

Miami

Sublime

One two three four!
Pull up here honey, if ya got a p*ssy
Shake your ass like your ready to sing
Something muy high
Something muy low
When me ready limo then they follow me home like a
Roots of creation
I am living in a boring nation
I pull up may hands and I look at my feet
The reggae music make me sound so sweet
Cause we play it morning evening and all of the day
It's the sweet kinda music makes me feel O.K
The roots of creation
I am living in a plastic nation
I throw up my hands
My hope is so wide
Sometimes, sometimes I feel so high
But all the time I feel irie
I feel irie when I'm down with the scene
Called roots of creation
I am living in a plastic nation
One more time!
Well pull up here honey like you got limbo
Well pull up your fingers like you're ready to go
Give somthing high
Give me something slow
Give me something I can use
Give me something I can know
Your the body and the mind one
Part of soul or two
I feel a different person to be a different place
I'm living in a different place
Sometime I feel although its fin
Pull up your style make it sound so fine
With ah
Pull up hands with me
Roots of creation
I am living in a boring nation
A pull up sound with Mike Happoldt at my left
I got Eric at my right
We rock the reggae music every day and night
We rock the reggae music say it's right on time
When you're down with the music that they call Sublime
I'm living in a different nation
Reggae style again!
Gonna win me back gonna feel so fine
Bring me down to the place so right

We rock the music so late at night
With a guitar pick in my hand
What amounts to make me a man
Me help a little girl like this
Called roots of creation
I am living in a plastic nation
I pull up my hand, left pocket
Do the music, make me say me feel it
Eric on my right, yes he knows I ain't wrong

Read me on rights and me know me are wrong
Me am a white boy but I sing a reggae song
Called roots of creation
I am living in a plastic nation
My hands are high
My ink is dry
My love for you, it will never die
Say me love you till me will testify
Me love the music make me feel so high
Song called roots of creation
I am living in a plastic nation
Oh in a plastic nation
Such a boring station... a boring
One more time!
Pull up here honey if you got limbo
Pull it up make it up bounce I don't want it to be slow
I want to make it sound right
I want to make it sound strong
Give me kind of music make you rock all night
Like a roots of creation
I am living in a boring nation
So cheer up my life
Cheer up my life
Take out the trouble
Take out take out the strife
Give me some music make it sound so nice
Give me kinda music make we want to sing a song twice
Like roots of creation
I am living in a plastic nation
I pull up my hand
My seat is wobbly
Pull up your hands and it sounds like this
Cause I like my beer dry
Drink the gin and the gin
Love the kinda drink ya know make me sick
Me don't feel no nice but likewise
Make me drink gin like wine twice
I only make me feel so sadder, aya