

Freeway Time in L.A. County Jail

Sublime

On the freeway in the county, the sun don't shine
I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel a bati man
Outside my cell, deputies creep
And in this cell, all I do is sleep
And I dream that I'm free and I'm back on the reef
Where I throw my net out into the sea
All the fine heinas come swimmin' to me
They hold me and they promise me things
And when the tides high, I cry like a little baby
Don't give me no right kinda love
No Sunday mornin'
Don't want no puppy lovin'
Hungry babe, the new stylee
Hungry babe, the new stylee
And a, a angry dog is a hungry dog
And, a hungry dog is angry dog
I feel like rockin', I wanna rock with you
I gotta contact on, gotta contact my, baby girl
But I would, never could get up
Why does it have to be so damn tough?
With maietes and the ese's
Yes they're steady on the phone
I'll be damned if the man with the shank in his hand
Will make me feel, I feel a bati man
And I know, that I'm there, someday I
Back on the reef where I throw my net out into the sea
All the fine heinas come swimmin' to me
Hold me baby, promise me
With no protection of my erection I won't get no V.D.
Don't give me no right kinda love
No Sunday mornin'
I don't want no puppy lovin'
Hungry babe are the new stylee
Angry dogs are hungry doggies
A naked man is a naked man
And a, a wicked dog is a hungry dog
I feel like rockin', I wanna rock with you

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