

Bukowski, Chapter I

Tappin bottles and twisting caps
You know I don't mess with that
Lookin' for trouble and rappin' slack
I'm not goin' out like that
Cuz I'm not a barbarian nor a barfly
But give me 24 bars to get high
Bar hoppin style, from measure to measure till I drop
And it's all for your pleasure when I'm rockin
Dope music like the Roxy
There ain't no toxic side effects, trust me
We won't let our neurons get rusty
Like the dirty old shorties down the block
See, they're all just sloppy copies
Of my mellow, my man Charles Bukowski
Talkin' shit and grabbin' Jim Browski
All the girlies nowadays, you know, they wanna be Foxy Browns
They love to get down to the sound of the lyrical booze
It don't shock me, it just gives me the blues
I'm like what's the use ?
Sippin' gin and juice, grinning like fools
Just guzzlin' till they're puzzled and confused
It's useless
Me, I choose sess
Cuz strong drink is raging and wine is a mocker
And I am a Rasta rebel rocker
I got the verbal herb for your mind
Cuz like Tosh, I am the bush doctor