

Buck 65, Bachelor Of Science

I try to be nice and take care of my appearances
Keep outta trouble and trifle interferences
The bachelor of science I run my own company

Somebody call me, my number's unlisted
Some stories are straight and others come twisted
Women's intuition and young gals luck
Every girl I know has a crush on "rap...who?"
Boys may cheat, either that or they might leave her
All I wanna do is dance, I've got Saturday night fever
So let me rearrange my sock drawers alone behind locked doors
And have scrambled eggs for breakfast and sit and read the box scores
But I'm not tryin to score points with
I'd rather read the Bible than use its pages to roll joints with
I get what I want but got no one to share it with
A feeling in my chest and nothin to compare it with
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Show me your photographs and tell me a ghost story
As long as it doesn't involved your ex-boyfriend
Stars glow in the dark until the first sign of daylight
I like human contact but I don't like to play fight
The desperado knows just how at peace we are
In the bed naked watchin movies on the VCR
Color me see through and tickle my favorite inch
Turn the ringer off and thank God for David Lynch

"I wanna show girls that I love them" [x6]

I hope to goodness that I'll always be aware
And sure of myself