

Suburban Life

Kottonmouth Kings

Suburban Life aint what it seems
Suburban life the American dream
Suburban life so pretty and clean
Suburban life aint what it seems The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me
The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me Now my pops bought the system, American dreamer
Bought a new home and a brand new Beamer
But it didn't long for things things to fall apart
Because the system that he bought aint got no heart
From the bills for days he got blood shot eyes
The American dream was a pack of lies
6 months later Municipal court
Divorce time baby, child support
I went from home cooked meals to TV dinners
No more little Steven, now it's Saint Dogg the sinner
There's no cash back cause there was no receipt
Man suburban life aint done a dime for me
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Suburban life the American dream
Suburban life so pretty and clean
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The Big A, little A and a bouncin' B
The system got you but it won't get me
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The system got you but it won't get me Gave in a little deeper to the third degree
More drugs, white thugs, and wannabe's
Soldiers of the burbs all feel deceived
America! What? Land of the green
Now you got problems I got mine too
There's not enough bud for the Kottonmouth Krew
Cause when we smoke we smoke to get away
To elevate from this world of hate, never perpetrate
I don't want no degree selling herbs on the burbs,
On every street
No real jobs for the PTB, So what's it gonna be?
White minority!
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The system got you but it won't get me
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The system got you but it won't get me Now broken homes inside every house
Neighbors yellin', can't work it out
I said beaten wives, tweaked out nights
ooh what a feeling ooh what a life
Now you cant turn back the hands of time
So let me tell you about da flyest friend of mine
He's Bobby B, king of the crops
Deep dark purse, phat drop tops
Philly blunt placed behind his ear,
Two turn tables and a Heineken beer
And this is just and everyday thing
Kottonmouth Kings telephone rings
Its X and you know he's rollin' with Saint Dog
Leapin' like some frogs trunk full of hogs
Trunk full of stakes, dirt bikes and rakes
What ever we could get we was gonna take
Just like the pirates of the Caribbean
Neighborhood watch don't like what they're seein'
Ha ha ha we got it like that
Kottonmouth rollin' deep, snatching surfboard racks Suburban Life aint what it seems
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Fuck the system

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