

Garbage Grove

Sublime

They come now, you see that?
Yep, both of the crews, I told you
Now they look like they gonna fight
Try 'em on
We took this trip to garden grove
It smelt like lou-dog inside the van, oh yeah
This ain't no funky reggae party, five dollar at the door
It gets so real sometimes, who wrote my rhyme?
I've got the microwave, got the VCR
I got the duece, duece in the trunk of my car, oh yeah
If you only knew all the love that I found
It's hard to keep my soul on the ground
Your a fool, don't fuck around with my God
All that I can see I steal, my folks don't understand
And in my mind, music from Jamaica all the love that I found
Pull over there's a reason why my soul's unsound
It's you, it's that shit stuck under my shoe
It's that smell inside the van
It's my bed sheet covered with sand
Sitting through a shitty band
Getting dog shit on my hands
Gettin' hassled by the man
Wakin' up to an alarm
Stickin' needles in your arm
Pickin' up trash on the freeway
Feelin' depressed every day
Leavin' without making a sound
Pickin' my dog up at the pound
Livin' in a tweaker pad
Gettin' yelled at by my Dad
Sayin' I'm happy when I'm not
Findin' roaches in the pot
Ooh, all these things I do
They're waiting for you

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