

Buck 65

"15 Minutes to Live"

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without making a sound at one hundred miles per hour,
except for maybe a hiss but that's it,
the buck 65 covers more ground than forests,
the only man known to turn home boys to tourists.

I love the JVC Force and MC Shan,
but draw upon dreams and fractured memories.
I've factored remedies and syrums into this equation.
I hold up one mirror to another and ask 'is nothing
sacred?'

I've seen the movie naked and read Alice in
wonderland.

don't make the mistake of pitching to me underhand.
today I enter my late twenties officially,
or react with water initially.

I'm dead to the world right now despite my promises,
but at least I'm honest about it.

I've got diamonds in my eyes but I'm looking for a
harder crystal,

I'm feeling for something smoother

I'm listening for a starter pistol.

three sheets to the wind and I'm using clouds for
pillows.

I wanna drill holes in the sky.

I'm in love with the nomad and I miss my mother badly,
I was a sideways baby, always will be.

to start the party right you're probably gonna have to
kill me.

I can't be held accountable, so instead I pass the
blame,

besides I wanna live forever like the cast of fame.
serious trouble will pass me by and my life will be
happy and peaceful.

protecting the veterans while scorching rookies
and trusting my faith into fortune cookies.

red right, white left

slogans to the door mats.

I'm looking good right now,

I gotta wear more hats.

new is my beginning and used is my life,
few are my winnings, abused is my wife.

I chained chances together while hippies
do acid rain dances right in front of me.
I want my hair cut, I want my pants back,
I want a moustache damn it.
I stand with my feet shoulder width apart,
with the horizon at waist level,
looking and laughing at a red faced devil.
some times I'm Kurt Rambis, sometimes I'm Vincent
Gallo.

I might as well play in the water since it's shallow.
keep my real name out of your mouth unless I'm
present,
life can get very unpleasant for the saboteur.
uh oh, I'm dancin with myself again.
it's fun with the right music.
you like to be me when other people are looking.
red right, white left,

samurai surprise,
silence equals death,
science versus life,
until there's only giant people left.
this is for the losers, this is for canadians,
this is for my sister, this is for paladians.
some people say that just because he was
born in '72 and likes to listen to ozzy osbourne
that he doesn't belong to the circling standard,
that he's too self indulgent, that's why people
abandoned him.
sometimes I feel like all I've got is my stuff,
but I'm not a pack rat, I'm an archivist.
the blind librarian, anticon ?co pro twelve hundred
hobo,
advanced placement student,
fire truck, race car, submarine, snowmobile,
aero plane, steam roller, speedboat, you know the
deal,
I walk the streets with a customized wheel barrow.
sometimes the only way out is real narrow,
and so I've seen DJs get ahead by going behind their
own backs,
made ya look!
what do you do is the lone pariah in a world of
pirhanas.
if you can't beat 'em, cheat 'em.
guess what end of the stick I'm on.
ask yourself, when will he be seen on each and every
TV screen?

four legs good, two legs bad,
four legs good, two legs bad.

who needs experience when you have potential.
but still I would like to see the judge's credentials.
you're only as good as you look, I'm always told.
red right, white left,

famous or nameless, what'll it be?
cover your mouth when you cough, who farted?
all this fashion is making me sick,
my son is a star, my daughters a model,
drinking expensive bottles of water.
incest may make your grandchild a princess,
sometimes I feel like my life has gone to hell
and all I got is this lousy t-shirt.
I preach to the converted and flip burgers for a living.
kill kill kill,
no more battling for me, I'll let it slide,
the same way I slide across the surface,
I'd go and join the circus sideshow
if I weren't pleased and wanted to be teased and
taunted.
it's all confetti and rice particles,
trophies and vice articles,
at the end of my grey haired and calloused conquest,
I'm not gonna give a shit about the palace contest,
there's too many trees to climb, too many bees to find,
too many places to be, too many faces to see,
I flip all switches, and rip all stitches,
I hate always having to wait.
making whose sorry into a, late breaking news story
every day, my music for the right words,
red right, white left,

my growing needs coincide with sewing seeds.
I think ahead to the future, and invest my best wishes,

half the time I do what I do for the sake of symmetry,

I'd rather conjure spirits than imagery,
I'm a fruitcake to the done mc,
I'm the I'd rather have fun mc,
instead of the carrying a gun mc,
all I am is just one mc,
I love hip hop like most people love god,
you can question my perspective,
but don't question my motive,
rap's a load of crap right now,
Mr. Dibs will save the day
I'll make your day out of play doh,
wait, give me a beat from eight-oh
wait happened to your lips,

you can't prove your telling the truth,
you can't hurry beauty like you can't escape jury duty,
four seven five one six,

