

Buck-O-Nine, My Town

i got the tunes in my pocket
in an old ass walkman
walking to the beach
with a bottle of black and tan
keys in the velcro
where it always should be
times tickin' by but it doesn't concern me
i'm killin' time with nothing to do
that's all i seem to think about or do
my soul is sound
when i'm in my hometown
no place i'd rather be

my town, my street
gives me peace of mind
that can't be beat

i can sleep all night
to the sound of the ocean
wake up in the morning
and i do it all again
seven days a week
i pay no attention
i spend alot of time
with my record collection

i heard the sound of a skateboard
rolling down my backstreet
reggae music coming
from the neighbor across from me
as time ticks by
i never stop to ask, i never wonder why
my soul is sound
when i'm in my hometown
no place i'd rather be