## 311, Stick Tight

Head rush come on, we take the stage and what's up, it's on this is a blow up so just listen up just take your mouth off interrupt we came to throw down it's a showdown and you know why, we never lie get the lowdown son we're mashin and bashin the stage we're crashin if you're on the roof I know you're dancin I bet we get the people jumpin overseas and I know why you're bustin mp3's the shit shit shocker the hiphop rocker wiser than Baraka stronger than Chewbacca KISS never did this nor Ozzy Ozbourne shakin that ass and shakin your firstborn back to the future and past to the front we appear like adrenaline it's just that blunt

Two score and five we came alive a minor blow up has started a song for the newly sane and the broken hearted

Head rush come on, we take the stage and what's up, it's on from midnight til daylight you best believe that we're sick tight you're cryin' bout your life I think it's absurd what could be so bad you come from the suburbs just like me but I could never despair most people in this world ain't got shit to spare suckas look up to thugs they like the attitude but fuck that I'm talkin' gratitude they harder they act just to hide their insecurity I'm talking honestly we are assuredly dope, I smoke it but not everyday cuz anything all the time's a drag I say three eleven you want to get next to them my name's Nick H, E, X, Ū, M

Two score and five we came alive a minor blow up has started a song for the newly sane and the broken hearted we keep an eye for each other then again our known associates endure we make a sick tight connection when we see our true people on tour

Head rush keep it going now you know we get it right we keep it flowing now we're sick tight

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