

We Don't Wanna Go

Slightly Stoopid

When I reach inside my pockets
All my money's been spent
Sometimes I think about the days back when
It's hard to get away
From things you knew growing up
Like rolling through the parties, see cops
Say Mr. Officer
You better get up in line
We only want the finest herbs from the vine
Say Mr. Officer
You better get up in line
We only wanna play the music right
We singin

We don't wanna go

Don't let it pass you by
Even though these flashing lights
They seem to shine your eyes so bright
While the man come a reading you your rights
Without warning
Bless for the sounds that you hear
Bless the badge and the gun for your fears
All the ones that you've lost through them years
Doing time when your time should be cleared
We singing

We don't wanna go