

# Salsa

311

We were born in the seventies  
The rippin and rhyming and brethren see  
We're filling taste great  
In the old school I was eight  
Fot the new school I was late  
But in high school I was debate  
I rate in the great state of California  
I'm warning ya  
Je vais a la plage parce que le guignol est chouette!  
I kick nonsense in French tasty like Crepe Suzette  
I bet you're feeling famished for a 311 sandwich  
Not the wack DJ's that I'm a damage  
I like a beat that's unique and I like my head zooming  
And in my Continental you know that shit's booming  
With the diamond in the back suicide doors  
You can look from here to eternity  
And never receive your morsel.  
Another tale of ordinary madness  
The girl who gave you her sex I heard was homeless say  
All I really wanna is to feel nirvana  
Won't you take me tonight and we just might find  
A bottle of wine and feel our nasty nature  
Your tounge lickin' up my tounge  
Your radio pickin' up a smokey jazz love song  
Madness becomes you even though your  
Livin' life it's hard to exist when you're tempted  
By flesh you wanna bust through  
Beautiful legs in the bar there is poetry  
She bends and suspends and her ass  
Is a marvelous thing  
A dance dancin' at a club the Hereafter  
Who can't really dance but that doesn't really matter  
And she won't hear applause  
Cus your drunk and lost  
All light is gone  
Your arms spread like a cross  
And you're dreaming that the world  
Will soon fall apart  
Topless firl in your gaze  
Which is hazy  
Takes your dollar  
In the gutter without cigarettes

Or wine your hungover  
I was warned of your normal  
Behaviour and felt  
My life was too short to  
Consider your wack self  
It's like this when you dip down  
And you are boxin'  
Reeling against the ropes and you  
Face some young Mexican  
Your scrappin' your kneck gets  
Snapped back your eyes have bled  
Your thinking' about a comeback  
But your takin' it to the head  
You little bastard  
Better watch you back  
Cuz we're after  
Your punk ass by God we're gonna jack it  
You're played out and small time  
And your show is over  
You're 'bout as lucky as a three leaf clover  
And your older ho bag screezer  
In her droopy saggy skin  
Who thought she was a model  
But in truth a never-has-been  
You both are fools  
You and your cheap rooms too  
The cigar biting your lips the way love use to

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>