

## Square Three

Buck 65

Music to be murdered by  
It is mood music in a juggular vein and I hope you like it  
Our record requires only the simplist of equipment  
An ordinary phonograph needle  
A 4 inch speaker  
And a 38 calibur revolver  
Naturally the record is long played  
Even though you may not be  
So why don't you relax?  
Lean back and enjoy urself  
Until the coroner comes...  
oop my penis is comin out  
There must be trouble in the monkeyhouse  
Fever runnin cage to cage  
Either one in change for change  
Both of us with glass between us  
Bittering and banging,  
Singing in sanging  
Spinnin and hangin out  
Yingin and yangin  
What's the big idea?  
Comin with the sideshow mountain act  
You could always drop my class  
If you find it too challenging that way  
Nobody knows a face  
We just take it to a higher gear  
But oh that's why you're weird now  
You got a barbed wired beard  
I see you better watch your face protecting your material  
You know who you're dealin with here I'm flakier than breakfast cereal  
I changed all levels and I replaced all players but I'm  
Tired in runnign around like baseball players always got  
Trouble on the mind developed the feed of prophets  
Tell the deceased about it, go yell at a priest and shout it out  
Loud is here new laws, in stoen, windblown  
You saw the infection with bad knees and an ingrown duel claw  
Bitch, you got lucky with the phone calls and the spread sheets  
So, cut the crap out along with the cigarettes and the red meats  
This fate can see in your eyes trying to match manuvvers with your mouth open  
Looks like you're diamonds scratched and hearts champed  
Play along, safe inside me it doesn't matter what you think  
You no-floats, and row boats when you hit below don't say  
Doh,.meew!meew! got to get out of here!  
Slur my esses, then you blur my message  
I got a long list of reasons, and an even longer rope to tie  
Demons ain't supposed to cry  
Tears enough to soak the sky  
Pourin out of both your eyes  
Cross your legs and hope to die  
sketch artist.....  
.....what??.....  
.....noo?

Nowww ii feel like goin out I've got enough love to fill the place  
Ill come to you're house and ovulate on you're pillow case  
I know where I'm goin so I dotn even need to look  
I should probably do a show you know

But id really rather read a book  
 So, pay me lots of money now  
 I'm done payin dues  
 And I'm not puttin the pressure on  
 And I'm not sayin jews  
 But I've accepted challenges  
 And I've taken many dares  
 And its hard to make it all coem back when you haven't been anywhere  
 So, we can have a sleepover  
 Ill lay a towel down  
 You can do the rest, and then well both make a vowel sound  
 Single white female, we can play connect the dots  
 But gimme a second to myself to just collect my thoughts  
 Uhh....  
 Now meet me at the great taste  
 Show me your soul, and ill try to keep a straight face  
 I know you are pissed in the past and you were put off  
 Why dotn you take it out on me  
 And shoot the last of you're foot off?  
 Switzerland, what about girls?and what about jobs? and what about all the ti  
 me that was spent int he what about fogs  
 I should pull your pants down  
 For no reason and spank you  
 But I won't, if you be a good boy- please and thank you  
 Now i.  
 Say jump.  
 You say.  
 How high?  
 Its the grim reaper vs the gym teacher  
 And it goes liek..  
 "you talking to me?"  
 "I'm the only one standing here"  
 "you make the move"  
 "...mmokay"  
 Uhyah I got a  
 I got a long list of reasons, and an even longer rope to tie  
 Demons ain't supposed to cry  
 Tears enough to soak the sky  
 Pourin out of both your eyes  
 Cross your legs and hope to die...  
 sketch artist.....  
 .....what??.....  
 .....noo?  
 [scratch]  
 You don't know me...  
  
 [bill cosby]  
 And the coolest, coolest thing about buck was that he was one of us, didn't  
 smoke didn't drink, didn't kiss no women...  
 It was great cause you could really talk to buck and he would hear ya  
 Oh one time they threw buck out the 3rd story window he landed on the ground  
 \*thud\* that cat was stiiiilll goin jack! haha We were all goin "GOO AHEED B  
 UCK! that was really coooool man!"  
  
