

# Saturday Night

Travis Barker

Every night is a Saturday night.  
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Saturday night for me.

Inner city boulevard, broken and neglected.  
When the sun sets, expect the unexpected.  
Listen to me closely, I'm a state shooter.  
Met a policeman, who calls himself a looter.

Met this girl named Shasiko, in the naked city.  
Days can go so very wrong, City of No Pity.  
Girl an evil split, it's a two way tour.  
Too late now, the devil's knockin' at my door.

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I see things a little different  
Through the blood in my eyes.  
And though you might have fooled them others  
I see through your disguise.

I rise, I'm getting by.  
No lies, I'm getting high.  
I ain't worried 'bout the next hit.  
You can bet I'm gettin' mine.  
With this Milli by the cord. OG by the zip.  
My old lady by my side, and my chrome on my hip.  
We hit the freeway, flyin', 21 in the front.  
Cheatin' death, but I know the Reaper's still on the hunt.  
So What?

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Always movin'. Town to town.  
Ain't ever gone' slow us down.  
Never let up up. Never subside.  
Sick of bull. Born to ride.

I got a monkey on my back.  
It's a constant reminder.  
Lets me know I need to let it go.  
There ain't no survivors.

Still I'm sayin', "Fuck it. Roll it. I'm gettin' high."  
Though, my lungs and my liver beggin' me to retire.

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