

**Project Pat F/ DJ Paul****"Surf or Die"**

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Oh, Surf!  
Or die!  
Surf!  
Or die!  
Surf!  
Or die!  
You've got to surf!  
Or diiiieee!  
We were born in the year of our lord  
With nothing on our backs but our funky surf boards  
Miles at sea - that's where you'll find us  
Hundred foot waves, not far behind us  
Sharks on my right, sharks on my left  
One false move, we knew it was death  
Thats when we heard a terrifying cry  
"Hug wood, homeboy - you better surf or die!"  
Surf!  
Or die!  
Surf!  
Or die!  
Radical!  
You've got to surf!  
Or die!  
Homeboy!  
Surf or die!  
Surf or die!  
We surfed as Magellan; we surfed as Columbus  
We surf around the world, and we don't need a  
compass  
We have no beginning  
We have no end  
If you're reincarnated, you'll surf with us again!  
Surf!  
Forget the other shit  
The other shit's bunk!  
We want the beach town surf  
We walk on the beach, in the sand  
with our boards in our hand  
And If you don't know by now  
Then you'll never understand!  
Surf!

Surf!  
R-r-radical!  
Surf!  
Radical!  
Surf or die!  
Or die!  
Or die!  
Now on the beach, Californ-I-A  
Where another surfers born every single day  
Zuma Jay board, the one I use to surf  
We put on our wheels when we're rollin' on the dirt  
We roll through the streets, we roll through the valleys  
We roll through the hills, and we roll through the alleys  
Once on water, now on land  
If it can be ridden than the funky surfers can!  
Surf!  
Surf!  
Or die!  
Radical!  
Surf!  
Homeboy!  
Or die!  
You've got to surf!  
Or die!  
Or die!  
Surf!  
Or die!  
Radical!  
Surf!  
Or die!  
Radical!  
Surf!  
Or die!  
Radical!  
You've got to surf!  
Or die!  
Or die!  
Surf!  
Or die!  
Surf or die!  
Radical!

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