

Suburban Life

Kottonmouth Kings

Suburban life ain't what it seems
Suburban life, the American dream
Suburban life, so pretty and clean
Suburban life ain't what it seems The big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me
The big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me Now my pops bought the system, American dreamer
Bought a new home and a brand new Beamer
But it didn't long for things, things to fall apart
Because the system that he bought ain't got no heart From the bills for days he got blood shot eyes
The American dream was a pack of lies
6 months later, Municipal court
Divorce time baby, child support I went from home cooked meals to TV dinners
No more little Steven, now it's Saint Dog the Sinner
There's no cash back 'cause there was no receipt
Man, suburban life ain't done a dime for me Suburban life ain't what it seems
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The system got you but it won't get me
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The system got you but it won't get me Gave in a little deeper to the third degree
More drugs, white thugs and wannabes
Soldiers of the burbs all feel deceived
America, what? Land of the green Now you got problems I got mine too
There's not enough bud for the Kottonmouth Krew
'Cause when we smoke we smoke to get away
To elevate from this world of hate, never perpetrate I don't want no degree selling herbs on the burbs
On Erie Street
No real jobs for the PTB, so what's it gonna be?
White minority Suburban life ain't what it seems
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The system got you but it won't get me Now broken homes inside every house
Neighbors yellin', can't work it out
I said, "Beaten wives, tweaked out nights"

Ooh what a feeling, ooh what a life
Now you can't turn back the hands of time
So let me tell you about da flyest friend of mine
He's Bobby B, king of the crops
Deep dark purse, phat drop tops
Philly blunt placed behind his ear
Two turn tables and a Heineken beer
And this is just and everyday thing
Kottonmouth Kings telephone rings
It's X and you know he's rolling with Saint Dog
Leapin' like some frogs, trunk full of hogs
Trunk full of stakes, dirt bikes and rakes
Whatever we could get we was gonna take
Just like the pirates of the Caribbean
Neighborhood watch, don't like what they're seein'
Fuck 'em 'cause they got it like that
Kottonmouth rollin' deep, snatching surfboard wax
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Fuck the system

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