

Bottom Bitch

Busdriver

... Guess what?..

Spoiler alert

I came here to titty twist saliva glands
So place your bets, save your breath and hissy fit firebrand
I can't entertain these eery rock'n'roll staples
Like spendthrift, I spin discs on periodical tables
Take the basejump that makes you barf Wheathins
Your showreel's bone meal under the stage lights
My everyday's a coming-o-age cunt's carpe diem
And this is why I treat LA like...

She my bottom bitch, cause you my bottom bitch
Its safe to say what you think I'm saying's a crock of shit
Because we fight a lot like this was Gaza Strip
But you my bottom bitch watch me make these chocolate chips
You my bottom bitch, why you my bottom bitch?
Oh! Because you think I'm the source of all awesomeness
So be my bottom bitch come and be my bottom bitch

I look good in print so I keep the desk light always on
Here's a glimpse into the sexlife of automatons
My every evening is an M night Shyamalan
Lackluster ending where I spend nights at Comiccon
I ain't from here, I'm from some ragtag ferris wheel
I blew the horn 'cause you were born smack dab in squaresville
For a limited time you get to view the purple lotus
Plus I give soulseekers that Youtuberculosis
Y'all polish wood and just leave a sleek finish
But I'll score Bollywood when my mood piece is finished
I don't acknowledge hoods I eat good and speak Finish
With secret sects on Meet the Press yet please the left and tease cynics
Teen sex and free clinics is your town's greatest resource
As if falling off's a motherfucking team sport
So I entertain the young star baby gaga grudge match which tugs at
The lumbar ganglia, so I'm hunchbacked

You my bottom... You my bottom...
You my bottom botch, LA you my bottom bitch
To love me your heart most be bottomless
But to me you are precious, I'm on some Gollum shit
But you my bottom bitch from top to the bottom bitch
You my bottom bitch, yes you are
Them other niggas don't hustle they just cotton pick
But me honey, I bathe in lava pits

You can not break the budgetary woes so your live band's on a charter bus
Openers get poked with spurs screaming 'I am Spartacus'
I put a fine comb to the flightplan of you starter-ups
They need rides home when I'm in Iceland in armored trucks
Rolling up to places on that VIP shit
Head's swivel, I wet my whistle with these ice tea sips
You'll offer me a loaf of bread a cot and a sofa bed
Cause your scene's dying in need of an IV drip
And I'm Chinese medicine, you guys need to headspin
When I press buttons
Yet nine times out of ten this LA tea party swabs balls
So I'm Lee Harvey Oswald with a call time

Fall in line youngin' because I'm posted at the speedtrap
I've been here so long my nigga that I bleed tree sap
You overdressed sleestaks rap with swollen urinary tracks
You're very wack, give me my scene back