

Buck 65, Beauty Is A Skill

i say tomato (toh-may-toh) so instead you say (toh-mah-toh),
and i say light-skinned but you say mulatto.
i don't know, i prefer to go straight off the chest,
ya suck certain judges' dicks and then you paid off the rest,
with your bootleg apparell and counterfeit poetic license,
your neck's too skinny to cope this pathetic crisis.
instead of flippin' the script, i toss the fader,
and throw it back and forth like i'm playin' hot potato.
god, mind, and body parts so bear witness devils,
and put on a pair of shorts to compare fitness levels.
old school b-boys request the response,
so i lifted the veil in the fiesta resistance.
i lie when i'm rappin', i tell the truth when i'm cuttin',
girls around the way say i'm cute as a button,
and it's him, johnny rockwell, male model, see him next,
freestylin' on the microphone or on a bmx,
knowin' the length and not crashin' half way.
i'm chillin' and coolin' at the fashion cafe,
eatin' a salad and drinking mad champaign,
and signin' the deal for the missoni ad campaign.
it's just a day in the life of a pretty face,
sometimes in business, these people with their shitty tastes
of a high heel shoe in their mouth with a foot in it,
as for me, i got money and that's where i'm puttin' it.
where my mouth is, you know the science.