

## Lady Thursday

Busdriver

Down  
We take it down  
My dear, you know  
We take it down, down  
Ay

Yeah, she was a failed poet being railroaded at a drug trial  
Exchanging their high engagement for micropayments  
Pulling hallucinogens from a dung pound  
'Boutta lose it again like what now?  
Looking for a lower God to jump down, and I  
Pulled up look at this record brick of kief, she's in disbelief  
Yeah I went from red Corvette to a patronage in a nut house  
From international flights, an underwater mortgage, and a bus route  
As far as that dumb shit, I gotta full dose during that pilot study  
Here's a pro-tip, them slow pokes don't know shit, I didn't depend on private monies  
I thought my medical marijuana racket was pretty much recession proof  
Now I'm tryna be strong in the eyes for the trophy wives in a Texas suit  
I've been shining the windows of this Lexus coup  
A resentment fallout which reels off in an endless loop and you know that's the truth, my dear

The trillionaire triage cackle as they slut shame mother nature  
With you forever fearing that whether we're eating where the dustbowl's your undertaker  
But I sink my hands in the cold of clay  
Take a roll in the hay with a love maker  
I feel you  
You need me  
(We're together)

Yeah, she was a failed poet being railroaded at a drug trial  
Exchanging their high engagement for micropayments  
Pulling hallucinogens from a dung pound  
'Boutta lose it again like what now?  
Looking for a lower God to jump down, and I  
Pulled up—  
Pulled up—  
Yeah I went from red Corvette to a patronage in a nuthouse

Down  
We take it down  
Pulled up—

Breathe