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.