

Fire is my method for destruction  
leaving charred wreckage from my latest eruption  
unpredictable, my erratic demeanor  
bobbing and weaving as my mind gets leaner  
though i'm trippin' on legs that stumble but I don't fall down  
you know I'm singing out things you mumble from a lack of resound  
pissed off mist lifts to honesty  
now come down motherfucker with your philosophy

I'm at ease when I feel there's a breeze  
give me a little please  
Aristotle I'm not but think of Socrates  
so are you ready for your lesson blood?  
democratic non erratic Socratic method  
we'll take away the pain  
we'll pacify the bullshit up in your brain  
in times of change or the same old thangs  
as you maintain or rearrange

Can't nobody do it like 311  
fuckin' up competition cause there really is none  
steppin' on your game from the first floor up tore up  
electricity we store it up

Can't nobody do it like 311  
break it down, what it is, dedication  
sending out gratitude like we laid it out on Down  
throw down fuck the bullshit we're still the sound

Wild and lost speed mad  
a long way from sad  
lookin' good like you should you're bad  
an itinerant dimension mystic is your spirit see  
like color absolute bodiless indeed  
casual kindred spirit past  
all the obstacles you're dealin' with at last  
the nasdaq, two puppies, baby needs new shoes  
car alarms, your rent, wedding bells, the blues

The tragic fucking comedy that was last night  
unfolds to my inner devils sheer delight  
a pointless fucking banter in an endless bout  
with whiskey soaked frolic room tobacco mouth  
then a sickening trip to what I call the elitist cesspool  
beckoning all the sycophants and defeated yes-fools  
hung over, broke, and a round of apologies  
now come down Martinez with the modern mythology

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