

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

18/06/2026

Tribute

Par 311

Album : 3.11.00

This one is dedicated to the excitable ones

Not the possums playing dead messing with my head

"X" amount of action, "X" amount of games

For years again I tell you the same, ooh, ooh ooo

Gone already to the bored of it all type, lingo

That I'm seein every single night I'm out

Bustin' head for it but yours gets busted right back

Lip split and, I messed up but I got back tryin'

Don't bother lying 'bout constant disappointment

But the fun is in the hunt so quit actin' on a front

You're unmotivated, You're sort of faded

But the remedy is not so get on with what you got

Remember "Lady of Guadalupe" The times my mother made mole

After mass we would get home, The girls running to the phone

And I'm in my bedroom the 45 on my record player

Was "We're In This Love Together"

At the time I never realized how songs haunted

The ones that I heard I played because I wanted

Drawing on my wall from time to time coolin'

Making creatures come alive with no schoolin'

When I'm on the microphone

The method that I make is much patience

The method that I make is much patience

I wait for the beat and then I make sense

I'm comin' in hot forgot, you definitely got no clue

I'm comin' in hot you got, you definitely got so rude

Boy actin' coy but you got nuts like Almond Joy

I tell ya this is a tribute

No one looks as foolish as the excitable ones

But then again there's no one has as much fun

"X" amount of action, "X" amount of games

For years again I tell you the same, ooh, ooh ooo

Once I met a man who made nearly no mistakes

He would never bet on a longshot and he'd never bet on a break and

He's condescending and talks gossip galore

But the dude was definitely such a bore

Hear me now I messed up but I got back trying

Don't bother lying 'bout constant disappointment

But the fun is in the hunt so quit actin' on a front

Yeah, unmotivated you're sort faded

But the real man is not the one hiding behind the gunshot, boom!

Time travelin' through my memory

There's a younger Doug gazin' at the galaxy

Space trippin' vato of the stars

Searchin' for UFO's from Neptune and Mars

Ode to an alien I know you're out there

Cosmic lonely heart tell me if you care

I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground

I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground

When I'm on the microphone

The method that I make is much patience

The method that I make is much patience

I wait for the beat and then I make sense

I'm comin' in hot forgot you definitely got no clue

I'm comin' in hot you got you definitely got so rude

Boy actin' coy you got nuts like Almond Joy

I tell ya this is a tribute

I'm vexing many mofos but I'm wishing you the best

I keep 'bout half my lyrics and I throw out the rest

Cause fly on by, you can if you want to

The method that makes sense is patience

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