

## Thomas Dolby

### "Bucktown USA"

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Yeah  
Y-Yeah  
Once again  
Bucktown USA is the place where I rest  
Should I say chill 'cause there ain't no rest for me yet  
Shit, I can't say chill .cause the property's hot  
Got to get it while the gettin' could be got or get not  
'Cause of those who cop block, or those who get not  
Spillin' beans like a cook to them crooked ass cops  
To all my G's don't snooze  
'Cause they crews in blues and whites  
Comin' to the PJ's lookin' for fights  
Mr. Officer cool down your temper  
Me just cool you n'alf to come like no murderer  
I try to do my thing, and you try to take me in  
Have me stressed with a bunch of dope fiends in the  
pen  
Then again  
That's the place where you see the same face in the  
street  
Everybody got to charge the beat  
Once again  
Facin' the magistrate with the screwface  
Bounce on the D-A-T-S-T-B, the new case

Chorus:  
Bucktown  
Home where the grass is greenah  
And all the gods and earths choose a court in Medina  
Bucktown  
The place where I received my roots  
Got put on to this loot  
And got my first Tim boots  
Bucktown  
See me in the G-S-T-0-0  
On the side of the road  
Gettin' harrassed by po-po's  
Bucktown  
Home of my B-C-C  
And everybody that I roll with, the family

Boot Camp's the way of life for a loner like me  
Constantly holdin' courts in the street with police  
Like the sergeant 81st, pretty boy is what they call 'em  
Said he was a gun man, duke is kinda brawlic  
Speaks with an accent, ?????? I would imagine  
A hot-headed dred known for jumping into action  
We danced a few times  
He got his, I got mine  
Called the whole force up to pat us down for the crime  
Said it's all about a quarter and his veins bleed blue  
Your man Rudey, Juliani fucked it up for you  
Ain't gonna be no dice throwin'  
Dead that weed blowin'  
Domestic violence, automatic fire, he ain't jokin'  
Now you first offenders are gettin' hit like predicates  
Goin' through the system just for standin' on the strip  
Gotta keep an open eye when it's time to cop la  
From dirty ass deeds and unmarks ridin' by

(Chorus)

Home of the Originoo Gunn Clappaz  
And bank safe crackers  
Pot-pushin hustlers and everyday jackers  
When flauntin' get cautioned if you don't ride with the  
right crew  
???????????????????? and bust off when they can front  
on you  
I still do  
Smoke buds with the thugs  
About to face the judge  
Show all my niggaz love  
I can't knock the hustle, get your cream by all means  
Do what you gotta do to live, to feed you and your  
seeds

Bucktown's everywhere I see  
Representatives livin' nocturnally  
Break a day on the regular  
All night is all right with us  
As long as we can get rid of the red we get the better  
But never lose your head, just maintain  
Only use the cushion pain to ease your brain  
No strain  
When Tek and Steele bang  
Ain't shit changed from birth  
B-C-C degrees, on to them other planes

(Chorus)

Fam

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