

# Buck 65, Surrender To Strangeness

Fightin' with the neighbours and screwin' the wife  
Hip hop music ruined my life  
I bitch and I moan, I lie and I cheat  
Waiting for the night when I die in my sleep  
I listen to the jukebox and sit by the bar  
Taking care of a dog that got hit by a car  
Praying for salvation, needing a miracle  
Drowning in new music and reading material  
Shoe laces untied, telling people I'm rich  
Who can't tell the difference between real art and high kitch  
Mouth like a broken bottle, crooked and bottomless  
Half wolf, half crow, half hippopotamus  
Sturdy as a paper bag, as well, my face is flawed  
But keeping the fire going by the grace of God  
And I'm loathe to think that we missed our chance  
To find a way out of this downward dance  
We got it all wrong

Singing a song with a rock in my mouth  
Nobody knows what I'm talking about  
Lost without a marketing plan and a stylist  
Here comes the vilest nihilist finalist  
Once and for all, barbed wire and rope  
The most beautiful woman is strung out on dope  
Slowly the music, died, died, died  
Three white horses side by side  
Last change to change, you better hurry, quick  
Laying in a bed, wide awake and I'm worried sick  
Completely out-foxed, I hide from the phone  
And I swear this pen has a mind of its own  
Jaws that go through solid steel, a clenched fist  
A breath of fresh air for once and a French kiss  
The weight of the world and collapsable me  
I'm talking about trouble with a capital T  
We got it all wrong