Gun Control

Busdriver

("shoot'em up, shoot'em up")
Hey...

Cheeba cheeba, cheeba cheeba
I think it would be cheaper if I grow your cheeba
Hide your beeper, ride a zebra
I wonder why you glorify nine millimeters
If you shoot you eat it, you eat it, creep behind revolving doors
Wild on the floor involved in war
Or crawling on all fours... (gun control!)

Why would you pride yourself on being a luger-holder
When the only gun you've held is a supersoaker?
But I'm the killer finger without a millimeter
Look on your face look just like gorilla sphincter
When the NRA gave you the middle finger
Told you that you couldn't join the gun club due to your ethnic background
Said you were born from the septic trash mound
So put the gun back down
You may think you're tuff, bullet-proofed up
But the men that carry guns got mullets and crew cuts
White conservatives who form the oligarchy
Who'll call you darky, and hate commies and Paul McCartney
They're through nigga-shootin' at the general cinema
But the self image is a mental enema
Plus an exchange of gunfire
Is more likely to kill your man Busdriver

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Wild on the floor involved in war
Or crawling on all fours... (gun control!)

(As if just shot) Oh! goodbye cruel world
I'll never see my children or stuff again ("clack, clack"!)
Oh!, on a scale of one to ten, my life was... pretty good
I may be shot in any one of your city or hoods

Hey...
Bullets be ricocheting, bouncing off church bells
Fools be bailing, all you see is shirt tails
But me and my personnel... we got merch to sell
Besides violence in a public place don't work well
And this is a pouring rain putting out those warring flames
The warning shots in the air hit angels, now I got blood in my storm drain
Sometimes I run over woodland creatures and they become road-kill
But still fans stood in the bleachers, and come to the 'Blowed' still
But you, your overkill...
You want to shoot at recordable cds like they were clay pigeons
I told you I was "babysitting" and you thought I came back from a gunfare
But I'm really into childcare

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Wild on the floor involved in war
Or crawling on all fours... (gun control!)

(As if just shot) Ughh! Goodbye cruel world
I'll never see my children or my stuff again ("Arghh! ")
On a scale of one to ten, my life was a 30 below with a chance of showers
But yet I had the man power to sit in front of a mic stand for hours

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