

# Buck 65, Can Of Worms

You ain't feeling me, until you feel what I feel  
I ride by myself, on one wheel,  
but I deal with the fact that you take,  
what you get and ignore,  
the shit and the piss,  
that goes with the territory  
compare the story stuck to the fridge,  
to that of the hermit living under the bridge  
One counts his blessings and asks what are my debts?  
The other collects cash and butterfly nets

Talk about stuck, you can't even begin to know,  
pants around my ankles and I'm waiting for the wind to blow,  
waiting for the sun to shine - questionmark - underline,  
I'm looking for the perfect break,  
it seems as though there're none to find

The highest heel couldn't make me feel inferior  
'cause you can't ever really camouflage your interior,  
so even though sometimes I hide in the undergrowth,  
I say my graces as if I were under oath

By the skin of my teeth and by the hair on my chin,  
guess but you'll never know, where I have been,  
around the block twice, across hell's half acre  
I gave my girl a kiss and the devil a backbreaker,  
when it's not classified you can't expect to rank it

All I need is my pen and my electric blanket,  
take that away and I'll have nothing left,  
unless you include my love,  
in which case death is not an option  
and neither is brainwashing,  
So when you enter my temple,  
maintain caution - don't speak,  
you can't speak intelligently  
Forget your dynamite and skeleton key  
When the mob comes running with pitchforks and torches I'll be safe and surrounded by sound,  
inside my fortress walls

The waters at the moat are alligator infested  
Every situation has later been tested  
after the initial hypothesis posed  
The machine is outta order and the office is closed,  
the boss called in sick,  
and the crew's at lunch  
Twee wearing two different shoes at once,

It's all water under the bridge, it'll make sense one day when the sun sets digital.