The Beatific

Buck 65

Know-nothing bohemians, arcane and lenient.
Disobedient hicks addicted to the main ingredient.
There's more of us. It's safe to assume there's a movement.
Drown in doubt. Down and out. There's room for improvement.
Casualties, gradually wreaking havoc, wreckin' spots.
Connect the dots. No such thing as second thoughts.
Representatives of new truth and evidence. Hardly darker.
Cycles and currents. Disciples of Charlie Parker.Che Guevera, rock star. Fuck off.
The plot thickens! The clock's tickin'. Time's already brief.
On the road and underground. The steady grief of the petty thief.
The hustler. Muscular body, lazy brain.
Riding the crazy train. Link in the daisy chain.
jizz and Benzedrine. Booze and shock therapy.
Heresy. We look dangerous and talk terribly.
A nation of millions. Exclusive. Only the lonely.
I know for a fact that your heroes are phony baloney.
Maybe it shows. Known for the brainiest flows.
Poems for no one spontaneous prose.
It's important. Vital. Complex text distorted.
The coming of war and the next recording of Dexter Gordon.
Vs. everything! The lowest life. Dizzy heights.
shitty sights. Shots in the dark and city lights.
Laws of the lords. Applause and awards.
Everything belongs to me because I am poor...Che Guevera, rock star. Fuck off.
Abstract expression. No control. Hood jacket.
Work boots. Swollen pockets. Stolen goods racket.
Neutral. Camouflage. Better to show no style.
Stay normal. Amoral. Keep a low profile.
Smuggler. Fighter. Struggling writer. Pervert.
Competitive fetishist. Bad seed, preferred dirt.
Words hurt. Above and beyond extreme legality and censorship.
Enter the new supreme reality.Che Guevera, rock star. Fuck off.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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