

# 311

## "T P Combo"

Visit "[T P Combo](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

People sing about the coming of spring  
But what is comin' down around it's snow or it's rain  
It's insane and i'm still in the same gang  
The way the weather act's it's a shame ok  
Badder behavior in our shit is flavor  
Grandiose endeavors yes the quest is greater  
Make no mistake i know the time and i wake  
I slip only when p-nut gets me baked from that shake

Yeah you can't fuck with this  
You're walter middy don't take it as a dis  
But the fantasy has got to end this minute  
I had a fucking dream and yo now i'm in it  
I've been at many function but i know i'm about the  
function  
If someone brings you down keep punching  
We bunched in a little house where conditions got  
squalid  
But where we at now - solid

I concur time it slurs and it blurs  
The vision like a drug and yo it's the word  
How absurd deliver us from nerds  
And funky 40 oz glass littered curbs  
Soon the church pitted bell will clang  
Boys on the corner mack with slang play a dice game  
When i walk by it some bag lady goes sha-na-na-na

Your street time is limited 'cause this band rocks it  
Take your whole crew put 'em all in your pocket  
If your feelin' sick rub it on with vicks  
'N take 2 to 6 of our sweet super mix

Your street time is limited 'cause this band rocks it  
Take your whole crew put 'em all in your pocket  
If your feelin' sick we got the elixir  
Rub it on down with the sweet super mixer  
Late night radio players late night airwave invaders  
Yeah we got the force late night radio

Zooma zooma zooma yeah we got the boom  
Blowin' up the spot so so give us room

We prowl sometimes we howl hysterical  
When we take the stage see a miracle  
I realize today nothing is more vestigial  
Than the young space walkin' individual  
For years and years bubbling up with soul power  
To detonate this planet or reach another

Yeah we take it up a notch  
We diggin' the shit so deep like ralston digs scotch  
Botch this and i'll regret it no that's not what i'm saying  
Remember this instead i'm staying  
We played in a little house where conditions got  
squalid  
But where we at now - solid  
We hauled a van with a rv that was a bad call  
It all went up in flames but i haven't seen it all

Homey steps to me and say hey where ya goin'  
Oh just headin' back to where i done my growin'  
If you must go somewhere over the rainbow  
The adventures of a cosmic hero  
From planet to planet my tags a crater  
If you're not in the future you're not here either  
Labeled psychedelic we can play disco  
When the going gets weird you know the weird turn pro

Your street time is limited 'cause this band rocks it  
Take your whole crew put 'em all in your pocket  
If your feelin' sick rub it on with vicks  
'N take 2 to 6 of our sweet super mix

Your street time is limited 'cause this band rocks it  
Take your whole crew put 'em all in your pocket  
If your feelin' sick we got the elixir  
Rub it on down with the sweet super mixer  
Late night radio players late night airwave invaders  
Yeah we got the force late night radio

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