

Grassroots

311

I flip when I kick it, trippin' it
So I can check shit not in a daily style
But once in every while so I can
File check, file check the files of my brain
Many of meanings manage to come from the insane
And the butcher, the baker, the fabulous drama maker
A cracker on a truck goin' breaker, breaker Listen to everyone, then disregard it
The meaningful shit comes back, back to where it started
In your cranium surrounded by pot like a geranium
A capital two burns in my mind, give me some peace
I looked at her, I looked at him and neither one did know
Where the wild thoughts grow, check it out I look for an absolute and there's absolutely none
The truth is what you shoot for, not one
Nothing brings it all together, the journey's never done
I'd sing you 'Stormy Weather' but it's been sung
So let's have some fun 311 has grass roots, come on jump
311 has grass roots, true
311 has grass roots, for your funk
311 has grass roots Challenge comes and goes an' there will be another
I say bring it on
The roots that grow underground are as big as the tree
That you see, if not it will fall down We waste so many moments standing on convention
The only survey is when our heart pays no attention
Buddy, I'll drop down, ooh Move with persistence, cover much distance
Knowing no perdition, that's my game for instance
311, true to no tradition
And the 311 crew not down with conviction
But a hundred different people already told what we about
So I make not attempt to try an' suss the stupid out I'd turned into a roughneck, that was not my intention
It doesn't even really matter unless I fail to mention that
Peace to all crews that want some peace
First the Mid, then the West, then we slide through the East
A piece to any crew that want a piece
Peace to all crews that want peace, check it out I look for absolutes and there's absolutely none
The truth is what you shoot for not one
Nothing brings it all together, the journey's never done
I'd be in 'Stormy Weather' but it's been sung
So, let's have some fun 311 has grass roots, come on jump
311 has grass roots, true

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The only survey is when our heart pays no attention
[Incomprehensible]
Knowing no conviction, no convention

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