## Natural "Suburban Life"

Visit "Suburban Life" on MotoLyrics.com

Suburban Life aint what it seems
Suburban life the American dream
Suburban life so pretty and clean
Suburban life aint what it seems

The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me
The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me

Now my pops bought the system, American dreamer Bought a new home and a brand new Beamer But it didn't long for things things to fall apart Because the system that he bought aint got no heart From the bills for days he got blood shot eyes The American dream was a pack of lies 6 months later Municipal court Divorce time baby, child support I went from home cooked meals to TV dinners No more little Steven, now it's Saint Dogg the sinner There's no cash back cause there was no receipt Man suburban life aint done a dime for me

Suburban Life aint what it seems
Suburban life the American dream
Suburban life so pretty and clean
Suburban life aint what it seems
The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me
The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me

Gave in a little deeper to the third degree
More drugs, white thugs, and wannabe's
Soldiers of the burbs all feel deceived
America! What? Land of the green
Now you got problems I got mine too
There's not enough bud for the Kottonmouth Krew
Cause when we smoke we smoke to get away
To elevate from this world of hate, never perpetrate
I don't want no degree selling herbs on the burbs

On every street No real jobs for the PTB, So what's it gonna be? White minority!

Suburban Life aint what it seems
Suburban life the American dream
Suburban life so pretty and clean
Suburban life aint what it seems
The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me
The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me

Now broken homes inside every house Neighbors yellin', can't work it out I said beaten wives, tweaked out nights ooh what a feeling ooh what a life Now you cant turn back the hands of time So let me tell you about da flyest friend of mine He's Bobby B, king of the crops Deep dark purse, phat drop tops Philly blunt placed behind his ear Two turn tables and a Heineken beer And this is just and everyday thing Kottonmouth Kings telephone rings Its X and you know he's rollin' with Saint Dog Leapin' like some frogs trunk full of hogs Trunk full of stakes, dirt bikes and rakes What ever we could get we was gonna take Just like the pirates of the Caribbean Neighborhood watch don't like what they're seein' Ha ha ha we got it like that Kottonmouth rollin' deep, snatching surfboard racks

Suburban Life aint what it seems
Suburban life the American dream
Suburban life so pretty and clean
Suburban life aint what it seems
The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me
The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me

Suburban Life aint what it seems
Suburban life the American dream
Suburban life so pretty and clean
Suburban life aint what it seems
Fuck the system

Visit Natural page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.