

# 311

## "Random"

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Sound boy proceed to blast into the galaxy, oh  
Go back rocket man into the sky, you'll see, oh  
Hear it all the time, come back, rewind  
Aliens are waitin', up in the sky  
Sound boy proceed to blast into the galaxy, oh

Sound boy you come round  
Sound boy you stay  
No one's gonna harm you  
They all want you to play

I watch the birds of prey that hunt the canyon below my  
house  
They're lookin' for a meal like a lizard or a mouse  
I wonder if they appreciate the setting like me  
To draw your own direction, choose to be free

And I reserve the right to be as trite as I want  
And you can lick but don't bite  
I toss you here to vermont, I kick it lickety split  
And hand it to the man in the tan van  
And as for you and your crew, I don't hate you

Peace is my priority, 'cuz Marley said for surity  
And what do you think I'm doin'?  
I'm not just here for screwin'  
Yo and if it's sore take care of it  
Perhaps from too much stuckin'  
But anytime your aware of it, then keep on fuckin'

You know we're cool  
(Isn't that random?)  
When we come 'bout people get ready  
(Isn't that random? Gonna freak it national)

Sound boy gonna rock you  
(Isn't that random?)  
People rock steady  
(Isn't that random?)

To be the one who has it all is not that hard  
And I'll be that type of dude in a funky car

I dream of a suit that'll fit my rhyme  
When I recognize my girl from a former life

I love it when the only sound that I hear  
Is your infectious laughter  
I will hear you again in eight hundred years  
If I'm still lucky

Go north on outpost then take a left on mull-holland  
To me that's where I like it and macapa drive is callin'  
I get up to the sun and then I stretch out  
It's beginnin' to look like summer  
And I'm down with no doubt, swing

You know we're cool  
(Isn't that random?)  
When we come 'bout people get ready  
(Isn't that random? Gonna freak it national)

Sound boy gonna rock you  
(Isn't that random?)  
People rock steady  
(Isn't that random?)

I break a silly peace for offerin', rap weasel then I'm  
bofferin'  
I'd give you an exclusive on my playlist  
The thought and styles I kick are from a radom hat pick  
That's why most radio will never play this tell 'em again

Me a rude boy from Omaha, Nebraska  
Sick as a porno flick yet gold as precious laugter  
Many don't agree but we can't care about that  
'Cuz we're never gonna wear the old hat, spoken

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