

Hive

311

C-C-C-C-C-Coming like a nightmare
Word like I'm gonna go for it
Fuckin' around, and what ya got to show for it?
Let it be known that I'm in the zone
And whatever I need I just pick up the phone
'Cuz I'm true with it
You're new with it
I just swing the thing and then I'm through with it
I don't need friends to act like foes
'Cuz I'm Nick Hexum, the one who knows about things
'Cuz it takes two and we swings better than you
Then it's time for the dub and we roll into the club
And you know just what I do, I'm hittin' in the freak mode
Puttin' on a load, sippin' on Guinny then lo and behold
Una vision girl from bottom to top and yet I just can't stop, uh
311 show them the air is rarefied
Don't give a damn 'cuz the groove is hellafied
Grew up punk, listenin' to funk
I'm a hyper type of fella that does not touch junk
You're the back of the pack and the bottom of the stack
That's what you get when you're steady talkin' shit
Not goin' for self, that shit is on the shelf
It's '95, we go for the hive Listen up to this, you're gonna bump to this
And if I'm feelin' mean I'm gonna clutch my fist
Now when I say mean, I mean I'm gonna rock it
You're gonna find out, kid, I'm 'bout to shock it
When I'm on I'm gone, I hear the beat that spawns
The way we freak it, and we kick up a storm
The day we turn to pop the show will stop, so
Feel the beat and get lost, now
Back to part two, the hard way we play
Sublime on time, to all the fans I'm SA
And if you don't know I say check the show
Do what you got to on the dance flo'
Some say the style is wack but I say fuck that
Get the hell back and watch us rock the set
We cast the mold, bust it cold explode
Mega-trendsetters known around the globe
Friends takin' you where you never been
We done what we wanted craftin' poems
You can rock, there is a glow around you
Lose control, holmes, just like we do

Hard to obtain, brotha, what's my name?
Mad to find unlike ya' mama and your masquerade
I drive a Mach-1, no dashboard Jesus
I hear voices say "that's Doug Martinez"
You're all up in my mix like fuckin' Betty Crocker
You think you're playing me, but actually you're a jocker
You bad mouth me bitch, man you givin' me juice
It ain't nothin' but a party, everybody get loose
Notice what I don't do when stress steps to me
Whatever your complaint, so sue me
I say fuck the naysayers and keep goin'
Gotta do what I gotta do to get the people glowin'
So let everybody gather, the more the better
I represent the traveler, him he's a shredder
At ease with yourself and don't try to please me
I'm just here today then quickly, I'm out
On the town one light I'm a glow worm
For several hours wiggle jiggle like I'm a huge sperm
Can't appreciate a brother's love of funky music
You think I'm a silly rabbit 'cuz my style has tricks
Of the way I feel now I just got to rock
The music be poppin' through me like electric shocks
I think and blink and I wink but that shit's not tiny
'Cuz in a blink of an eyelash you will not find me
You're the back of the pack and the bottom of
the stack
That's what you get when you're steady talkin' shit
Not goin' for self, that shit is on the shelf
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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