

# Buck 65, Pants On Fire

Sky diver, your pants are on fire and the rest of your clothes is blowing  
And for some strange reason, your nose is growing  
My skin is crawling, everybody's chin is falling,  
jaws are dropping left and right  
Lost cause you came like a thief in the night  
With nice white teeth and a tight ass and long conversation  
Fascinating feeling to spend months in your company  
I never felt uncomfortable, even with my clothes off  
Chillin so hard, my ass almost froze off  
Everybody shows off and wants to look presentable  
But the fact of the matter is that accidents are preventable  
From the sound of the candy wrappers  
Down to the handicappers  
Everybody's got to exercise a little caution  
But every so often expect things to get hectic or  
Technically difficult and I begin to get skeptical  
Especially when the canadian bacon gets sizzlin  
Isn't it a sin when the ceiling is invisible  
We need new inventions that reveal peoples true intentions  
A portable pride protector, affordable lie detector  
The wild lifestyle has the tendency to intimidate  
But it isn't your invitation to imitate  
In front of my face, you spoke my gospel like an apostle  
But on the other side of town, you got coke in your nostril  
Just for example, we all want to live a bit  
Whatever, it's your body of water, why should I give a shit

Who are you anyway, and where did you come from  
Dumdum, just when I thought I could trust someone  
The mask comes off, and your face fades away  
You radiate eighty-eight full shades of gray

Black and white rainbow, you know you ain't acting right  
Game show hostess, stabbing every back in sight  
The time has come thicker than blood  
And make no mistake, I'm a stick in the mud  
I'm a kick in your pants and I'm a lump in your throat  
And I'm the hassle in your castle, I'm going to jump in your moat  
Splash, hypocritical condition the hospital  
Makes this mission impossible  
Pretty much, I've got no patients left and as a physician or doctor  
It puts me in an awkward position  
No magician can trick me, or lick me with a cattle whip  
So what makes you think you can sink my battleship  
We ain't family, drama queen, the camera's rolling  
Show me your swollen memories before the moment's stolen  
Slow-motion Picasso, wearing the wool socks  
And coming with the full clip, I'm sick of this bullshit

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