Surrender To Strangeness

Buck 65

Fightin' with the neighbours and screwin' the wife
Hip hop music ruined my life
I bitch and I moan, I lie and I cheat
Waiting for the night when I die in my sleep
I listen to the jukebox and sit by the bar
Taking care of a dog that got hit by a car
Praying for salvation, needing a miracle
Drowning in new music and reading material
Shoe laces untied, telling people I'm rich
Who can't tell the difference between real art and high kitch
Mouth like a broken bottle, crooked and bottomless
Half wolf, half crow, half hippopotamus
Sturdy as a paper bag, as well, my face is flawed
But keeping the fire going by the grace of God
And I'm loathe to think that we missed our chance
To find a way out of this downward dance
We got it all wrongSinging a song with a rock in my mouth
Nobody knows what I'm talking about
Lost without a marketing plan and a stylist
Here comes the vilest nihilist finalist
Once and for all, barbed wire and rope
The most beautiful woman is strung out on dope
Slowly the music, died, died, died
Three white horses side by side
Last change to change, you better hurry, quick
Laying in a bed, wide awake and I'm worried sick
Completely out-foxed, I hide from the phone
And I swear this pen has a mind of its own
Jaws that go through solid steel, a clenched fist
A breath of fresh air for once and a French kiss
The weight of the world and collapsable me
I'm talking about trouble with a capital T
We got it all wrong

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