

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.