

# 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