Mota

Sabu

Mota!
Everyday, well it's the same
That bong that's on the table starts to call
My name I take a hit and zone out again
I'll be paranoid and hungry by a quarter to ten
Watching reruns on my TV
I'm laughing off my ass at Three's Company
I don't know if I'm understood
Buy hearing Jimmy Buffett never sounded so good
Your memory's gone and so is your life (your life)

Mota Boy
But losing out just never felt so right
Your enemy's you and so is your life (your life)
Mota Boy
But losing out might feel okay all night
Mota!

I'm driving down to the barrio
Going 15 miles an hour cause I'm already stoned
Give the guy a twenty and wait in the car
He tosses me a baggie then he runs real far
I take a hit but it smells like a clove
Oh fuck I got a baggie of oregano
This ritual is destroying me
But I guess it could be worse
It could be methedrine

Your memory's gone and so is your life (your life)
Mota Boy
But losing out just never felt so right
Your enemy's you and your couch is your life
(Your Life)

Mota Boy
But losing out might take
Losing out might take you all night
Mota!
Losing out might feel okay all night
Yeah losing out might feel okay all life

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