

## Natural

### "Spies"

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Sick and tired, the way they walk  
Sick and tired, the way they talk  
Sick and tired, the things they say  
Sick and tired, where's my J?  
Sick and tired, same old song  
Sick and tired, where's my bong?  
Sick and tired, anarchy!

Spies are all around me, Spies in every county  
Spies, my head's are bounty  
Snipers in the air

The neighborhood watch is after us.  
The neighborhood watch don't like Richter's bus  
The neighborhood watch is what they say,  
But when I see them walkin towards me, I light  
another...

Generation X is the title they use  
When I skate down MacKenzie Avenue.  
Everybody that I see is lookin at me like a vandal  
Maybe cause I'm (wheelin?) in some Dickies and some  
sandals  
Man, I know what you mean when you talk about the  
neighborhood  
The old folks always sayin that we ain't no good  
Talkin to my pops about my music  
Sayin we should keep it down and not abuse it  
Man, I don't sweat those old ass bastards.  
I just sit on the curb and with my herb and get  
plastered  
They work all day long, they seem so bored  
I think their ass should reside in the county morgue  
They're postin up signs, man I think they should chill  
Talkin if I don't call the cops then my neighbor will  
Cause from city to city it's all the same.  
The neighborhood watch is a big ass gang

Sick and tired the way they walk,  
Sick and tired the way they talk  
Sick and tired the things they say, sick and tired.

Where's my J?  
Sick and tired, same old song, sick and tired where's  
my bong?  
Sick and tired, anarchy!

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Spies, my head's are bounty  
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The neighborhood watch don't like Richter's bus  
The neighborhood watch is what they say,  
But when I think they're walkin towards me, I light  
another...

Every night when the street lights came on  
We used to gather round, take rips from that bong.  
Cause John Wayne Country, republican block  
A bunch of overweight housewives that wanna be cops.  
Cook and clean, the life of slave  
Take Kottonmouth's advice and call Jenny Craig  
It's not in my control, when we were in school  
Wanna see us livin life like the golden rule  
Peepin out the window, folks always looking  
Minding my business when they should be cooking  
Bored is how their life must be,  
Wait till there's a real crime on our street  
That's when, yeah they'll all run and hide  
Leaving Kottonmouth behind to take the neighborhood  
pride  
When the criminals are lying dead in the streets  
Kottonmouth's returning all the stolen TVs  
Yeah but that's all right, it's all good  
Now you know who's watchin this neighborhood  
Cause from city to city it's all the same  
The neighborhood watch is a bitch ass gang

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Sick and tired, the way they talk  
Sick and tired, the things they say  
Sick and tired, where's my J?  
Sick and tired, same old song  
Sick and tired, where's my bong?  
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