

# Buck 65, Wild Life Pt.1 (Tour De Trance)

Everywhere all around me, people they be just  
Be talking all about the camp as if their bike is gonna rust  
If they don't begin to pedal, 'cause if the rain hits the metal  
The parts that are wet'll corrode if the drops settle  
But there's no rain falling from the pink and orange sky  
Turning blue twilight - but panic is the highlight  
On the six o'clock broadcast - an everyday nailfile  
Picks the lock and now the big chains get sawed past!  
And I'm a no-helmet-wearing member of the Tour De France  
Bike race .. and the cop at the border wants  
To see my passport photo .. to make a copy  
For me to autograph, and my bike is a jalopy  
So I can't see myself winning, and I decide to  
Pace myself from the begining; I'm not rushin'(Russian)  
I'm not a German Nazi, I look to the sky and see stars  
Like the paparazzi... I concentrate on the  
Campground; I can't see the big and yellow dashes  
In the middle of the road because it's covered in ashes  
Two inches deep, making for treacherous conditions  
Poor visibility and rising suspicions  
I know I'm not in hell, I don't hear the sounds of G-funk  
But I'm trying to get my bicycle past a fallen tree trunk  
That's blocking the road off, barricade fashion  
My legs are getting tired and some other guys are crashing  
Because of the ashes and there's a long way to go, still...  
I can't believe how dark it is...  
There's a whole lot of hills and sharp corners to navigate, and  
Vampires, in the distance I can see the campfires  
There's probably only two miles left to reach the destination  
According to my estimation  
I can't be getting lazy, organizers may be spying  
As I get a little closer, I can hear the babies crying  
I've got loose teeth and skid marks but  
Those thoughts diminish as I cross the finish.