

Sublime, Garbage Grove

(here they come now, you see that?
yep both of the crews
they look they gonna fight)

We took this trip to garden grove
It smelt like Lou in the van, oh yah
This ain't no funky reggae party \$5 at the door
It gets so real sometimes, who wrote my rhyme
I got the microwave got the VCR
I got the duece-duece in the trunk of my car oh yah
If you only knew that all the love that I found
It's hard to keep my soul on the ground.
Your a fool, don't fuck around with my God
All I can see I steal
My folks don't understand
But my mind music from Jamaica
All the love that I found,
pull over there's a reason why my soul is unsound

It's you it's that shit stuck under my shoe
It's that smell inside the van
It's my bed sheet covered with sand
Sitting through a shitty band
Getting dog shit on my hands
Getting hassled by the man
Waking up to an alarm
Sticking needles in your arm
Picking up trash on the freeway
Feeling depressed every day
Leaving without making a sound
Pickin up my dog at the pound
Livin in a tweaker pad
Getting yelled at by my dad
Acting happy when I'm not
Finding roaches in the pot

All these things I do, They're waiting for you.