Get On The Bus

Busdriver

All aboard! (Get on the bus)
Get on the bus (In the driver we trust)
Hold on now (Hope we're going fast enough)
You know the Blowed style (Hope we don't pass you up)

Yeah
Welcome aboard now
Please be seated
To you knit-with, rudey poops, and niggas who trip quick
Unruly brutes
You're paying to fix you broken stick shift but you want a new Coupe
So broads will let you hit their clit and poop chute
And lick your dick like their tooting flutes
Next stop!
I picked up a rowdy bunch on an emcee bounty hunt
They wouldn't speak, they would just loudly grunt
I couldn't fit the whole crew in the hallway
At Blowed, they sucked and got booed off stage
Last week, a fellow G put their styles in the trash heap
And said their tracks wreaked
Now these niggas wanted to blast heat
Damn!
I told Ben we need a trapdoor on the Blowed stage
Cause with these careless drivers I'll set a crash course on road rage
Next stop!
I picked up an R&B chick who said I was a gorgeous Adonis
I said she was a moral less songstress
Who looked like a tortoise in a prom dress
You know you shouldn't record this your song list

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Don't be at the back asleep
'Bout to miss your stop now

The rough tough and dangerous, the rollin' trash dump
It was an open white canvas for Ab to tag on
The yellow L.A. unified and charters for road trips
These are the busses and the drivers I've rolled with
Work the route then back to the base
They pick you up and drop you off from place to place
Yup, you came late
Catching up is a chase
Time is of the essence, we don't want it to waste
We know that we gotta make it pop off before they make a mockery of
They don't take you there like this obviously does
This bus is bound for the underground rhyme battlin'
Tell us, is you is or is you ain't traveling?
Or up for the challenging of crash collision
Crews step up to get banned from television
You'll be guided safe by a sober Busdriver
No liquor for this particular Afterlifer

Smell the smoke and see the fire
"Not on this bus!" he yells
We roll the windows down so he don't smell the smell
Farewell to all of those who got off first
It wasn't their passion like it's our thirst
Leimert, they chopped the trees and changed the bus stops
Now the park got a tattoo tear drop
And Dr. Rapp takes the bus to hear hip-hop
With 'Stract and Bus while the FatJack beat knocks

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Get off my bus
You'll be served over beats for your methodical flaws
Sitting in a G's reserved seat is probable cause
For me to crumple your self image followed by applause
Disturb the peace, you'll topple and fall in slurred speech
This fool said, "Well girls gobble my balls"
Well good for you!
But still wack rhymers don't get to rap so exit in the back
You got too many minor set backs
Next stop!
I threw him off and picked up a fool passing out flyers wearing a head wrap
But he was an undercover agent on special assignment
To serve me and my incredible rhyme clique
Bad move!
Ab Rude show these fools how they get served like fast food
For trying to ride our patterned rhythms
But they never brought a transfer with 'em

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