

Don't Push

Sublime

Stolen from an Africa land
Chased out with a knife
With a face like Bob Marley
And a mouth like a motor-bike Oh 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 goes If I was Bob Marley
I said could you be loved?
And if I was Half Pint
I'd ball Lord up above If 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 numb If 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 you Because 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 goes I 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 skateboard Now 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 fresh Stolen from an Africa land
I'll chase that other bar
I saw my best friend tonight
So, don't push me too far I'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 lip Higher 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 line People 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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