Fukn

Busdriver

Nineteen-ninety, cop rave
Startled rookie, shot Dave
A rally cry, shock wave
Their civil liberties not saved
'Cause they do more sighting and shooting
Enough to put that lightning in a mood swing
The doctor bill I never paid
Your mother under a slender blade
Underfunded Medicaid
Die alone in a rented cage
Slamming those dominoes on the dinner table
Waving a gun barrel sticking out of the farms in the Winnebagos
Cinemax movie guide
John Burroughs Junior High
I cannot afford to die
Superfly on the future high
Chronicle the decline of all real niggas
The message remain, stick to them losers that can deal with ya
Over aged severance package
A young buck in a denim jacket
Backhand it with a tennis racket
For preppy kids master them [?] on expensive rackets
'Cause we still doing this for Anna Mae
I can't remain silent, y'all treat the gang violence like it's anime

So, it's like we fuckin' in public (We fuckin')
It's like we fuckin' in public (We fuckin')
We make love with the windows open
Griot self-medicating with the indo smokin'
It's like we fuckin' in public (We fuckin')
It's like we fuckin' in public (We fuckin')
We make love with the windows open
Griot self-medicating with the indo smokin'

Distort the law [?] and niggas
Reporting all dreamers and [?] repeat offenders in office
And eating chicken tenders with former senators
And you said that's been tumble dry
And make you working poor eat that humble pie
My understudy's my young apprentice
We teach them to fuck with a grimace
Plucking spinach [?]
With slum tenants succumbing to vengeance
'Cause the black mind's always a threat to business
So my niggas stay cramming hard for them corrective lenses
But nobody wanna be no trouble
For a nigga who could be a body double for Barney Rubble
Throw a party on the Hubble then Bacardi for a couple
If you got the most so nobody can bust your economic bubble
[?] under the rubble because you couldn't figure the puzzle
Yeah, I'm in a shuffle
Back in the day I would handle the duffel
Now I be digging my grave with a shovel
'Cause I'm in a job that's not on my level
Not on my level, get on my level
Motherfucker know I spit like the devil
Up in the [?] making that booty pop

That's nineteen-ninety-three
That's how you define a G
Your heart's part of me
My art's all free
So fuck getting a brush [?]
'Cause enough's not enough
I'm outside

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So in love that we can only make it known
So in love that we can't keep it to ourselves
So in love, oh she loves me

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