Bone Structure

Busdriver

Let me tell ya
Kill your penis and worship mine
Cause the story can drown out a chorus line
So pull up a chair and pour the wine and I'll show you how I got here

I fell from a gash in the rain cloud
Into a bed of jazz minister Jasmine's brain child
Blow it like a gay Archbishop into game cartridges
In a city of plastic bottles reading graphic novels
[?] accommodating cheese toast bagels
All the white friends thought I was pre-post-racial
All the black friends dressed like heavy D calculating trendy jeans customiz
ing their own STDs
My part seems genetically engineered
With war correspondents and orthopedic kedy [?] gear
And flannel shirts when the cancer's purse [?] sheds a tear
So I fill them with white chest with lead Adidas [?]
My mom was a dancer, dad was a screenwriter
During the interim ceasefire, my name never hit the police wire
Cause my dad's favored [?] by a Gucci shop
But my mom was broken box across from the study-pox [?]
From there went from straight A to straight flunk
My number one influence was a crystallized cocaine chunk
So I'm going through the motions like a lame duck
Sad cause my mom was hitting keys like Dâm-Funk
Damn

It's only two ways
I was alone and it was quite clear
I'd be on my own trying to fight this fear
I barely survive and so there's all this weird in my skeleton bones
I was alone and it was quite clear
I'd be on my own trying to fight this fear
I barely survive and so there's all this weird in my skeleton bones

Come on
Kill your penis and worship mine
Cause the story can drown out a chorus line
So fix your hair and snort your line
And I'll tell you how I got here

I got my sniveling inner child quarantined
Started snorkeling with Good Lifers at age 14
Chillin Villain taught me how to make a record happen
I spent every second rapping, now it's method acting
But I was up in court for the attack that made blood sport/spurt
So my teen years in L.A. were cut short
My uncle took me taught me about Porta Cheese and Paellla
Now I speak Portoguese
We stayed in the villa of his ex-lover
Then like next I'm up in the scuba bra [?]
I can see my daughter in Paris
With the daughter of the famous Phil Parapador [?]
I can't believe we're only behind the closet door

It's only two ways (Tell him Mike, yea)
I was alone and it was quite clear

I'd be on my own trying to fight this fear
I barely survive and so there's all this weird in my skeleton bones

I lost my job as a P.A
But I found out how much a dream weigh
By selling recordable discs to get by
I was shy with an adorable lisp but I
Put the wedding cake in the cash register
So my head space became a crab nebula
What's Pokemon?
Handworn [?] sex toys are the stribers' woody [?]
Is on by the hustle so I'm staying a cyberbully
He finds crowds that you can't inspire fully
Spam box, ham hocks, I'm a blowhard
Hip-hop, motherfucker, and it's full-form
I do shows for a smile and a hell no's [?]
Making baby formula out of underground dough

It's only two ways (I did that shit, homie)
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My soul relies underneath
My soul relies underneath

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