

# Buck 65, Sick Stew

with the force of a collision and the flames of a bonfire  
rages the yin and yang, my right hand von squire.  
snake brother, consimate professional take cover,  
confessional, the seeker, four elements, the make-lover.  
rhythm method, shuns irrelevance with the quickness and discipline,  
strive through the sickness and health.  
you see what happens when a wandering soul gets stuck and freezes,  
the mind diseases and is left to consider fuckin' Jesus,  
but as long as we have daylight to guide us and juices to drink  
for the body and the brain has excuses to think,  
until the glass shatters while the scents of windex linger  
dissin' punks for the record with a mangled index finger.  
packin' fans up in the spot with hoes and clappin' hands  
or else he's at the hardware store and probably rackin' cans  
and while sixtoo be out bombin' on the lines of locomotion,  
i try to teach him what i know about the kinds of show promotion.  
the return of the listener teaches on the topic of female sex  
instead of dissin' at peaches, pay attention to details next.  
having no equipment is a hassle  
but he can pull a couple thousand dollars out his asshole.  
drinking shitty liquor, talkin' like a city slicker,  
just a day in the life of the big titty gripper.  
you're gettin' clobbered by robert, the diligent never swingin' with chicks who  
only want a quick screw and nothin' else, it's sixtoo.