

King Cookie Faced (For Hellfyre)

Busdriver

You're better when you're high

'Shyeah

When I'm high, I'm capable of things you think I'm not
When I'm high, our currency is a tater tot
When I'm high, your bucket hat looks just like a chamber pot
I invade your thoughts, get chased by cops while slinging rocks it's easy
When I'm high, I am prone to make some bad decisions
When I'm high my temperament is that of jazz musicians
When I'm high she likes how I indulge my liver binds
Spot how I belittle clients unionizing limo drivers
'Shyeah, I'll be a sweetheart acting kind and tender
Question bankers with a lie detector in the private sector
Write a measure that'll spike the splendour of my vibe in heather
Driver's better when he's high, or Driver's better when he's
High, like when I spattered through the orthodontology
All poor and scrawny, turning riddle words to origami
Uh, that's way before I would explore the body
Now I'm poor and foreign hobbies stored in Portapotties

She loves me like she means it

I walk the skinny aisles of a Trader Joe's nervously
Hoping for a seat at the church of dry turkey meat
Am I a vegetable? Can I catch the muse?
I need a few suggestions from her to bless my Netflix queue (dude)
My brain is a grape in an ancient winery
I'm seeing matrix binary lines besides tiny things
Just the tiny things, only the small matters
Pinocchio, the seat of the soul is all in the gall bladder
But if I pretend I'm afraid it'll make me walk fast
All the fish for me, eat with my teeth just like a hawk has to
That'll teach me to be appreciative
The turkey meat temple, the rabbis preach capriciousness
When I'm high I can watch my own candlewick
Greenlight my own programming then cancel it
Paid my whole staff with a hundred Nutella sandwiches
Gladys helps me manage my underdeveloped manuscripts

When I'm high, I have enough confidence to ask Mrs. Applebaum where she got
all that Paxil from
I'm in a line for the dumb tank with a sign that says I'm here to see Ozamat
az Buckshank
Half-time show at the East and West game
So high everyone on this jet plane is getting a pet name

When I'm around her I'm never not high
More clever than the cleverest awarded white guy
My mind is a boarding house for Neil deGrasse Tyson and Bill Nye
Who discuss Newtonian physics over boxed wine
When I'm high I'm narrating a livestream of my insides
I'm Bloom in Ulysses carrying a potato in bloom for my missus
At the convergence of deviance and genius, I piss my pants
Peter pan-African or a conscious peasant
What could be more local than omnipresent?
When I'm high, my mind is set to Google Earth view

And I gleefully deconstruct the context that birthed you
Ignorant of the curfew, unruly, sort of bizarre
In my mind, playing hopscotch with Julio Cortázar
When I'm high I build graves then disappear
When I'm high I'm Bill Gray and I wish I could disappear