

# Jackpot

311

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Get up, everybody jump, woo  
Jackpot, split shot on my line doing fine the snapper I got  
The bounty, blessed to the amount  
We never guessed the best is yet to come  
We came to rock the fucking block  
If you don't come new then you might get dropped  
I think it strange, the thing's the same, carry on  
Seem so deranged like the one they call will be gone  
With a touch of my wand  
You are my God, you're my guardian  
I hit the jackpot, I'm the lucky one  
My fortune endless, never coming undone  
Moving, I'm a nomad and all the girls and boys  
Know the noise is rad  
The treasure is soul, aren't you glad?  
I get psychedelic with a pen and a pad  
Room enough to know it's about that critical  
Find it difficult to be so analytical  
I'm filled with hope, the rope it won't hang you  
Sit your ass down and come in Rangoon  
Right about now, it's about that time  
You know I crack the coconut and I twist up the lime  
I been known to roll like a Seminole warrior  
Passing up the tales like the one they wrote the story for  
Woo, everybody jump  
What are the chances? The odds  
must enhanced  
It's a wild card that you threw  
Of all the places to end up it amazes me  
After all we've been through  
Jackpot, all the people say, whoa  
Jackpot, lemme hear you say, whoa  
Jackpot, uh what, whoa  
Give 'em what you got 'til you hit that spot, whoa  
We hit the jackpot, the lotto, lucky dot  
So the path that we tread, we pave the bars of gold  
Now we got it, how we bought it  
Sweating from stage to stage, a lot of it  
And if we won the chance to dance and do it all again  
We wouldn't change a thing, there is no other end  
The pinnacle we reached, we knew it was possible  
How we got here overcoming obstacles  
Right about now it's about that time  
You know I crack the coconut and I twist up the lime

I've been on the road like a Seminole warrior  
Passing up the tales like the one they wrote the story for  
Reside West Coast from the Mid West  
Take what you like and fuck all the rest, man  
We only enter in one contest  
That we made up ourselves that's to be the 311'est  
Woo, everybody jump  
What are the chances, the odds must be  
enhanced  
It's a wild card that you threw  
Of all the places to end up, it amazes me  
After all we've been through  
What are the chances, the odds must be enhanced  
It's a wild card that you threw  
Of all the places to end up, it amazes me  
After all we've been through  
Jackpot, all the people say, woah  
Jackpot, let me hear you say, woah  
Jackpot, uh, what? Woah  
Give 'em what you got 'til you hit that spot, woah  
Woo, to the death of dismay  
Uh, disc jock to the truth just hock

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