

# Buck 65, Sunday Driver

I walk the earth quietly, by day carry a net  
With no strings attached to a magic marionette  
See there's so little time left and yet there's so much space  
Thinking why don't you give me a call later on so we can touch base  
I swim across the seven seas and follow the sounds of handclaps  
And just try to keep my balls out of the sand traps  
Because before I go on live all my enemies try to contrive  
Plots to make my whole entire routine take a swan dive  
But this ain't commercialized hip-hop or indie pop  
Nah, this ain't the mashed potato, uh-uh this ain't the windy hop  
The dance that goes with this is called the keep perfectly still  
Before your brain becomes burnt out like cheap circuitry will  
Lately I've been spending almost all my nights with my hands full  
Between writing my rhymes and my fights with the man-wolf  
I'm building a better mousetrap and plus a wider fence  
Because I trust my instincts and follow my spider sense