

Buck 65

"Sick Stew"

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with the force of a collision and the flames of a bonfire
rages the yin and yang, my right hand von squire.
snake brother, consimate professional take cover,
confessional, the seeker, four elements, the make-
lover.
rhythm method, shuns irrelevance with the quickness
and discipline,
strive through the sickness and health.
you see what happens when a wandering soul gets
stuck and freezes,
the mind diseases and is left to consider fuckin' jesus,
but as long as we have daylight to guide us and juices
to drink
for the body and the brain has excuses to think,
until the glass shatters while the scents of windex
linger
dissin' punks for the record with a mangled index
finger.
packin' fans up in the spot with hoes and clappin'
hands
or else he's at the hardware store and probably rackin'
cans
and while sixtoo be out bombin' on the lines of
locomotion,
i try to teach him what i know about the kinds of show
promotion.
the return of the listener teaches on the topic of female
sex
instead of dissin' at peaches, pay attention to details
next.
having no equipment is a hassle
but he can pull a couple thousand dollars out his
asshole.
drinking shitty liquor, talkin' like a city slicker,
just a day in the life of the big titty gripper.
you're gettin' clobbered by robert, the diligent never
swingin' with chicks who
only want a quick screw and nothin' else, it's sixtoo.

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