

## **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