

Ego Death

Busdriver

Yeah, no, I understand what you're saying, but... is it sexier than torture?

(Shah, yeah, Los Angles)

(Under the cellulite laden thigh of the night)

(Yeah, oh shoot, lemme see if I can finish this)

(Okay, let's go, yeah)

(We can make this better)

(We can make this better)

(We can make this better)

Under the cellulite laden thigh of the night

I slip miniature mantras between my cries and gripes

Jewel-flavored crystals in the red, blue, and white stripes

While crowds throw numbers at me like The Price is Right

And downtime is never met with an overjoyed grin

Cause sleep and death have always been conjoined twins

You'd rather lick the red gills of pop art

Than your cement-filled pock marks

The withering tendrils from my wrought heart

Reach for a Benadryl like it was a lost ark

Cause my average day is for the body of aegis, they're prompting these siege

s

We cry to these seniors, living inside of splotchy Adidas

Serving consecutive sentences

My corrective lenses is ruby quartz

Yet my vision ain't worth a jiggling of booty warts

Circumstances trap writers like Kathy Bates

Under a decolorized happy face

So my car ain't covered in candy paint

But still the nanny state can't fix the diaper rash

I'm pinging this on a cyber cast

Questioning news items playing pattycake with Ira Glass

The fact that this pony show's racist

Stirs the colloquial cake mix and charges the homeostasis

Of all the homies who await us like we some Smokin' Joe Fraziers

But my unchecked whining's like some ceremonial plate shift

We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will

We're just looking for something inside us to kill

We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will

We're just looking for something inside us to kill

We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will

We're just looking for something inside us to kill

We can make this better

Before long, boil the bones

A little celery chop

A little pepper, a little milk of the poppy

Little posse in effect

Analog mono-poly Man'o'War

Walloping the auto-poly avatar

Mind on his Mallomars

Money on the iron lung

Clumsy with the can of worms

Usher you behind the sun

He shoots he whores, truly stupid troubadours and elders

Stock the shelter with frijoles and blueberry New York Seltzers

Roll up in a pa-diddle like a doofus

Hit the corner like the devil is a cubist
I'm ruthless, the sigil is dog with a cone, feeling foolish
Seven hells calling all foreseeable futures
Be it obtained culprit
Crippling migraine and strange stomach
Or a stray bullet through his gray mullet
I am ivy up the God damn lattice
March to the math rock
Raw, no cartoon mascot
The Mario pajama bottoms clumsily rappelling
Under a gibbous moon
Hunting for shitty food
Gunning, too tough, embedded in bad magic
Duckboy, shit is quacktastic

I'm not done yet
I'm not done yet
I'm not done yet
I'm not done yet

We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will
We're just looking for something inside us to kill
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will
We're just looking for something inside us to kill
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will
We're just looking for something inside us to kill
We can make this better

Rap Marilyn Manson, about as hot as a Vanson
With two hoodies on the beach with two bitches crump dancin'
Rappers put your bets in, last man standin'
Bars hit so hard you ricochet off the planet
The motherfucking hybrid, tell Miley Cyrus text me
When I holler to her private I'm tryna get them privates
Parts, don't start, take heart like Kano
Remember when I told to you niggas drink all the Dran-o
Pop all the pills, take all the lines
Chop through a window with some sawblade blinds
Back on that shit, guess what this time?
Half a stick of dynamite where the sun don't shine
Any nigga disrespecting, chin check 'em 'til he's slinky-neck
Blowing dope, eyes low and chinky like I'm Mannie Fresh
Countdown to extinction, no nigga not Megadeath
So many dead rappers, can't even take baby steps
Walking over carcasses of artists in my garden
Been nice with this shit since Nas was writin' past the margin
Any nigga wanna start it, I fuckin' beg your pardon
I'm with arson, I'm the firestarter; Prodigy invent the art
Smack my bitch up in the mouth with my dick
And it's not domestic violence cause she likes that shit
There's no sentence to describe it, homie
Except she sucked it like her fucking life depended on it

We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will
We're just looking for something inside us to kill
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will
We're just looking for something inside us to kill
We can make this better, but we're not, yes we will
We're just looking for something inside us to kill
We can make this better

Aes Rizzo ain't got that perfect hair
Danny Brown ain't got that perfect hair

Driver ain't got that perfect hair
Jeremiah Jae ain't got that perfect hair