

# Sublime, Little District

Oh in a Little District,  
In a neighborhood,  
People movin' swift,  
Like they think they should

A word from your mouth,  
Your lights get knocked out  
A blast to your lip,  
And later you move and slip  
And if you have to don't trip

I don't know how they manage  
But believe me Mr., they do  
If you ever live there,  
You just listen and don't be no fool

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A blast from your lip,  
Later you move and trip  
And if you have to just slip

No one ask no question,  
No one tell no lie  
Listen to me people ,  
The reason why

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