

# 311

## "Tribute"

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This one is dedicated to the excitable ones  
Not the possums playing dead messing with my head  
"X" amount of action, "X" amount of games  
For years again I tell you the same, ooh ooh ooh

Gone already to the bored of it all type, lingo  
that I'm seein every single night I'm out  
Bustin' head for it but your's gets busted right back  
Lip split and, I messed up but I got back tryin'  
Don't bother lying 'bout constant dissapointment  
But the fun in the hunt so quit actin' on a front  
You're unmotivaded You're sorta faded  
But the remedy is not so get on with what you got

Remember "Lady of Guadelupe"  
The times my mother made mole  
After mass we would get home  
The girls running to the phone  
And I'm in my bedroom the 45 on my record player  
Was "We're in this love together"  
At the time I never realized how songs haunted  
The ones that I heard I played because I wanted  
Drawing on my wall from time to time coolin'  
Making creatures come alive with no schoolin'

When I'm on the microphone  
The method that I make is much patience  
The method that I make is much patience  
I wait for the beat and then I make sense  
I'm comin' in hot forgot you definitely got no clue  
I'm comin' in hot you got you definitely got so rude  
Boy actin' coy but you got nuts like Almond Joy  
I tell ya this is a tribute

No one looks as foolish as the excitable ones  
But then again there's no one has as much fun  
"X" amount of action, "X" amount of games  
For years again I tell you the same, ooh ooh ooh  
Once I met a man who made nearly no mistakes  
He would never bet on a longshot  
Never bet on a break and  
He's condescending and talks gossip galore

But the dude was definitely such a bore  
Hear me now I messed up but I got back trying  
Don't bother lying 'bout constant dissapointment  
But the fun is in the hunt so quit actin' on a front  
Yeah, unmotivated you're sort faded  
But the real man is not  
The one hiding behind the gunshot, boom!

Time travelin' through my memory  
There's a younger doug gazin' at the galaxy  
Space trippin' vato of the stars  
Searchin' for UFO's from Neptune and Mars  
Ode to an alien I know you're out there  
Cosmic lonely heart tell me if you care  
I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground  
I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground

When I'm on the microphone  
The method that I make is much patience  
The method that I make is much patience  
I wait for the beat and then I make sense  
I'm comin' in hot forgot you definitely got no clue  
I'm comin' in hot you got you definitely got so rude  
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I'm vexing many mofos but I'm wishing you the best  
I keep 'bout half my lyrics and I throw out the best  
Cause fly on by, you can if you want  
The method that makes sense is patience  
Hear me now I messed up but I got back trying  
Don't bother lying 'bout constant dissapointment

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