

# Gush

Busdriver

It's too late to be beautiful  
(What you gonna do with that beat?)  
(What you gonna do with that beat?)  
(What you gonna do with that beat?)  
Check me out, I'm back

Itemize the criminal element  
In a African-American identity polemic  
For an international panel of staunch economist  
Working from the largest company in the world  
Where the debt is bottomless  
And billowing out of the cartel pipes  
And billowing out of the cartel pipes  
All of this predicated on my mind false so I'm raw  
Slander and the bylaws for the deed to our place of worship  
Asia Courtships but in the heart cockles of art models  
Zombie reformed to shake us, forges of an online mega-structure  
Yeah

They count the limits, a repetitive number, as he echo in our dream tally  
Disintegrated in the streets of Cali  
I'm in gross but an altruism of a séance leader  
But it's like your energy's way off the meter  
I part ways to spend a day with a aqua breather  
Further the benevolence of our cultural norms, I vote for the swarm  
At the war council where I board a mouthful of prayers  
If I'm prepared, yeah the oath was sworn, the oath was sworn  
The apples were bitten, combustible cataclysms get a revision  
And deep precision in the final undercurrents of our purpose and vision  
I disturb the coveted additions  
A taste of scourge to the world of Serfs and Christians  
Or no one in 83rd last third in the curb spittin'  
It's like an inert nerve pinchin', nerd listen  
I've been to the hood, being referred by the Merv Griffins  
Cause his styles keep the surface spinnin'  
And then embrace my perfect woman  
Yeah

What you gonna do with that beat?  
What you gonna do with that beat?  
What you gonna do with that beat, beat?

Driver we need you, there's been a power outage at a barber's college  
The no kink of armor guard the solace for your popcorn goddess  
So let's foreally be honest, I'll definitely fall the fuck off, yes I promise  
In a beautiful array of visual effects and cynical text  
Over any threats like kambo poisons to ingest  
While the giants of the mert were dormant, they crept the apartment sanctuarily with a search warrant  
The thirst of the church is formless  
So I gotta slide through more shit (More shit, nigga)  
Burden of a sorceress who won't put a cork in it  
I forfeit the bid for some court-ordered warlord's wish  
I'm at the abortion clinic with an Aryan yuppie  
Killing off their offspring because they declare me very ugly  
When the eugenics push, I avoided the synthetics with a kemetic push

Psycho-kinetic gush, yeah

And billowing out of the cartel pipes  
And billowing out of the cartel pipes