

Sublime, Stp

All that I need, look at all the love we've found.
I won't run and pull the one jack move
they love her for the kingston sound.

Flava-Flave and I-C-E
once said something that made me
want to burn my liquor store down to the ground.
But I just can't leave the pad, cuz I'll surely wind up dead,
'cuz i know there out there out there waiting and watching for me.
Still I got my yellow cat and my wooden baseball bat
and my shiny silver gat and if my homey my back then I got

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I won't slip, and I won't trip. Send Matt Vargas to regrip.
While I'm wrenchin' on my ride, in that secret pad where we hide,
there's always lotsa fun stuff to do,
like relax and design a brand new tattoo.
Play with my cross-word puzzle book, I'm even learning how to cook.

Have you seen that little whore betty?
Someone said she stole my freddie
And if she made off with my last clean ring,
I'm gonna kill that fuckin' ditch pig.
So what?
Outta my, outta my, outta my, outta my secret pad,
cuz I know your talkin' about me baby, makin' it hard to live.
Cause I, don't want no money dick, don't want no money down.
My secret tweaker pad is now the hottest pale spot in town I guess.
Take it nice and easy.
Don't want no sheriff breakin' down the door to raid me.

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Baby you wanna give me kisses sweet,
only for one night with no repeat.
Baby you wanna leave and never go,
but the taste of honey is worse than none at all.