Shutter Buggin'

Buck 65

Dog eats dog. Give and take - take and giving.
Hands that feed. A man's gotta make a living.
Charcoal barbeque. Station wagon. Nice dream.
Selling cigarettes and men's magazines and ice cream.
There's all kinds of hunger pains, enzymes and hormones,
500 flavors, hard drugs and pornos.
You want it, I got it. Low-life, high-strung.
I just wanna watch the game, get fat and die young.
I go to church, pay my taxes, smile nice, won't swear
I don't understand your needs and frankly I don't care.
He wants to be a cowboy and she wants to be an actress.
I just want to stash some money under my mattress.
Wine and candy, fine and dandy. Old and proper unity.
Community be damned, I see a golden opportunity:
Women with hips and brains instead of scrounging for tips and change.
Ships and planes. High heel shoes and whips and chains...(2x)
Flashy-flash! Watch the birdy!
Trashy-trash! Wash the dirtyMail order fantasies. Glamour for shipment.
I got a good eye for beauty and some camera equipment.
My sister's friends call me Mr. Lens. I'm focused.
The girl next door becomes a goddess like hocus-pocus.
Studio lights and bondage gear hangs on coat hooks.
Descriptions of fetishes written down in some notebooks.
The customer's always right even if you say it's wrong.
I don't always ask questions and the girls just play along.
Venus in furs, black nylon, go-go boots.
There's always an exuberant mood at the photo shoots.
Handcuffs and harnesses. Whatever else if it pleases.
Plus, some 8mm films of some strip teases.
Two pretty girls in broad daylight, they might
Play fight and tie each other up if the pay's right.
Senators and next door neighbours, it's a funny biz.
Not saying that I like it, it's just where the money is...(2x)Flashy-flash! Watch the birdy!
Trashy-trash! Wash the dirtyTore up the rule book. Flaunted convention.
Undaunted, drew some unwanted attention.
Weirdos and do-gooders, big shots and minimals.
Women with serious problems and criminals.
Fifty thousand names on the mailing list estimated.
Under attack, being tested and investigated.

Juvenile delinquency my ass! What is this shit?!
Fought by some of the same men that I do business with.
They focus on the negatives, treating us like common crooks.
I'm an artist goddammit! They said the same thing about comic books.
Who could have guessed it? Created a mob scene.
The demand is undeniable, but they say its obscene.
Spread eagle, American beauty: Stranger and splendid.
Major offended. Naked as nature intended.
Leaves a bad taste in some peoples mouths, maybe bitter.
Don't want your manure, I'm an entrepreneur not a babysitter...Wash the birdy, Wash, Wash, Wash, Wash the birdyFlashy-flash!
Trashy-trash!(wash wash)
....
....
....
Wash the dirty

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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