

Everyday Oblivion

Busdriver

I'm at the currency exchange with an armored guard wearing a (OH!)
Motherfucking penguin suit (OH!)
You know I can't keep the bank in the loop (OH!)
They underestimate the value of my language soup
What I'm exactly paid so I tax evade (OH!)
I've manufactured every single black cliché but I've got a problem
I don't know how to raise children
I just know how to raise money
Without a percentage being withheld
Without giving any to strippers who sniff rails
I can sell anything, split a cell
Give gigabytes of military intel
To any government that doesn't kiss and tell
Then write a musical starring Kim Cattrall
In general my money's long, long gone
That's why I'm selling DVD's in Hong Kong
With a sad face oblong, I'm selling Pennywise shirts at the Warped tour
Until I'm a Saudi Arabian warlord
I mean... I'll kill puppies and deforest
To get a plate of food from that smorgasbord
'Cause right now motherfuckers eat bleached orchids
I think I need some reinforcements
Somebody other than Dr. Spock cause I'm raising an awkward tot
Who doesn't understand that her father's not
Able to pay that steep mortgage
In a rat race I couldn't beat a tortoise
And I can't afford to pay my keyboardist due to extreme poorness
Can somebody out there tell me what a motherfucking D chord is
Now I just spit hot game 'til my teeth taste like shell casings
My hustle approach is hell raising
I'm selling local businesses Yelp ratings
Siphoning the run-off from the sewage treatment plant in Tijuana
And I'm selling it to women in Beverly Hills as drinking water
Now I'm so rich nigga I could eat an Iguana

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Man I don't know shit

I'm your dip shit, I'm your lazy bum
But your job is easy
I could get rich on the training run
I don't know a thing about this enriched uranium
But I'm volatile
I'll blow a hole in this voting pole so smoke a pole
And bread me out like I was an Arod or BasedGod
And I'll play God
Have execs jumping up like tased frogs
Or I'm in the hospital breaking into several file cabinets
Taking the identity of dead patients then filing for medical malpractice
Y'all show a bias towards the manufacturers of cyborgs
Not grandmothers on ironing boards or past leaders of Vice lords
I'm outlining my meal plan
By showing how my flow's so silly
Because what you offer is real bland
And tastes just like hobo chilli (oh no, really)

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I know anything
I know everything
I know everybody
I've been everywhere
I do all the things all the time
I know anything

And I thought that my daughter could do anything
There's an airforce on her tongue
And there's an overdue bill on my mind
And there's a million dollars in a song of mine
And there's a lack of love in being on the grind

A slice of sun
I give it to you on your darkest days
To fill that gapping hole that came with that garnished wage
You ask me when does the pain stop
I don't know man my home address is stageplot