

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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