

S.T.P.

Sublime

All that I need, look at all the love we've found
I won't run and pull the one jack move
They love her for the Kingston sound, oh Flava-Flave and I-C-E
Once said something that made me
Want to burn my liquor store down to the ground
But I just can't leave the pad, cuz I'll surely wind up dead
'Cuz I know there out there out there waiting and watching for me
Still I got my yellow cat and my wooden baseball bat
And my shiny silver gat and if my homey my back then I got All that I need, look at all the love we've found, oh
I won't run and pull the one jack move
They love her for the Kingston sound, oh I won't slip, and I won't trip, send Matt Vargas to regrip
While I'm wrenchin' on my ride, in that secret pad where we hide
There's always lotsa fun stuff to do
Like relax and design a brand new tattoo
Play with my cross-word puzzle book, I'm even learning how to cook Have you seen that little whore Betty?
Someone said she stole my Freddie
And if she made off with my last clean ring
I'm gonna kill that fuckin' ditch pig
So what?
Outta my, outta my, outta my, outta my secret pad
'Cause I know your talkin' about me baby, makin' it hard to live
'Cause I, don't want no money dick, don't want no money down
My secret twaker pad is now the hottest pale spot in town I guess
Take it nice and easy
Don't want no sheriff breakin' down the door to raid me, 'cause All that I need, look at all the love we've found
I won't run and pull the one jack move
They love her for the Kingston sound Baby you wanna give me kisses sweet
Only for one night with no repeat
Baby you wanna leave and never go
But the taste of honey is worse than none at all

Songwriters

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