

311 "Offbeat Bare-Ass"

Visit "[Offbeat Bare-Ass](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Any different people can apply to drop the funk
It's not a country club review board steady talkin' junk
Many people would have it others go out and grab it
Some trip over toots and say fuck it I'm sunk

I put it in a limerick and kick the slick nick verbs
I am the one who scores the herb
When we're on the road P-Nut rolls it up
Throw me a joint on stage what's up

I will tell a cop that I know my fucking rights
And we can match wits all night for real he said if I had
nothing to hide
Then of course I wouldn't mind if he looked through our
ride man
No uh, I'd really rather you didn't and no we don't have
guns hidden

We stood there for a while I continue to decline
Firm, I didn't lose my mind
I didn't let him break me he's just another human
Not a bit of shame in what we were doin' that day

He couldn't make us stay we had our shit together
It don't matter whether we sport the dreadlocks or the
shaved head
Or if we have a sticker from the Dead
I said a better verse rehearsed about the roughneck
curse
Last week I keep an even keel and bow in place
And face the music every minute

Never could see my homey comin' till he passed
Funky gas by my way all the day I couldn't laugh
Oh by now I'm chill with it bare-ass in my face
I'm okay but Chad's like 'Uh-uh, no he isn't'
So I proceed to hear him get loose with the

Fartin' all over my face sometimes my tummy
He fucked with my flow although I thought it funny
I probably wouldn't care if I smoked more kind bud
But that wouldn't do me shit 'cause then he'd fuck me

more up
Crazy ill and chillin' rude but I'ze a real cool dude
He didn't believe the day would come when he would
get his too

But then one day right in front of his face I got him
He looked over said, "God damn get me some water"
The one time I hadn't wasted till I got mine
Smear'd his nose with my armpit funk slime
So you get it the picture just how sick we were then
But before I jet, "Hey yo Chad sniff my finger man"
Oh that's right baby

I can see a lot of people who feel like I do
I can see a lot of people who feel like I don't
I go on step lightly even when I'm heavy
High jump the slumps open up for the Revy Horton Heat
Sweet what am I displayin' forgot what I was saying
I know I must be laying a pipe you got a gripe

With the way I get high graffix bong sing along with a
cry of a
Mandatory sentence for a crime with no victim
When everybody knows jail terms should be picked in
Order of the pain that they 'cause
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the laws

Until you violate the rights of another
Respect the space of your sister and your brother
The war on drugs may be well intentioned
But it falls fucking flat when you stop and mention
The overcrowded prisons where a rapists gets paroled
To make room for a dude who has sold a pound of
weed
To me that's a crime here's to good people doin' time
y'all

Bare-ass yeah
Bare-ass yeah
Bare-ass yeah
Bare-ass yeah

Visit [311](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.