Sunday Driver

Buck 65

I walk the earth quietly,
by day carry a net.
With no strings attached,
to a magic marionette.See there's so little time left
and yet there's so much space.
Thinking why don't you give me a call later on
so we can touch base.I swim across the seven seas,
and follow the sounds of handclaps.
And just try to keep my balls
out of the sand traps, heh.'Cause before I go on live,
all my enemies try to contrive
plots to make my whole entire
routine take a swan dive.But this ain't commercialized
hip hop or indie pop.
Nah, this ain't the mashed potato.
Uh-Uh,this ain't the windy hop.The dance that goes with this
is called the keep perfectly still.
Before your brain becomes burnt out,
like cheap circuitry will.Lately I've been spending almost
all my nights with my hands full.
Between writing my rhymes
and my fights with the Man-Wolf.I'm building a better mousetrap
and plus a wider fence.
'Cause I trust my instincts
and I follow my spider-sense.

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

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