

Least Favorite Rapper

Busdriver

Uh oh

Hey I don't need no popper stoppers
Cause the money in the pop
Nocando, Busdriver

Wait hold on though

Project Blowed

Don't say my name though

Poppin' P's profusely

I don't want anybody to know I'm on this song

These sneaker geek emcees to me is so Broke Back
So fuck sexy in '09 I'm bringing broke back

Your favorite rapper's brawny
Wearing a French braided hair shirt
My bank account be scrawny
Since I was a 10th grader square twerp

Your favorite rapper is extravagant
Aside from his pompous name
He's like a nursery with more cribs than John McCain

Your favorite dude champions every Chicago city slum
From his condominium
While brandishing his implausible mini-gun

He sells more drugs than the FDA
He's ready for war like FDR
I believe him whole-heartedly
Because he keeps saying it in every bar

Your favorite guy said that he shot niggas
On the grass lawn in his rap song
But he's sweeter than baked goods
When he claims his hood as Capcom

Your favorite rapper's got Alzheimer's
Repeats himself like a old timer
He works harder than a gold miner
When it comes to picking ghostwriters

And me, I'm your least favorite
With a haircut like a pineapple
Wearing khakis torn singing hi-soprano
Loading candy corn like it's live ammo

What's wrong with you?

Oh, Oh! I'm your least favorite rapper
My records only get released in Anchorage, Alaska

What's wrong with you?

Oh, Oh! I'm your least favorite rapper
Rummaging through debris of screenplays and actors

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Oh, Oh! I can't lease space ships from NASA
Because I'm the least favorite rapper

[Nocando]:

What's wrong with you?

I am your least favorite
I am your least favorite
I am your least favorite

I am your least favorite rapper
My release date is after
The D-Day disaster
I need to get cheesecake for master

I am your least favorite Flavor Flav impersonator
Pissing on the circuit breaker

While the strippers do the percolator

I will be spell-checking some blurb in the paper

Read by the type of hipster
That don't like me yelling all kinds of niggas
While I'm vibing with you like Michael Richards
"Nigga, Nigga, Nigga, Nigga, Nigga, Nigga, Nigga"

Still unliked because my leading single's about
Laser beams and force fields
And my hoopty's not full of groupies
Just Mabellyne and orange peels
But I'll serve niggas at the Pizza Hut

And the suburban kids say I'm not street enough
But compared to them I'm street as fuck

I will put USB in's in their tween cunts

When it comes to this nerd rap
It seems like the black thing's a problem
You know what I Idi A-mean
I feel like the last king of Scotland

So my job has me cultivating all the white guilt
Dipping Polaroids in rice milk
Smacking Souja Boy wearing corduroys
And an iced grill

The new rap fans listen to 'Ye
Start sniffing the yay pretending they're gay
Put a switch in their hips and a feminine sway
Just to convince the women to stay

Selling out like it was Christmas Day
And give everyone an admission to pay
For a tit in the face

I was beginning to say
What came first the chicken or egg
The twist in the fray, dissident fan that listens today
Dissipates visits and strays
What the fuck, did our whole approach to business decay?

We underused all the parlor tricks
Instead of talking about art and shit
I should have put my hardened dick
In the hind quarters of Time Warner

It's over!
That fool just served Time Warner
Fools are sniffin' 'yay
That fool had tits at your Christmas party!
Shout out to Forest Whitaker, Idi Amin!
Yeah!

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