

# Sublime

## Sublime Lyrics

### Date Rape Lyrics

Let me tell you about a girl I know,  
had a drink about a hour ago.  
Sitting in a corner by herself, in a bar in downtown Hell.

She heard a noise and she looked through the door.  
And saw a man she'd never seen before.  
Light skin, light blue eyes, a double-chin and a plastic smile.  
Well, her heart raced as he walked in the door  
And took an empty seat next to her at the bar.  
"My brand new car is parked right outside. How'd ya like to go for a ride?"  
And she said."Wait a minute I have to think."  
He said, "That's fine. May I please buy you a drink"  
One drink turned into 3 or 4 and they left and got into his car  
and they drove away someplace real far.

Now babe the time has come.  
How'd ya like to have a little fun?  
And she said."If we could only please be on our way, I will not run."  
That's when things got out of control.  
She didn't want to, he had his way.  
She said, "Let's Go"  
He said, "No Way!"  
Come on babe it's your lucky day.  
Shut your mouth, were gonna do it my way.  
Come on baby don't be afraid,  
if it wasn't for date rape I'd never get laid.

He finished up and he started the car  
He turned around and drove back to the bar.  
He said."Now baby don't be sad, in my opinion you weren't half-bad."  
She picked up a rock.,threw it at the car, hit him in the head, now he's got a big scar.  
Come on party people won't you listen to me.  
Date Rape Stylee.

The next day she went to her drawer, look up her local attorney at law,  
went to the phone and filed the police report and then she took the guy's ass to court.  
Well, the day he stood in front of the judge he screamed, "She lies that little slut!"  
The judge knew that he was full of shit and he gave him 25 years  
And now his heart is filled with cheers.

One night in jail it was getting late.  
He was butt-raped by a large inmate, and he screamed.  
But the guards paid no attention to his cries.

That's when things got out of control.  
The moral of the date rape story, it does not pay to be drunk and horny.

But that's the way it had to be.  
They locked him up and threw away the key.  
Well, I can't take pity on men of his kind,  
even though he now takes it in the behind.

But that's the way it had to be.  
They locked him up and threw away the key.  
Well, I can't take pity on men of his kind,  
even though he now takes it in the behind.  
DATE RAPE!  
She didn't want to [x4]  
TAKE IT!

## Smoke Two Joints Lyrics

[Spoken:]

She was living in a single room w/ 3 other individuals, one of them was a male, and the other two, well hell the other two were females. God only knows what they were up to in there, and furthermore Susan I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to learn that all four of them habitually smoked marijuana cigarettes..... reefers

I smoke two joints in the morning  
I smoke two joint at night  
I smoke two joint in the afternoon  
It makes me feel all right

I smoke two joints in time of peace  
And two in time of war  
I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints,  
And then I smoke two more

Daddy he once told me,  
"Son, you be hard workin' man"  
And momma she once told me,  
"Son, you do the best you can"  
Then one day I meet a man,  
He came to me and said,  
"Hard work good and hard work fine,  
but first take care of head"

Whoa rock me to the night  
Ja say

## Greatest Hits Lyrics

Gwarn!  
Wake up in the in the mornin' and it's hard to live.  
Hard to live, yes it's hard to live  
And it will be a long time before that shit starts to give.

And every single day it's getting harder to live.  
But I would be up for being down with a ho.  
Lord knows that i got mic control, do you got mic control?  
Ya no dis this stylee when ours is original.

This man, makin' money how I know, won't be no man of me.  
In my bed I watch TV.  
I'm drunk by noon, but that's OK.  
I'll be President some day.  
Light my cigarette, and I think,  
Burt Suzanka made me drink.  
Load the box and I'll pump that shit.  
Got my (It's the Ziggens) greatest hits  
Got my (It's the Ziggens) greatest hits

Is this band making money? I don't know.  
It's the writing on the wall.  
All my friends drink alcohol.  
I'm too drunk to light the bong.  
I'm too stoned to write this song.  
Light my cigarette, and I think,  
Burt Suzanka made me drink.  
Load the box and I'll pump that shit.

