

Good Charlotte

"Sunny Meadowz"

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(Yeah...I'm gonna take it light...Yeah...D-E-L in the house...funky, funky, funky, funky lyrics...check this out)

I contemplate a rhythm with a hunch
swing and give a punch and put a fraud out to lunch
and scrunch up your rap book pages, eat 'em like it's
licorice
snatch your gold chains, steal your gold fronts and
return 'em to the
caves
of the motherland
and ride a rhinoceros back to the other land
so I can show a foe who is the prototype
and then go toe to toe and if the rhythm is hype
I take it on my journeys to the mystic place
so I can dis the facial value of your ballyhoo
see, my style is rather passive but I can get aggressive
brothers get done when they try to be impressive
'cause I do not impress easily
D-E-L is eager to be
the founder of the fragrance
and watch the vagrants
scatter like rats in the sewer as we do 'em like two
secret agents

in the region of the forest where the march hare dwells
I sit and write scriptures by the old wishin' well
collect all my notes and sail a boat back to Berkeley
tries fill my vibe 'cause my style is rather earthly
some say it's wack but I ain't tryin' to hear it
as long as what I do contains my soul and my spirit
it's cool, I use this as a rule of thumb
I take a dip into the pool of radiance until the fool was
done
slidin' on the floor like a fat ignoramus
ya sold 8 million but ya still don't entertain us
'cause you're fraudulent, I have no time for a jester
go take your place beside Uncle Fester
'cause you are an uncle too, you are an Uncle Tom

and D-E-L and Hieroglyphics gonna drop the bomb

(Yeah...under the sun, under the sun, under the sun...we gonna take it light) X3

D-E-L, the 18 year old dwella of the meadow is showin' it hell beats livin' in the ghetto

things are peaceful and everything's settle with a good night's snooze on a bed of rose petals I wake up in the morning feelin' happy and refreshed before I make my journeys I must eat and get dressed a pair of blue jeans and a shirt with greenish hues greener than the grass that was caught between my shoes

when I trample through the forest with my brother CM-PX

the kinky haired nubian there with a human my hair gets notty without the proper groomin' the whole metamorphis resembles flowers bloomin' in the shadows, deep within the trenches of the sea free as Leah, a head of hair like a tree 'cause I'm a love child, follow me now children 'cause I'm a love child, I love to see the children smile at my answers, foes get frantic and nervous and panic even as I venture past the planet called Earth born from the womb of the nebula deeper in the meadow where my actions are irregula' I bug out and tell my maid to take the rug out and dust it, and proceed to throw the thugs out of the pasture

as I recline on a hippo wipe the funky speech and watch my profits seem to triple and quadruple teachin' all the pupils proper scruples in the meadow

[CHORUS: "(Yeah...under the sun, under the sun, under the sun...we gonna take it light) X4"]

"(How ya doin'?, How ya livin'?, in the meadow, in the meadow...hey, How ya feelin'?, How ya doin'?...hey...ah yeah...)"

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