

What I Got

Sublime

Early in the morning, risin' to the street
Light me up that cigarette and I strap shoes on my feet
(deeriririri)
Got to find a reason, a reason things went wrong
Got to find a reason why my money's all gone
I got a dalmatian, and I can still get high
I can play the guitar like a motherfucking riot! Well, life is (too short), so love the one you got
'Cause you might get run over 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-tip-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're bound to get what you deserve
Try and test that you finally 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, and 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, and remember that
Lovin' is what I got, I said remember that
Lovin' is what I got, I got, I got, I got
We're not that far off.
So, that's... See, but...
We're done, man

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>