## Saw Red Lyric (feat. Gwen Stefani)

[Gwen]

Every day I love him a little bit more,  
a little bit more, a little bit more.  
Every day I love him just a little bit more,  
and he loves me the same.

[Brad]

Every day I love her a little bit more,  
a little bit more, a little bit more,  
Every day I love her just a little bit more,  
and she loves me the same.

[both]

Baby if ya wanna get on, baby if ya wanna get off.  
It makes no sense at all, I saw red. I saw red. I saw red.  
One more secret lover that I shot dead.

[Brad]

Every day I wake up, just a little bit more,  
feelin' like a dog in the yard because it's just how we are.

[Gwen]

And every day I wonder if it's over,  
when I wake up I realize no it isn't, and break down the wall.

[Brad]

You say it's black but I just can't believe you.

[Gwen]

And if I say it's white say I'm just trying to deceive you.

[Brad]

And baby, I'm aware of the high and the low,  
and I'll be waiting for you in the middle, but I just lack control.

[both]

Baby if ya wanna get low, baby if ya wanna get high.

It makes no sense at all, I saw red. I saw red.

One more secret lover that I shot dead.

[Brad]

Girls don't go crazy, girls don't go crazy, oh girls don't crazy when the men use you.

[Gwen]

Women hold your men tight, if it makes you feel all right,

It's your own life.

## What I Got Lyrics

Early in the morning, risin' to the street  
Light me up that cigarette and I strap shoes on my feet  
Got to find a reason, a reason things went wrong  
Got to find a reason why my money's all gone  
I got a dalmation, and I can still get high  
I can play the guitar like a mother fucking riot

Well, life is (too short), so love the one you got  
'Cause you might get runover or you might get shot  
Never start no static I just get it off my chest  
Never had to battle with no bulletproof vest  
Take a small example, take a tip from me  
Take all of your money, give it all to charity  
Love is what I got  
It's within my reach  
And the Sublime style's still straight from Long Beach  
It all comes back to you, you'll finally get what you deserve  
Try and test that you're bound to get served  
Love's what I got  
Don't start a riot  
You'll feel it when the dance gets hot

Lovin', is what I got, I said remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I said remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I said remember that  
Lovin', is what I got

(That's) why I don't cry when my dog runs away  
I don't get angry at the bills I have to pay  
I don't get angry when my Mom smokes pot  
Hits the bottle and goes right to the rock  
Fuckin' and fightin', it's all the same  
Livin' with Louie dog's the only way to stay sane  
Let the lovin', let the lovin' come back to me

Lovin', is what I got, I said remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I said remember that

Lovin', is what I got, I said remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I got I got I got

## Santeria Lyrics

I don't practice Santeria  
I ain't got no crystal ball  
Well I had a million dollars but I, I'd spend it all  
If I could find that heina and that sancho that she'd found  
Well I'd pop a cap in sancho and I'd slap her down  
What I really wanna know (my baby)  
What I really wanna say, I can't define  
Well it's love that I neeeeeed  
My soul will have to wait till I get back  
Find a heina of my own  
Daddy's gonna love one and all  
I feel the break, feel the break, feel the break  
And I gotta live it out  
Oh yeah un-huh  
Well I swear that I, what I really wanna know (my baby)  
What I really wanna say, I can't define  
Got love! Make it go  
My soul will have to...  
What I really wanna say (my baby)  
What I really wanna say, is I've got mine  
And I'll make it  
Yes, I'm going up  
Tell sanchito that if he knows what is good for him  
He best go run and hide  
Daddy's got a new .45  
And I won't think twice  
To stick that barrel straight down sancho's throat  
Believe me when I say that I got something for his punk-ass  
What I really wanna know (my baby)  
What I really wanna say, is there's just one way back  
And I'll make it  
My soul will have to wait

## Wrong Way Lyrics

Annie's 12 years old, in two more she'll be a whore  
Nobody ever told her it's the wrong way  
Don't be afraid with the quickness you'll get laid  
For your family get paid

