

# Don't Push

## Sublime

Stolen from an African land  
Chased out with a knife  
With a face like Bob Marley and a mouth like a motor bike  
Oh well the bars are always open, and the time is always right  
And if God's good word goes unspoken, the music goes all night And it goes...  
If I was Bob Marley, I said could you be loved  
And if I was half pint, I'd ball the lord up above  
If I was Mike Tyson, I would look for a fight  
And if I was a Boomtown Rat, I would be stayin up all night  
If I was the king I'd Rock, I would get stupid dumb  
And if rhymes were Valiums, I'd be comfortably numb  
If I had a shotgun, you know what I'd do?  
I'd point that shit straight at the sky  
And shoot heaven on down for you  
Because the bars are always open, and the time is always right  
And if God's good word goes unspoken; the music goes all night  
And it goes...I want a lover, but I can't find the time  
I want a reason, but I can't find the rhyme  
And I want to start some static, but I can't afford,  
To just lay on the ground like I fell off my skateboard  
And nowadays, it's clear as you please,  
Strap with protection or strap with disease.  
Laughter, it's free, any time just call me  
439-0116, when your down with Sublime you get  
Funky-fresh lyrics, you get nothin'Stolen from an Africa land  
I was chased out of the bar  
I saw my best friend tonight, so don't push me too far  
I'm gonna run come down with the new lyrics,  
Get hit, get hip, don't slip you knuckle heads  
Racism is schism on a serious tip  
You don't believe me than I'll come bust your lip.  
I hear the mountain, it hard to climb  
Rougher the rhythm and it must be sublime  
Listen yellow lover yeah it right on time  
We got cricket with the quickness and the bass lineGo and raid the sound and tell the people the  
news, oh, hey  
Tell them reggae music is on the loose  
Here I am from the place where the sun keeps shinin'  
New style and a unique fashion  
And good, good vibes that keep on playin, playinPeople wanna come up and they wan tell me  
Smokin' crack cocaine better than sensi  
You're pumpin' that shit, yo we're sick of it

Tweakin' every weekend and we just can't take it  
Whoa, we don't want plastic

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>