

# 311, Hydroponic

Mother nature supreme step back and dream the hydroponic scene.  
Found around knocked out of bounds wound into the mind of my stone cloud.  
Taste the thinnest of oxygen rising higher a stoner cus I can groove something.  
Wrecking nothing to prove see that's in my nature.  
So fresh, the vital bud of the chronic tastes of something thicker.

Everything I eat is from the Earth, right.  
I am what I eat straight up Earth, right.  
Nothing but a walking sack of Earth nice to meet you how do ya do.  
Guess what. Ya you're one too.  
My skin holds me in my brain moves me then boom.  
I jump straight off the speaker in a form a celebration that we're moving.  
Freely disconnected I'm truly grateful I'm going back the Earth.  
I'm not gonna waste life being hateful.

Chorus  
Kingdom coming through ya.  
Jumpin' out my skin.  
The skin I'm in.  
And the hydroponic's on.

Did it because we wanna toke up until it's gone an abstract notion.  
Here to connect me to the ocean.  
'Cause I'm water and carbon and not much else.  
I felt compunction.  
Conjunction junction what's your function.  
I'll be hookin' ups verbs and nouns and phrases and clauses as to the causes.  
Of misery quizzically I look to my own book hooked on trying to fathom.  
The solar systems and atom in a larger molecule called a galaxy cool.  
The milky way is where I stay.

Astronomy steppin' stompin' a pow wow I rock the mike and shake up the ground.  
And I'm a bust out like wild dandelions in fat bloom.  
I'm shooting through the cosmos because I loom  
you know I'm higher I'm shining brighter yes yes.  
Like where water comes together with other water foamin'.  
Now I'm Homin'. Like a bird soarin' right to the mood.  
I'm a wildflower busting out I go boom.

Chorus.