Pants On Fire

Buck 65

Sky diver, your pants are on fire and the rest of your clothes
is blowing
And for some strange reason, your nose is growing
My skin is crawling, everybody's chin is falling,
jaws are dropping left and right
Lost cause you came like a thief in the night
With nice white teeth and a tight ass and long conversation
Fascinating feeling to spend months in your company
I never felt uncomfortable, even with my clothes off
Chillin so hard, my ass almost froze off
Everybody shows off and wants to look presentable
But the fact of the matter is that accidents are preventable
From the sound of the candy wrappers
Down to the handicappers
Everybody's got to exercise a little caution
But every so often expect things to get hectic or
Technically difficult and I begin to get skeptical
Especially when the canadian bacon gets sizzlin
Isn't it a sin when the ceiling is invisible
We need new inventions that reveal peoples true intentions
A portable pride protector, affordable lie detector
The wild lifestyle has the tendency to intimidate
But it isn't your invitation to imitate
In front of my face, you spoke my gospel like an apostle
But on the other side of town, you got coke in your nostril
Just for example, we all want to live a bit
Whatever, it's your body of water, why should I give a shit
Who are you anyway, and where did you come from
Dumdum, just when I thought I could trust someone
The mask comes off, and your face fades away
You radiate eighty-eight full shades of grayBlack and white rainbow, you know you ain't acting right
Game show hostess, stabbing every back in sight
The time has come thicker than blood
And make no mistake, I'm a stick in the mud
I'm a kick in your pants and I'm a lump in your throat
And I'm the hassle in your castle, I'm going to jump in your
moat
Splash, hypocritical condition the hospital
Makes this mission impossible

Pretty much, I've got no patients left and as a physician or
doctor
It puts me in an awkward position
No magician can trick me, or lick me with a cattle whip
So what makes you think you can sink my battleship
We ain't family, drama queen, the camera's rolling
Show me your swollen memories before the moment's stolen
Slow-motion Picasso, wearing the wool socks
And coming with the full clip, I'm sick of this bullshitWho are you anyway, and where did you come from
Dumdum, just when I thought I could trust someone
The mask comes off, and your face fades away
You radiate eighty-eight full shades of gray

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