

Buck 65, Blanc-Bec

Punk ass rapper I am, misanthrope
No pants, tied to a tree with a skippin' rope
King of the bums, rose in my teeth
Laughing unhappy, I've chosen my grief
I'm a skin-flint infant, destroyer enjoyable
Neatly folded up and completely unemployable
Twice bitten, washed up, bored stiff and burned out
Can't wait to see how the photos turned out
Unwanted mongrel, dying flowers and stolen cars
Can't remember my dreams, living on granola bars
Blood in the toilet bowl, brains in the frying pan
I am iron man
Comin' to get'cha with a stain on my shirt
With all of my agony, pain and the hurt
A face like the walls and the ceiling is neutral
You dislike me and the feeling is mutual

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I am the cancer, the answer to all your curses
Debaser, speling the ruin of universes
So-called art never sells like this
Throws like a girl and smells like piss
Sour puss, lone wolf, growth stunted
Coming undone and running with the hunted
Allergic to conformity, full of shit all the same
Unintelligable, eligible for the ball and chain, hall of fame

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Auto-sodomite, the ultimate nuisance
Offering my unwanted junk and my two cents
Mr. Know-It-All, empty with hatred
Piss on your parade, nothing is sacred
No friends, no ends, no God or homeland
Uncommon denominator, abominable snowman
Voted least likely, don't even approach
The coach, the one that put the cock in cockroach

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