It's the wrong way  
I gave her all that I had to give  
I'm gonna make it hard to live  
(Big) salty tears running down to her chin  
And it ruins up her make-up  
I never wanted  
A cigarette pressed between her lips  
But I'm staring at her tits  
It's the wrong way  
Strong if I can, but I am only a man  
So I take her to the can  
It's the wrong way  
The only family that she's ever had  
Is her seven horny brothers and a drunk-ass dad  
He needed money so he put her on the street  
Everything was going fine until the day she met me  
Happy are you sad, wanna shoot your dad  
I'll do anything I can  
It's the wrong way  
We talk all night, try to make it right  
Believe me shit was tight  
It was the wrong way  
So run away if you wanna stay  
Cause I ain't here to make ya, oh no  
It's up to you what you really wanna do  
Spend some time in America  
Dub style!  
She'll give you all that she got to give  
But I'm gonna make it hard to live  
Big salty tears rollin' down to her chin  
And it smears up her make-up  
I never wanted  
So we ran away  
And I'm sorry when I say, that straight to this very day  
It was the wrong way  
She took a hike it don't matter if I like it or not  
Because she only wants the wrong way  
I gave her all that I had to give  
But she still wouldn't take it, oh no  
Her two brown eyes are leaking like a sieve  
But it still ruins her make-up  
I never wanted

April 29th, 1992 Lyrics

(I don't know if you can, but can you get an order for Ons, that's O-N-S, Junior Market, the address is 1934 East Anaheim, all the windows are busted out, and it's like a free-for-all in here and uh the owner should

at least come down here and see if he can secure his business, if he wants to...)

April 26th, 1992

There was a riot on the streets

Tell me where were you?

You were sittin' home watchin' your TV

While I was participating in some anarchy

First spot we hit it was the liquor store

I finally got all that alcohol I can't afford

With red lights flashin', time to retire

And then we turned that liquor store into a structure fire

Next stop we hit, it was the music shop,

It only took one brick to make the window drop

Finally we got our own P.A.

Where do you think I got this guitar that you're hearing today?

(Cuz' as long as I'm alive, I'ma live ill B)

When we returned to the pad to unload everything

It dawned on me that I need new home furnishings

So once again we filled the van until it was full

Since that day my livin' room's been much more comfortable

Cause everybody in the hood has had it up to here

It's getting harder, and harder, and harder each and every year

Some kids went in a store with their mother

I saw her when she came out she was gettin' some Pampers

They said it was for the black man

They said it was for the mexican

But not for the white man

But if you look at the streets, it wasn't about Rodney King

It's this fucked-up situation and these fucked-up police

It's about comin' up and stayin' on top

And became 187 on a mother fuckin' cop

It's ain't in the paper, it's on the wall

National guard

Smoke from all around

(Any unit, any unit...)

(Homicide, never doing no time)

Give me my share, my share.

Gimme my share, I want it.

Gimme my share, I need it now, I need it now.

My share.

A wicked one who doesn't wanna see me go.

Just gimme my share, I want it. Gimme my share.

But you don't want to give it to me,

you don't wanna see me go.

Gimme my share, I want it, Gimme my share.

But there is a wicked one.

(Units be advised of an attempt 211 to arrest now at 938 Temple, 9-3-8  
Temple, many subjects with bats trying to get inside the CB's  
house...they're trying to kill him)

Let it burn  
Wanna let it burn, wanna let it burn  
Wanna wanna let it burn  
(I feel insane)  
Riots on the streets if Miami  
Whoa, riots on the streets of Chicago  
On the streets of Long Beach  
In San Francisco  
Riots on the streets of Kansas City  
Tuskaloosa, Alabama  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Fountainberry, Paramount, Vista Buelle  
Eugene, Oregon  
Eureka, California  
Hesperia  
Santa Barbara  
mother fuckin' Nevada  
San Diego  
Lakewood, Florida  
fuckin' 29 Palms

(Need a unit to... structure fire and numerous subjects looting)  
(10-15 to get rid of this looter)