

# Freeway Time In La County Jail

## Sublime

On the freeway in the county, the sun don't shine  
I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel a bati man  
Outside my cell, deputies creep  
And in this cell, all I do is sleep  
And I dream that I'm free and I'm back on the reef  
Where I throw my net out into the sea  
All the fine heinas come swimmin' to me  
They hold me and they promise me things  
And when the tides high, I cry like a little baby  
Don't give me no right kinda love  
No Sunday mornin'  
Don't want no puppy lovin'  
Hungry babe, the new stylee  
Hungry babe, the new stylee  
And a, a angry dog is a hungry dog  
And, a hungry dog is angry dog  
I feel like rockin', I wanna rock with you  
I gotta contact on, gotta contact my, baby girl  
But I would, never could get up

Why does it have to be so damn tough?  
With maietes and the ese's  
Yes they're steady on the phone  
I'll be damned if the man with the shank in his hand  
Will make me feel, I feel a bati man  
And I know, that I'm there, someday I  
Back on the reef where I throw my net out into the sea  
All the fine heinas come swimmin' to me  
Hold me baby, promise me  
With no protection of my erection I won't get no V.D.  
Don't give me no right kinda love  
No Sunday mornin'  
I don't want no puppy lovin'  
Hungry babe are the new stylee  
Angry dogs are hungry doggies  
A naked man is a naked man  
And a, a wicked dog is a hungry dog  
I feel like rockin', I wanna rock with you

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