Driving Under The Influence

Busdriver

Niggas, pick up your feet and get it moving because
Our situation ain't improving with the Five-0
We're moving in to all the units and the side show
When you're clueless and foolish and driving under the influence
You'll be dead on arrival
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Metallic ballad, drum machine mallet
That may release a pallet of celebrity droppings on the cat walk
They were spoon fed to reduce back talk
Give you a bloody, little for your money
Cause I caulked your honey
Just because she got a runny clit
Saying she wants a man in touch with her feelings
But she'd rather get fucked to the ceiling
Hasn't menstruated in months she's concealing
Part of her's sick and breathes and clucks
And eats nothing but chicken feed, ear plugs
A bum is what she wants stricken with greed
She'll have you collecting change into to tin cups

She'll eat up your cum drops like gum drops
But her young twat's hot like sun spots
Fate cannot be determined by a Ouija board
But by the cd and mix boards
To say out the fifth word of this chord against yours
And try to swim to shore
I'm not controlled by a recessive gene
I wore my impressor jeans
Looking for the best of things
Swimming in infested streams
Taking advantage of big chested queens

Busdriver, the master of the freedom of speech
On the mean streets where you been seen sleep
And your teams weak and that's why
You want your [?]
And mother fuckers are so righteous
Talking bout get rid of the white bitch
Stop rapping high pitched
But it's my niche, I'll do what I wish
I took a leap of faith over a knee brace
But in any case, you're just an empty face
Who drinks henny chased, with a weed that's laced
I've achieved my place
I didn't win it in a sweepstakes
So if you sneak on my estate
It better be by mistake or leave needing a knee brace
Ah Jeez don't hate, we don't high speed chase
We don't speak to cheap skates, or eat beef stakes
Now, with a feta aid I made cheese and papes
And sold heaps of tapes and made niggas replace
But they're snooty ballers, spending most of their time at beauty parlors

But never would I infringe the West or mend and press
Or pinch your breast, cause I been fresh in every way
And I'll singe my flesh if I ever betray
So read 'em and weep and make the coin sweep
Busdriver, mastered the freedom of speech
I'll never be beneath, the mean streets

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