 [intro]  
 You try so hard, you jump so high, then you run so fast and you don't know w  
 hy...you gotta try so hard, jump so high, and you run so fast and don't know  
 why...you gotta try again, try try again  
  
 The try hards drive cars that need new parts  
 They got vampire fangs and see through hearts  
 But they wouldn't be caught dead without the right clothes on  
 The harder they try, the more everything goes wrong

The tryhards talk until the back of my neck hurts  
No matter what, the topic is "the experts"  
The tryhards can't dance, but do dance anyways  
Then they say tryhards, are kinda retarded  
But I wouldn't go that far, I should mention for starters  
They're modern day maureders just dyin for attention  
Yeah, tryhards, candy-coated comedians  
Live through medium-sized imaginations  
Lies and exagerrations, all on an average weekday  
They have a unique way, of making you want to vomit  
Drama slash nonsense akways part of the content  
Opinions and comments, from cowboys and indians  
Climbin a steep hill, just for a cheap thrill  
Dancin queens, can't seem to keep still  
The tryhards dotn sleep well, they just toss and turn  
And I'm not concerned about it, to tell you the truth  
They get on my nerves, I refer to them as perverted  
Earthworms, as they prefer to play dirty  
The tryin hardest, they'd probably say I'm an artist  
Obvious novices that just feel so informed  
That's its even more annoying than being trapped in a toystore  
With hardcore rappers, paraders and wannabes  
I say probably highway robbery  
Ain't worse than being pestered by this type of person  
Tryhard children still throw tantrums  
On their mattresses in their mansions  
And pay attention fully to the bully with the headphones  
Fascinated actually with makin a fashion statement  
Tryhards don't know how to relax  
Its ridiculous how he always overreacts  
The tryhards just go along for the ride  
I guess the nbeed for speed can be stronger than pride  
[fades]  
The tryhards.....they jump so high, they run so fast and don't know why.....

[buck]  
I was raised on a dirt road  
Ghost town, stray dogs  
Whole nine, the gold mine closed down  
I knew the woods like the back of my hand  
And I would shoot the breeze  
With the roots and trees  
I'd go by the river  
And watch the way the devil dances  
But never took his hand  
Even though I did have several chances  
Everybody slept  
When the morning dew turned to frost  
Darkness moved in  
And somebody burned a cross  
A girl named stella cuwin  
Was prettier than you'd imagine  
The town should've given her the crown  
For the beauty pageant  
But instead  
Some local pinhead started spreading rumors  
About the cuwins being inbreds  
And what's worse, people believed it  
Cause the family was dirt poor  
And down on their luck  
So that made it hurt more  
Picking up garbage and mowing the grass  
At this point stella stopped going to class

You know how they ridicule a kid in school  
And this shit's enough  
To make anybody feel like a misfit  
She made herself invisible  
And hid inside a house of mirrors  
Whenever the fear stops  
So did the tear drops  
But fear is forever  
And lies become legend  
And eventually growing  
Slowly, exponentially  
She should've been a cover girl  
Treated like a princess  
But she's an enigma  
Haunted by the stigma of incest  
she tried to hide the scars  
Her name reminds me of the stars  
I saw diamonds divide  
In the corners of her eyes  
she tried to hide the scars  
Her name reminds me of the stars  
I saw diamonds divide  
In the corners of her eyes  
one horse town  
Known for the most softness  
Little old schoolhouse  
Burned down post office  
Blueberries and bulrushes  
A tree with a tire swing  
Volunteer fireman's fair  
The whole entire thing  
Stella was heartbroken  
Decided to start smoking  
Bad taste in her mouth  
She grew into a sad face  
Her few friends were worried  
But her parents were always proud of her  
But she never escaped from under the cloud cover  
A woman reduced  
She was eaten by a monster  
And after all these years  
The past, it still haunts her  
It whispers her name  
When she's trying instead  
To just listen to music  
While she's lying in bed  
Now the story of stella  
Is one that every child knows  
But the witch in the woods  
Is more like a wild rose  
she tried to hide the scars  
Her name reminds me of the stars  
I saw diamonds divide  
In the corners of her eyes  
she tried to hide the scars  
Her name reminds me of the stars  
I saw diamonds divide  
In the corners of her eyes.....