

# Elsewhere & Elsewhen

Busdriver

I've been busy

I've been busy rebuilding swashbuckling archeologists as Antarctic grave robbers

I've been busy back peddling and back washing the gray water like I think I'm an acclaimed doctor I've been busy

With the paroxysms now melted down to coping skills  
Meaning I make mountain out of mole hill  
In the south where the souls thrilled  
Turn a roll call to a road kill as a dope till

For my next trick, hallucinatory cloud computing without the crowd rooting  
It's, non-refundable in Oakland  
Non-fungible token in ovum of  
Lady Liberty when crackhead denim replaces time as an infinity's metric  
I'm finna be wreckless Imma set the mood proper  
Shift the food down or  
This women's decrepititudes bothered

All the things I left America to forget  
Where my heart and mind didn't do  
And art declined recurrent party lines  
With the anchor of skin  
Emotional tolerance and resilience of the young is cut paper thin  
But don't weigh me in  
With the flat of the blade and the butt of the gun to the gut of the son like

Oh fuck she didn't know I type dead center maintaining them high standards  
Oh God a detaching economy  
Had had a full meta my menace white  
Flashes in the ribs  
And they burble and they cringe  
At the carols for the mega shifts of self-centeredness  
Sysiphusian since I can't conform within the crypt  
See them niggas' plugs of remembrance  
So bitter enemies are clubbing with a clever mix  
Well then it was fun to think  
We, the Grand Jeweler of the ex slaves overcame the truth of being hunted  
By the Klu Klux through the hedge maze  
Dead bodies and lost property  
But a sex-crazed frontiers been another dear friend  
As the techs play x-rated cinema  
At the thunderous pools  
I could turn blubber to fuel with indigenous whalers  
Hide in a chrysalis from shiftless janitors  
At least they trust my performance count  
Before I'm straight Elizabeth Taylor

And it's likened  
To despise when  
The elders connect  
In elsewhere  
And elsewhen  
But I spin trellis

So our motives know I'm spittin from the sunken relics like

Ay help them...

Help them

All the things I left America to forget

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And art declined recurrent party lines

With the anchor of skin

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With the flat of the blade and the butt of the gun to the gut of the son like