Spies

Parachutes

Sick and tired, the way they walk Sick and tired, the way they talk Sick and tired, the things they say Sick and tired, where's my J? Sick and tired, same old song Sick and tired, where's my bong? Sick and tired, anarchy! Spies, they're all around me Spies, in every county Spies, my head's their bounty Snipers in the air.. Neighborhood watch is after us The neighborhood watch don't like Richter's bus The neighborhood watch is what they say But when I see them walkin' towards me, I light another...Generation X is the title they use When I'm skatin' down MacKenzie Avenue Everybody that I see, lookin' at me like a vandal Maybe cause I'm wheelin' in some Dickies and some sandals Man, I know what you mean when you talk about the neighborhood The old folks always sayin' that we ain't no good Talkin to my pops about my music Sayin' we should keep it down and not abuse it Man, I don't sweat those old ass bastards I just sit on the curb and with my herb and get plastered They work on they lawns, they seem so bored I think their ass should reside in the county morgue They're postin' up signs, man I think they should chill Talkin' if I don't call the cops then my neighbor will Because from city to city it's all the same The neighborhood watch is a big ass gangSick and tired, the way they walk Sick and tired, the way they talk Sick and tired, the things they say Sick and tired, Where's my J? Sick and tired, same old song Sick and tired, where's my bong? Sick and tired, anarchy! Spies, they're all around me Spies, in every county Spies, my head's their bounty

> Snipers in the air...The neighborhood watch is after us The neighborhood watch don't like Richter's bus The neighborhood watch is what they say,

But when I think they're walkin' towards me, I light another...Every night when the street lights come on

We usually gather round, take rips from the bong

This John Wayne Country, republican block

A bunch of overweight housewives that wanna be cops

Cook and clean, the life of slave

Take Kottonmouth's advice and call Jenny Craig

They started mind control, when we were in school

Wanna see us livin' life under the golden rule

Peepin' out the windows, folks always look in

Minding my business when they should be cooking

Bored is how their life must be

Wait till there's a real crime on our street

That's when, you'll go off run and hide

Leaving Kottonmouth behind protectin' neighborhood pride

When the criminals are lying dead in the streets

Kottonmouth's returning all the stolen TVs

Yeah but that's all right, it's all good

Now you know who's watchin' this neighborhood

Because from city to city it's all the same

The neighborhood watch is a bitch ass gangSick and tired, the way they walk

Sick and tired, the way they talk

Sick and tired, the things they say

Sick and tired, where's my J?

Sick and tired, same old song

Sick and tired, where's my bong?

Sick and tired, anarchy! Spies, they're all around me

Spies, in every county

Spies, my head's their bounty

Snipers in the air...

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/