I've done tricks that nobody noticed,
no one knew it was me doing it,
and since no one noticed the mission decay,
I'll sit here in the lotus position and pray,
I pray to goodness,
I draw strength from an unfinished scribble,
I cast thrown away wishes to an interesting pattern of
shadows.

to a kitten or through a smoke ring.
lament the bird with the broke wing,
the bike with the flat tire
as I wait for my soul to catch fire.
I swung at bad pitches and robbed men of extra bases.
I am the result of supernatural selection.
if you like what's in my bag check my actual collection,
I've got records that were never meant to be,
records lent to me by men from other dimensions,
records with breaks so funky you'd shed your skin,
breaks that would cause your head to spin.
matching jackets for the siamese twins,
brand new shoes I cruise around the writer's block
and find the poet's tree,
johnny rockwell you know it's me,
my past is a matter of when and if, not a matter of fact,
pressure and precious,
the difference is what you can hold on to
versus what holds on to you,
red right, white left,

this here is a snake skin song
that represents a symbol of my individuality
and my belief in personal freedom,
i have a special box for everything,
at night you can see my halo for a mile,
after this i think i'm gonna lay low for a while,
with increasing frequency i'm seeing ghosts
on the weekends especially,
these useless crews with their freshly squeezed juices,
see how quickly things go from haunted to unwanted,
you ask
why all the histeria about reading certain criteria
it's simple really.
it pretty much boils down to
there being no excuse for laziness.
there's no use for craziness.
you should be practicin right now.
it's strange how one kid will grow up to harvest corn

cobs
while another will choose to perform odd porn jobs.
alienation under one roof,
where do you draw the line when you don't even have a
pen.
what happens when you have an answer for everything,
how many fingers, heads or tales.
try smiling when you rhyme, you'll like it,
take a break.
going fast proves nothing.
i wish i had some kind of magic key ring finder.
i've got a standard SDA and a three ring binder.
zero in on this,
i'll put twenty bucks on the wizard
unless you see him first,
in which case i expect to be reimbursed.
i'll ask your daughter to dance before i water the
plants.
red right, white left.

hip hop lies in the fetal position
in the corner of a room with no windows,
but that's not why i'm doing this.
until just a few years ago i thought i invented hip hop,
imagine my surprize.
now i'm teaching my girl the art of juggling the beats
and tonight before bed when we snuggle in the sheets.
there's a struggle in the streets and i couldn't care
less.
if you said i was sheltered that would be a fair guess
i work with words for a living, they don't pay very well,
but i can wear what i want and listen to music.
the world is topsy turvy.
god hates red meat, god hates weird people,
i prefer things to be one on one solely,
even if it's unhealthy, even if it's unholy.
i see eyes being cut, and listen to tongues wag,
i carry my records to the contest in a scum bag.
blind my eye, crippled my ass,
haven't you ever heard of triple bypass.
it's what you call a website.
i've been driving around with a burnt out headlight,
you'll have to excuse me.
when i crack wise just laugh to amuse me.
who me, a raver? do me a favor,
make like a blackhead and get out of my face crack
head.
each and every nominee gets a year's supply of
hominegrits
red right white left.

saving loot for a bathing suit
how to stop this fancy topless dancing
what is it with this FBI conspiracy stuff
female body images turning women into space
creatures
augmenting face features, newly done breasts
to impress other women when they get undressed
every guy i know would take Betty Page over Kate Moss
any day
so there's really no need for the weight loss any way
just as long as you're healthy and wise
better skinny in the pockets and wealthy inside i always
say
girls will be boys, boys will be girls
until all this confusion destroys the whole world
don't hate me because i'm beautiful
hate me because i'm good at everything
i'm wooden
maybe i shouldn't be showing my hand
but so far everything's going as planned
red right white left

the second coming of christ will be downloaded
just an after dinner thought
who can afford these mid life crises
heavy snow, retarded traffic, grid lock, panic attacks
the classic omen for the roman catholic
and as the masses tip their hats to hockey legend Tim
Horton
i focus my lenses on something more important
i'm talkin Turk Wendell
who here flys the invisible plane
ohh my miserable brain
i hate walking away from an event having learned
nothing
did i give the people what they want?
not if TV ratings are any indication
should i cater to those who know and go broke
should i keep my thoughts to myself or
should i call them as i see them
a man without politics
every day is halloween
science is the messiah
what are you afraid of
the world belongs to gabulon
not the auto-sodomites

uncle climax, my first words were curse words
red right, white left

johnny rockwell, full scale male model

red right, white left

stinkin rich, everything including the kitchen sink
red right, white left

achilles, king of the old time hillbillies
red right, white left

jesus murphy, why you lookin at me funny
red right, white left

dj critical, pioneer of the final frontier
red right, white left

the sebutones, the minds behind the full lines of exotic
robots
red right, white left

buck 65, anguished language artist
red right, white left

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