

# Buck 65, Leftfielder

Leftfielder, living in a suitcase  
Comfortable shoes, photo album and toothpaste  
Road atlas, learning my way around  
Kissing the pavement, lucky cause I may have drowned  
Hotel notepad, three pens for five dollars  
Black, red and blue, recommended by scholars  
On foot, talking loud and telling fortunes  
Steadily building up an empire and selling portions  
Spinning plates, disappearing, walking the high wire  
Sawing a woman in half, on trial by fire  
Call me country, I'm dry as a bone  
Perhaps I would die if I was alone  
I pray to Saint Christopher and shout at the devil  
I made a million promises and have broken several  
Man of the moment, trying to get some more  
And you never heard it like this before

Fly fisherman, don't know, don't care  
Straight out of the muddle of butt fudge nowhere  
Champion of breakfast, reverse kleptomaniac  
Rainy day wallflower, what did you expect  
Pickled beats everywhere, daily pollution  
Everyone's looking for a saline solution  
Give me a lawnmower, something made of wood  
Beat up contraptions that smoke when they heat up  
Pygmalion, big city grease monkey  
Maybe the most honest, probably the least funky  
Raccoon with rabies, backstage hermit crab  
Give me your Zippidily Do Da and I will turn it sad  
Permanent scar on a smooth face of mediocrity  
Just leave it up to me to rock it awkwardly  
Tin can evangelist, trying to make some more  
And you never heard it like this before