

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
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