

I flip when I kick it trippin it  
So I can check shit not in a daily style  
But once in every while so I can  
File check file check the files of my brain  
Many of meaning manage to come from the insane  
And the butcher the baker the fabulous drama maker  
A cracker on a truck goin' breaker breaker  
Listen to everyone then disregard it  
The maningful shit comes back back to where it started  
In your cranium surrounded by pot like a geranuim  
A capital 2 burns in my mind give me some peace  
I looked at her I looked at him and neither one did know  
Where the wild thoughts grow check it out

I look to absolutes and there absolutely none  
The truth is what you shoot for not one  
Nothing brings it all together the journeys never done  
I'd sing you Stormy Weather but it's been sung so  
Let's have some fun  
Three Eleven hass grass roots  
Challenge comes and goes and there will be another  
I say bring it on  
The roots that grow underground are as big as the tree  
That you see if not it will fall down  
We waste so many moments standing on convention  
The only survey is when our heart pays no attention

Move with persistence cover much distance  
Knowing no perdition that's my game for instance  
Three Eleven true to no tradition  
And the Three Eleven crew not dow with convention  
But a hundred different people already told what we about  
So I make not attempt to try and suss the stupid out  
I'd turned into a roughneck that was not my intention  
It doesn't even really matter unless I fail to mention that  
Peace to all crews that want some peace  
First the Mid then the West then we slide through the East  
A piece to any crew that want a peice  
But peace to all crews that want peace  
Check it out