

# Roots of Creation

## Sublime

One two three four! Pull up here honey, if ya got a pussy and  
Shake your ass like you're ready to sing  
Well, something muy high  
Something muy low  
When me ready limo then they follow me home like a  
Roots of creation I am living in a boring nation  
I pull up my hands and I look at my feet  
The reggae music make me sound so sweet  
'Cause we play it, morning evening and all of the day  
It's the sweet kinda music makes me feel okay  
The roots of creation Said, I am living in a plastic nation  
I pull up my hat, my coat is so wide  
Sometimes, sometimes I feel so high  
But all the time I feel airie  
I feel airie when I'm down with the scene called  
Roots of creation  
I am living in a plastic nation One more time!  
Well, pull up here honey like you got limbo  
Well pull up your fingers like you're ready to go  
Give me, give me something high  
Give me something slow  
Give me something, I can use  
Give me something, I can know You're the body and the mind one  
Part of soul or two  
I feel a different person to be a different place  
I'm living in a different place  
Sometime, I feel although its fin  
Pull up your style make it sound so fine  
With ah, pull up hands with me Roots of creation  
I am living in a boring nation  
A pull up sound with Mike Happoldt at my left  
I got Eric at my right We rock the reggae music every day and night  
We rock the reggae music, say it's right on time  
'Cause you're down with the music that they call Sublime  
I'm living in a different nation Reggae style again!  
Gonna win me back gonna feel so fine  
Bring me down to the place so right  
We rock the music so late at night  
With a guitar pick in my hand What amounts to make me a man

Me help a little girl like this  
Called the roots of creation  
I am living in a plastic nation  
I pull up my hand, left pocket  
Do the music, make me say me feel it  
Read me on rights and me know me are wrong  
Me am a white boy but I sing a reggae song  
Called roots of creation  
I am living in a plastic nation  
My hands are high, my ink is dry  
My love for you, it will never die  
Say me love you till me will testify  
Me love the music make me feel so high  
Song called roots of creation  
I am living in a plastic nation  
Oh, in a plastic nation  
Such a boring station, a boring  
One more time!  
Pull up here honey if you got limbo  
Pull it up make it up bounce I don't want it to be slow  
I wanna make it sound right  
I wanna make it sound strong  
Give me kind of music make you rock all night  
Like a roots of creation  
I am living in a boring nation  
So cheer up my life  
Cheer up my life  
Take out the trouble  
Take out take out the strife  
Give me some music make it sound so nice  
Give me kinda music make we wanna sing a song twice  
Like roots of creation  
I am living in a plastic nation  
I pull up my hand, my seat is wobbly  
Pull up your hands and it sounds like this  
'Cause I like my beer dry  
Drink the gin and the gin  
Love the kinda drink, ya know, make me sick  
Me don't feel no nice but likewise  
Make me drink gin like wine twice  
I only make me feel so sadder, aya!

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