

Buck 65

"Square Three"

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Buck 65-Square 3

[intro]

music to be murdered by
it is mood music in a jugular vein and i hope you like it
our record requires only the simplist of equipment
an ordinary phonograph needle
a 4 inch speaker
and a 38 calibur revolver
naturally the record is long played
even though you may not be
so why dont you relax?
lean back and enjoy urself
until the coroner comes...

oop my penis is comin out
there must be trouble in the monkeyhouse
fever runnin cage to cage
either one in change for change
both of us with glass between us
bittering and banging,
singing in sanging
spinnin and hangin out
yingin and yangin
whats the big idea?
comin with the sideshow mountain act
u could always drop my class
if you find it too challenging that way
nobody knows a face
we just take it to a higher gear
but oh thats why ur weird now
you got a barbed wired beard
i see you better watch your face protecting your
material
you knwo who youre dealin with here im flakier than
breakfast cereal
i changed all levels and i replaced all players but im
tired in runnign around liek baseball players always got
trouble on the mind developed the feed of prophets
tell the deceased about it, go yell at a priest and shout
it out
loud is here new laws, in stoen, windblown
you saw the infection with bad knees and an ingrown

duel claw
bitch, you got lucky with the phone calls and the spread
sheets
so, cut the crap out along with the cigarettes and the
red meats
this fate can see in your eyes trying to match manuevers
with your mouth open
looks liek youre diamonds scratched and hearts
champed
play along, safe inside me it doesnt matter what you
think
you no-floats, and row boats when u hit below dont say
doh,.meew!meew! got to get out of here!
slur my esses, then you blur my message

i got a long list of reasons, and an even longer rope to
tie
demons aint supposed to cry
tears enough to soak the sky
pourin out of both your eyes
cross your legs and hope to die

sketch artist.....
.....what??.....
.....noo?
nowww ii feel like goin out ive got enough love to fill the
place
ill come to ur house and ovulate on ur pillow case
i knwo where im goin so i dotn even need to look
i shoudl probably do a show you know
but id really rather read a book
so, pay me lots of money now
im done payin dues
and im not puttin the pressure on
and im not sayin jews
but ive accepted challenges
and ive taken many dares
and its hard to make it all coem back when u havent
been anywhere
so, we can have a sleepover
ill lay a towel down
you can do the rest, and then well both make a vowel
sound
single white female, we can play connect the dots
but gimme a second to myself to just collect my
thoughts
uhh....
now meet me at the great taste
show me your soul, and ill try to keep a straight face
i know you are pissed in the past and you were put off
why dotn you take it out on me

and shoot the last of ur foot off?
Switzerland, what about girls?and what about jobs?
and what about all the tiem that was spent int he what
about fogs
i should pull your pants down
for no reason and spank you
but i wont, if u be a good boy- please and thank you
now i.
say jump.
you say.
how high?
its the grim reaper vs the gym teacher
and it goes liek..
"u talking to me?"
"im the only one standing here"
"you make the move"
"...mmokay"
uhyah i got a

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sketch artist.....
.....what??.....
.....noo?

[scratch]
you dont know me...
[bill cosby]
and the coolest, coolest thing about buck was that he
was one of us, didnt smoke didnt drink, didnt kiss no
women...
it was great cause you could really talk to buck and he
would hear ya
oh one time they threw buck out the 3rd story window
he landed on the ground *thud* that cat was stiiiill goin
jack! haha We were all goin "GOO AHEEAD BUCK! that
was really coool man!"

[intro]
you try so hard, you jump so high, then you run so fast
and you dont know why...you gotta try so hard, jump so
high, and you run so fast and dont knwo why...you
gotta try again, try try again
the try hards drive cars that need new parts
they got vampire fangs and see thru hearts
but they wouldnt be caught dead without the right
clothes on

the harder they try, the more everything goes wrong
the tryhards talk until the back of my neck hurts
no matter what, the topic is "the experts"
the tryhards cant dance, but do dance anyways
then they say tryhards, are kinda retarded
but i wouldnt go that far, i should mention for starters
theyre modern day maureders just dyin for attention
yeah, tryhards, candy-coated comedians
live thru medium-sized imaginations
lies and exagerrations, all on an average weekday
they have a unique way, of making you want to vomit
drama slash nonsense akways part of the content
opinions and comments, from cowboys and indians
climbin a steep hill, just for a cheap thrill
dancin queens, cant seem to keep still
the tryhards dotn sleep well, they just toss and turn
and im not concerned about it, to tell you the truth
they get on my nerves, i refer to them as perverted
earthworms, as they prefer to play dirty
the tryin hardest, theyd probably say im an artist
obvious novices that just feel so informed
thats its even more annoying than being trapped in a
toystore
with hardcore rappers, paraders and wannabes
i say probably highway robbery
aint worse than being pestered by this type of person
tryhard children still throw tantrums
on their mattresses in their mansions
and pay attention fully to the bully with the headphones
fascinated actually with makin a fashion statement
tryhards dont know how to relax
its ridiculous how he always overreacts
the tryhards just go along for the ride
i guess the nbeed for speed can be stronger than pride

[fades]

the tryhards.....they jump so high, they run so fast and
dont know why.....

[buck]

i was raised on a dirt road
ghost town, stray dogs
whole nine, the gold mine closed down
i knew the woods like the back of my hand
and i would shoot the breeze
with the roots and trees
i'd go by the river
and watch the way the devil dances
but never took his hand
even though i did have several chances
everybody slept
when the morning dew turned to frost

darkness moved in
and somebody burned a cross
a girl named stella cuwin
was prettier than you'd imagine
the town should've given her the crown
for the beauty pageant
but instead
some local pinhead started spreading rumors
about the cuwins being inbreds
and what's worse, people believed it
cause the family was dirt poor
and down on their luck
so that made it hurt more
picking up garbage and mowing the grass
at this point stella stopped going to class
you know how they ridicule a kid in school
and this shit's enough
to make anybody feel like a misfit
she made herself invisible
and hid inside a house of mirrors
whenever the fear stops
so did the tear drops
but fear is forever
and lies become legend
and eventually growing
slowly, exponentially
she should've been a cover girl
treated like a princess
but she's an enigma
haunted by the stigma of incest

she tried to hide the scars
her name reminds me of the stars
i saw diamonds divide
in the corners of her eyes

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one horse town
known for the most softness
little old schoolhouse
burned down post office
blueberries and bulrushes
a tree with a tire swing
volunteer fireman's fair
the whole entire thing
stella was heartbroken
decided to start smoking

bad taste in her mouth
she grew into a sad face
her few friends were worried
but her parents were always proud of her
but she never escaped from under the cloud cover
a woman reduced
she was eaten by a monster
and after all these years
the past, it still haunts her
it whispers her name
when she's trying instead
to just listen to music
while she's lying in bed
now the story of stella
is one that every child knows
but the witch in the woods
is more like a wild rose

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