

Here's To Us

Busdriver

Yeah yeah a-yeah a-yeah
Hey, let me talk to these people
Ey, I got the 20-something rap guy anthem right here in my hands y'all check
it out
It's for you young buck, or old buck, or middle-aged buck
Whatever

You got a face like an imperiled vagina
You're from a Carolina
Yet you spell your name with an umlaut and parentheses
You embody foot-in-mouth disease
So it's right that you write a book about MCs
It's like, cheers

Here's To Us
And all the nothing that we promised to do
Here's To Us
Who else is gonna be the son is with you
It's clear enough
We're near the cusp
Of a long-encompassing
Stroke of genius

I need you to leave
Peeves
We've had enough of your shit well should we help you?

Cause I spit butane uh
Is it inhumane if I uh
Just get a few things

Yeah
I'm in stores with engorged grocery lists
I ain't buying I'm scratching off my homies' shit
A weeknight's a rewrite of Moby Dick
I sleep tight and dreaming hearing pre-flight safety tips
My room smells of steamed rice and baby shit
Cause I'm consumed with what gets played through the cross fader
How ya mean I'm LeBron James of the Bronze Age
Renaissance nigga so I never learned to ball play
I missed a job in the views of movie sets
The vaporized weed with a jacuzzi jet
Cause now I won't be the spokes man and for booty sweat
And break character for school I'm an anti-socialite
On karaoke night I request Deep Purple
It makes my sacra complete though it's a semi-circle
But the dance floor's a class war dress rehearsal
I won't stand for it
I'm sipping Merlot in the first row like, cheers

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Oh!

My personal unemployment rate is cringeworthy
And my party don't stop until about a six a thirty
In the morning I break it in the afternoons with my dick dirty
Knowing I'll be dead and famous before I hit thirty
But if I studied I could have been a neurosurgeon
Instead me and my band are busy circle jerking
Squeezing out a stroke of genius for rights to our intellectual properties a
re gonna need more subpoenas
They're like
You should make a mixtape
You should make a sextape
For all the hater and bottlers that slept late
I'll write a screenplay
Yeah, that'll be the day
The musings of Tina Fey become a personal BofA
Oops
When I say cheesy shit the CD skips
My MP3s are 10cc's of pretense
So sing my praises with your teeth clenched
On smart phones that speak French
My songs are going for three pence
Sucker!
But you said you killed over a song
Now you write tunes that you need a vocoder on
I'm trying to retire to Boca Raton
And escape the business end of the popo's baton
And like, cheers

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This one's for us
Not you
Even though we know you well
At least we did in the 90s
We don't like you anymore
Yeah