And back out on the road is where we like to be seated.
We got half-pint style, we got a b-boy style. We got half-pint style, we
got a b-boy style.
We got to put that shit together in a creative style. We put that shit
together in a creative style.

Outside on the pavement I won't feel afraid,
there's a little piece of paper saying how we walked that May.
Back out on the highway, and this hurts to say,
No one's got fingers, I got no one to blame.

I can't make you overstand, rising up in a hip-hop stance.
Society's got to me.
That's all you need!

Headed out to Houston, now where halfway out the door.
Hollering budda-budda-budda-budda-by! Staring out the window.
It feels good, it feels nice, it feels like you need it.
I know how females like to be treated.
A license for me and the stars up above,
And on the interstate I fell love, love, love.
And if I never realize then that's how it has to be,
And all DJs out there got to give me money.

Back out on the freeway, I won't feel sane.
Little yellow headlights look like snails smashed in the rain.
Back out on the highway, and this hurts to say,
Blown out speakers, I got no one to blame.

I can't make you overstand, rising up in a hip-hop stance.
Society's got to me.
That's all you need! Yea.

I can't see, but I won't see,
Because no one can tell you, you've got to be afraid.
We got to go back on the highway, live behind the wheel.
I want it real!