Don't Push

Sublime

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Stolen from an Africa land
Chased out with a knife
With a face like Bob Marley
And a mouth like a motor-bikeOh 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 goesIf I was Bob Marley
I said could you be loved?
And if I was Half Pint
I'd ball Lord up aboveIf 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 stupid dumb

And if rhymes were Valiums I'd be comfortably numbIf 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 youBecause 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 goesI want a lover but I can't find the time I want a reason but can't find a rhyme

And I want to start some static but I can't afford

To get slammed to the ground

Like I fell off my skateboardNow a days is clear as you please Get strapped with protection or struck with disease Laughter, it's free

Anytime just call me 439-0116

When your down with Sublime, you get Funky freshStolen from an Africa land

I'll chase that other bar

I saw my best friend tonight

So, don't push me too farI'm gonna run

Come down with the new lyrics, get hit, get hip

Don't slip you knuckle heads

Racism is scism on a serious tip
You don't believe me then I go on bust your lipHigher 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 linePeople 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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