

Buck 65, Square 3

Buck 65-Square 3

(intro)

(Hitchcock Sample)

music to be murdered by

it is mood music in a jugular vein and i hope you like it

our record requires only the simplest of equipment

an ordinary phonograph needle

a 4 inch speaker

and a 38 caliber revolver

naturally the record is long played

even though you may not be

so why dont you relax?

lean back and enjoy urself

until the coroner comes...

oop my penis is comin out

there must be trouble in the monkeyhouse

fever runnin cage to cage

either one in change for change

both of us with glass between us

bittering and banging,

singing in sanging

spinnin and hangin out

yingin and yangin

whats the big idea?

comin with the sideshow mountain act

u could always drop my class

if you find it too challenging that way

nobody knows a face

we just take it to a higher gear

but oh thats why ur weird now

you got a barbed wired beard

i see you better watch your face protecting your material

you knwo who youre dealin with here im flakier than breakfast cereal

i changed all levels and i replaced all players but im

tired in runnign around liek baseball players always got

trouble on the mind developed the feed of prophets

tell the deceased about it, go yell at a priest and shout it out

loud is here new laws, in stoen, windblown

you saw the infection with bad knees and an ingrown duel claw

bitch, you got lucky with the phone calls and the spread sheets

so, cut the crap out along with the cigarettes and the red meats

this fate can see in your eyes trying to match manuvvers with your mouth open

looks liek youre diamonds scratched and hearts champed

play along, safe inside me it doesnt matter what you think

you no-floats, and row boats when u hit below dont say

doh,..meew!meew! got to get out of here!

slur my esses, then you blur my message

i got a long list of reasons, and an even longer rope to tie

demons aint supposed to cry

tears enough to soak the sky

pourin out of both your eyes

cross your legs and hope to die

sketch artist.....

.....what??.....

.....noo?

nowwww ii feel like goin out ive got enough love to fill the place

ill come to ur house and ovulate on ur pillow case

i knwo where im goin so i dotn even need to look

i shoudl probably do a show you know

but id really rather read a book
so, pay me lots of money now
im done payin dues
and im not puttin the pressure on
and im not sayin jews
but ive accepted challenges
and ive taken many dares
and its hard to make it all coem back when u havent been anywhere
so, we can have a sleepover
ill lay a towel down
you can do the rest, and then well both make a vowel sound
single white female, we can play connect the dots
but gimme a second to myself to just collect my thoughts
uhh....

now meet me at the great taste
show me your soul, and ill try to keep a straight face
i know you are pissed in the past and you were put off
why dotn you take it out on me
and shoot the last of ur foot off?

Switzerland, what about girls?and what about jobs? and what about all the tiem that was spent int l

i should pull your pants down
for no reason and spank you
but i wont, if u be a good boy- please and thank you
now i.

say jump.

you say.

how high?

its the grim reaper vs the gym teacher

and it goes liek..

"u talking to me?

"im the only one standing here"

"you make the move"

"...mmokay"

uhyah i got a

i got a long list of reasons, and an even longer rope to tie
demons aint supposed to cry
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sketch artist.....

.....what??.....

.....noo?

(scratch)

you dont know me...

(bill cosby)

and the coolest, coolest thing about buck was that he was one of us, didnt smoke didnt drink, didnt
it was great cause you could really talk to buck and he would hear ya
oh one time they threw buck out the 3rd story window he landed on the ground *thud* that cat was

(intro)

you try so hard, you jump so high, then you run so fast and you dont know why...you gotta try so ha

the try hards drive cars that need new parts
they got vampire fangs and see thru hearts
but they wouldnt be caught dead without the right clothes on
the harder they try, the more everything goes wrong
the tryhards talk until the back of my neck hurts
no matter what, the topic is "the experts"
the tryhards cant dance, but do dance anyways
then they say tryhards, are kinda retarded
but i wouldnt go that far, i shoudl mention for starters

theyre modern day maureders just dyin for attention
yeah, tryhards, candy-coated comedians
live thru medium-sized imaginations
lies and exaggerations, all on an average weekday
they have a unique way, of making you want to vomit
drama slash nonsense akways part of the content
opinions and comments, from cowboys and indians
climbin a steep hill, just for a cheap thrill
dancin queens, cant seem to keep still
the tryhards dotn sleep well, they just toss and turn
and im not concerned about it, to tell you the truth
they get on my nerves, i refer to them as perverted
earthworms, as they prefer to play dirty
the tryin hardest, theyd probably say im an artist
obvious novices that just feel so informed
thats its even more annoying than being trapped in a toystore
with hardcore rappers, paraders and wannabes
i say probably highway robbery
aint worse than being pestered by this type of person
tryhard children still throw tantrums
on their mattresses in their mansions
and pay attention fully to the bully with the headphones
fascinated actually with makin a fashion statement
tryhards dont know how to relax
its ridiculous how he always overreacts
the tryhards just go along for the ride
i guess the nbeed for speed can be stronger than pride

(fades)

the tryhards.....they jump so high, they run so fast and dont know why.....

(buck)

i was raised on a dirt road
ghost town, stray dogs
whole nine, the gold mine closed down
i knew the woods like the back of my hand
and i would shoot the breeze
with the roots and trees
i'd go by the river
and watch the way the devil dances
but never took his hand
even though i did have several chances
everybody slept
when the morning dew turned to frost
darkness moved in
and somebody burned a cross
a girl named stella cuwin
was prettier than you'd imagine
the town should've given her the crown
for the beauty pageant
but instead
some local pinhead started spreading rumors
about the cuwins being inbreds
and what's worse, people believed it
cause the family was dirt poor
and down on their luck
so that made it hurt more
picking up garbage and mowing the grass
at this point stella stopped going to class
you know how they ridicule a kid in school
and this shit's enough
to make anybody feel like a misfit
she made herself invisible
and hid inside a house of mirrors

whenever the fear stops
so did the tear drops
but fear is forever
and lies become legend
and eventually growing
slowly, exponentially
she should've been a cover girl
treated like a princess
but she's an enigma
haunted by the stigma of incest

she tried to hide the scars
her name reminds me of the stars
i saw diamonds divide
in the corners of her eyes

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one horse town
known for the most softness
little old schoolhouse
burned down post office
blueberries and bulrushes
a tree with a tire swing
volunteer fireman's fair
the whole entire thing
stella was heartbroken
decided to start smoking
bad taste in her mouth
she grew into a sad face
her few friends were worried
but her parents were always proud of her
but she never escaped from under the cloud cover
a woman reduced
she was eaten by a monster
and after all these years
the past, it still haunts her
it whispers her name
when she's trying instead
to just listen to music
while she's lying in bed
now the story of stella
is one that every child knows
but the witch in the woods
is more like a wild rose

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