

# Buck 65, Up The Middle

yeah coming through from the 902  
pop the line it's buck 65  
full blown combining with johnney rockwell and the Centaur

double dipped  
yo, right about this time next year  
certain others digging up bones

got flat chest and head like rats nest  
not to mention that I'm harder than a math test

leave you lying face down naked from the waist down  
after that I'll go back and burn your place down

I'll take cheese outta you handy snack  
then I'll call your granny back  
gotta a great big of cash in my fanny pack

A flat bus broken  
the angle dust smoking  
man with hand cuffs on

just joking I describe myself as half decent sax player  
armature coin collector john q tax player  
shy around girls with my face all scared  
the only thing in my wallet is a baseball card  
I live in the city but miss farming life  
all i need to survive is my swiss army knife  
the story of my childhood is bad luck and crisis  
born in the year of the rat and I'm a picces

which makes me a rat fish  
so I'm gonna soon need someone to tie my shoes and spoon feed me  
can't wait till the day when i ride round in rocking cars  
were short sleeve shirts and all i eat is chocolate bars  
take my place granted assume the position  
on top of the heap because soon the tradition  
winning the game of one swinging the bat will forever will be a thing of the past

if I be myself I'll be by myself  
but I don't wanna be remembered by the way I've been rendered  
no I don't, no

they keep me couped up in this hot sweaty cage  
with a worn out mattress and a poster of eddie page  
And supposed to write the great American love story  
why don't they sound trumpets and release flocks of doves for me

I've got to be particular about how my carrier is handled  
before i record i should go and get my ears candled  
I'd like a glass of water and box of facial tissue  
doing what i do has never really been a racial issue  
some day soon though I'm gonna have to settle down  
before my bones start making that metal on metal sound

the difference between me and other people is the greasy palms  
i was never one to hold my breath when I resed bombs  
its possible that i could be huge but i doubt it  
my phones off the hook but that about it

handling my biz I should really do a shipment  
try and make some money to buy some new equipment  
with a brand new mike and a room with insulation  
coloured pencils all I need is inspiration

which brings me back to this hot and sweaty cage  
the worn mattress and the poster of eddie page  
I look at people look at me  
showing a picture that isn't even close to real

the final approach is upon me, i can feel it  
I might call this song I was right all along  
or I might call this song I've never had stitches  
or I might it Mr Know it all  
or don't forget the chaos  
or two sizes to big  
the hydro-twist  
the scene river  
creative differences  
no time to lose  
or  
beasts?  
pieces?