

Absolutions in the Hottentot Supercluster

Busdriver

Absolve me of my sins and drown me in riches
The music don't make money, it makes men
Make money, make money, money
(It's the dude you haven't heard in a while)

(It's the dude you haven't heard in a while
Cause I'm great and wearing a permanent smile
Yeah, I've been going on my own trip
But I forgot that I went on it)
No, there are no businessmen in this small apartment
You know I'm still covered by the slave insurance
You don't get no extra points for your little humble brag
A complete picture is missing some puzzle slabs
No, there are no public schools for my child prodigy
There are no courthouses for this form of justice
No, there are no black militants to bench warm
The feds are using your phone data for revenge porn
No, we didn't forget author niggas is still enraged, kill the beige
The economics nigga telling you you in the gilded age
It's easy to stop eating when your belly's full
Like it's easy to stop learning when you fail in school
Yeah, this is the beleaguered rise of fancy pants, drive an ambulance
Tell them bola-
rhythm martyrs they've got an outstanding chance, candy land's
High brow wanna colonize the streets of Compton
Because there are no yoga spas there, there are no vegan options

What could you want
With what's in our tiny world?
Our coveted song book
Is under our kinky curls
But what makes your genius real?
Cause we all know how it feels
What makes your genius real?
How can we make them kneel?
How can we make them kneel?
How can we make them?

Tell the white man none of my music saved exceptional negro's pubis shaved i
n a computer grave
When I suggested there's a plot to murder Driver and deputize the service pr
oviders to co-op my neural fibers
There's a police officer in the room
Can you find the police officer in the room?
Conservative niggas hate fruits, say I am Gallagher
My nigga, I died up on the Mayan calendar
My twisted grimace is claimed by your art blog
My heart clog
My sense of need can inseminate a guard dog
There is a police officer in the room
My nigga, can you find the police officer in the room?
He's looking for the bitchracial super husbands
Nigga, we always doing something, can you find him?

Where they at? Where they at? Get the gat, get the gat
(Get the gat)
True killers

My one mode, a loaded golden gun
Bullet point buster struggle
Young son will blow a few hundred ones
Blunted fun, stunting for the witnesses
Thinking this ground fall up in this shit
Method act toward the climax
My raps bull stems, puppet time caps
Inner spirit animal hopelessly be trying to find that
I know at one time they called us monkeys, now we just climb racks
Don't that make you blind to the finance?
Kinesthetic grind fine-tuned into divine fact
Black lacquer shine, yup, that's that tacker tactile
Jamming at the crack of functions, shooting them late
Even at night their ghetto bright so we get lunch, we get fucked up off of love
Sucker, then hush
Be damned if I was in my city, that's right my city
I pity those who don't show it, I know this cause I bleed plenty
Elbow leaking, jeans are green DNA
Stream hollow Elaine, cut my groove a silly way
DOB Elitists, I need my weed to be star-seated
[?] get deeper I get deleted
(Calling all cars)