

Don't Push

Sublime

Stolen from an Africa land
Chased out with a knife
With a face like Bob Marley
And a mouth like a motor-bike
Oh well, the bars are always open
And the time is always right
And if God's good word goes unspoken
The music goes all night and it goes
If I was Bob Marley
I said could you be loved?
And if I was Half Pint
I'd ball Lord up above
If I was Mike Tyson I'd look for a fight
If I was a Boomtown Rat I would be stayin' up all night
If I was the King Ad-Rock I would get stoopid dumb
And if rhymes were Valiums I'd be comfortably numb
If I had a shotgun
You know what I'd do?
I'd point that shit straight at the sky
And shoot Heaven on down for you
Because the bars are always open
And the time is always right
And if God's good work goes unspoken
The music goes all night, and it goes
I want a lover but I can't find the time
I want a reason but can't find a rhyme

I want to start some static but I can't afford
To get slammed to the ground
Like I fell off my skateboard
Now a days is clear as you please
Strap with protection or struck
With disease, 'cause laughter, it's free
Anytime just call me 439-0116
When your down with Sublime, you get
Stolen from an Africa land
I'll chase that other bar
I saw my best friend tonight
So, don't push me too far

I'm gonna run
Come down with the new lyrics, get hit, get hip
Don't slip you knuckle heads
Racism is scism on a serischisous tip
You don't believe me then I believe go on bust your lip
'Cause higher the mountain, it hard to climb
Rougher the rhythm man, it must be Sublime
Listen yellow lover yet it right on time
We got cricket with the quickness and the bass line
People wanna come up and they wan' tell me
Smokin' crack cocaine better than Sensi
Your're puffin' that shit yo we're sick of it
Tweakin' every weekend and we just can't take it
Whoa-oh, we no wan' plastic

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