

## **Buck 65**

### **"Style 386"**

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From dawn to sunrise, sunrise to dawn  
I drop math in ya path and rock on  
Sunrise to dawn, from dawn to sunrise  
For you to try battlin me would be unwise  
65 cause seven days of the week so  
You don't wanna catch a sinker slider to the cheek bone  
Call me critical the disc jockey, the B side kickin  
Phat beats eternal, eternal pushin fried chicken  
Snap cracklin, the daft shacklin rap jackels  
Sneak attack battlin wack tacklin  
The crab apple got skills but at the same time artist  
I face the east and pray to the rhyme goddess  
With the tender lovin, the rainin and the big sliker  
The good sumarin, homicidal hitchhicker  
Hell on wheels of steel, stick shifted  
Puffin on beats and rock on to get quick lifted  
Syllables into non-refillable blank spaces  
Eliminatin contestants according to their rank basis  
Buryin searian MCs when the scratch is torn  
Direct other rappers can't fuck with the natural born  
I never face the same ginet that Romeo faces  
Cause I'm too concerned with my Enhomeostasis  
The DJ front and center and the sooner he flips  
You'll be freeze framin till the next lunar eclipse  
With the crazy ass birds a prey, they got the right  
words to say  
They come and circumsize you when ya eatin ya curds  
and whey  
Try to make a new jack feel the ace of spades  
Before ya know the ledge gettin sorta might replace his  
grades  
Used and confused goin about the whole scheme  
wrong  
Ass backwards from the closin credits to the theme  
song  
Dire straits reminising back to prior dates  
Ya better off tarzed and your rhymes look in fire place  
To slash and burn and try to learn how to earn the  
wage  
The end of the chapter four rabbit, time to turn the  
page  
Pathetic cryin on ya knees, beggin for a lease please

Lemme keep the autographed poster and the creased  
sleeve  
The whole prize vaporized before your eyes ya lost  
objective  
Because the dream was no longer cost effective  
Ya threw a gutter ball and still had to utter gaul  
To profile and front, when you know my shit is butter  
y'all  
From dawn to sunrise, sunrise to dawn  
I drop math in ya path and rock on  
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