

Stinkin Rich And Buck65

"Wild life pt1 tour de trance"

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Everywhere all around me people they be just

Be talking all about the camp as if their bike is gonna
rust

If they don't begin to pedal 'cause if the rain hits the
metal

The parts that are wet'll corrode if the drops settle

But there's no rain falling from the pink and orange sky

Turning blue twilight but panic is the highlight

On the six o'clock broadcast an everyday nailfile

Picks the lock and now the big chains get sawed past!

And I'm a no-helmet-wearing member of the Tour De
France

Bike race .. and the cop at the border wants

To see my passport photo .. to make a copy

For me to autograph, and my bike is a jalopy

So I can't see myself winning, and I decide to

Pace myself from the begining; I'm not rushin'(Russian)

I'm not a German Nazi, I look to the sky and see stars

Like the paparazzi... I concentrate on the

Campground; I can't see the big and yellow dashes

In the middle of the road because it's covered in ashes

Two inches deep, making for treacherous conditions

Poor visibility and rising suspicions

I know I'm not in hell, I don't hear the sounds of G-funk

But I'm trying to get my bicycle past a fallen tree trunk

That's blocking the road off, barricade fashion

My legs are getting tired and some other guys are
crashing

Because of the ashes and there's a long way to go,
still...

I can't believe how dark it is...

There's a whole lot of hills and sharp corners to
navigate, and

Vampires, in the distance I can see the campfires

There's probably only two miles left to reach the
destination

According to my estimation

I can't be getting lazy, organizers may be spying

As I get a little closer, I can hear the babies crying

I've got loose teeth and skid marks but

Those thoughts diminish as I cross the finish

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