

Random

311

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sound boy proceed to blast into the galaxy, oh
Go back rocket man into the sky, you'll see, oh
Hear it all the time, come back, rewind
Aliens are waitin', up in the sky
Sound boy proceed to blast into the galaxy, oh Sound boy you come round
Sound boy you stay
No one's gonna harm you
They all want you to play I watch the birds of prey that hunt the canyon below my house
They're lookin' for a meal like a lizard or a mouse
I wonder if they appreciate the setting like me
To draw your own direction, choose to be free And I reserve the right to be as trite as I want
And you can lick but don't bite
I toss you here to vermont, I kick it lickety split
And hand it to the man in the tan van
And as for you and your crew, I don't hate you Peace is my priority, 'cuz Marley said for surity
And what do you think I'm doin'?
I'm not just here for screwin'
Yo and if it's sore take care of it
Perhaps from too much stuckin'
But anytime your aware of it, then keep on fuckin' You know we're cool
(Isn't that random?)
When we come 'bout people get ready
(Isn't that random? Gonna freak it national) Sound boy gonna rock you
(Isn't that random?)
People rock steady
(Isn't that random?) To be the one who has it all is not that hard
And I'll be that type of dude in a funky car
I dream of a suit that'll fit my rhyme
When I recognize my girl from a former life I love it when the only sound that I hear
Is your infectious laughter
I will hear you again in eight hundred years
If I'm still lucky Go north on outpost then take a left on mull-holland

To me that's where I like it and macapa drive is callin'
I get up to the sun and then I stretch out
It's beginnin' to look like summer
And I'm down with no doubt, swing You know we're cool
(Isn't that random?)
When we come 'bout people get ready
(Isn't that random? Gonna freak it national) Sound boy gonna rock you
(Isn't that random?)
People rock steady
(Isn't that random?) I break a silly peace for offerin', rap weasel then I'm bofferin'
I'd give you an exclusive on my playlist
The thought and styles I kick are from a radom hat pick
That's why most radio will never play this tell 'em again Me a rude boy from Omaha, Nebraska
Sick as a porno flick yet gold as precious laugter
Many don't agree but we can't care about that
'Cuz we're never gonna wear the old hat, spoken

Lyrics provided by

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