## 311, Livin' & amp; Rockin'

Fire, is my method for destruction Leaving chard wreckage from my latest eruption Unpredictable, my erratic demeanor Bobbing and weaving as my mind gets leaner Though I'm trippin on legs that stumble but I don't fall down You know I'm singing out things you mumble from a lack of resound Pissed off mist lifts to honesty Now come down motherfucker with your philosophy I'm at ease when I feel there's a breeze Give me a little please Aristotle I'm not but think of Socrates So are you ready for your lesson blood? Democratic non erratic Socratic method

We'll take away the pain We'll pacify the bullshit built up in your brain

In times of change or the same old thangs As you maintain or rearrange

(Chorus)

Can't nobody do it like 311 Fuckin' up competition cuz there really is none Steppin on your game from the first floor up tore up Electricity we store it up

Can't nobody do it like 311 Break it down, what it is, dedication Sending out gratitude like we laid it out on Down

Throw down fuck the bullshit we're still the sound

Wild and lost speed mad A long way from sad

Lookin' good like you should you're bad An itinerant dimension mystic is your spirit see

Like color absolute bodiless indeed Casual kindred spirit past

All the obstacles you're dealin' with at last The nasdaq, two puppies, baby needs new shoes

Car alarms, your rent, wedding bells, the blues

The tragic fucking comedy that was last night

Unfolds to my inner devils sheer delight A pointless fucking banter in an endless bout With whiskey soaked frolic room tobacco mouth

Then a sickening trip to what I call the elitist cesspool

Beckoning all the sycophants and defeated yes-fools

Hung over, broke, and a round of apologies Now come down Martinez with the modern mythology (Chorus)

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