

# Lefty's Lament

Busdriver

They yelled out "nigga lover"  
From the candy store  
At the anti-war group hug  
Putting computer bugs in the infrastructure of the World Bank  
With white guilt, accepting big-lipped puckers  
From any two-bit Chris Tuckers

They yelled out "cave bitch"  
And I'm an extra in The Matrix  
With my hand on Carrie-Anne Moss' tits  
Acting very standoffish  
They salute a married man's soft prick  
I'm the color of an eggplant  
But I send my mulatto babies to spacecamp

They yelled out "underground"  
Without me heads have seizures like they're hypoglycemic  
You put me in the player and my Sky Pro's denied  
It won't read the disc  
And even if you'd cared  
You'd be like "fuck your lyrics"  
I'm a hedonist who sleeps with Liz Phair

They yelled out "towelhead"  
A middle American said he ate a falafel  
It tasted awful and now his bowels bled  
And soon Muslims at a mosque were found dead  
On a burning wooden cross

They yelled out "dirty hippie"  
Looking like a Martian landing party  
And cut our college grant because they suspect we plan anarchy  
We'll deprogram you  
You Al Qaeda sympathizer  
And carve a tree with a Trans Am car key  
To build a Mantan's marquee

They yelled "slut"  
At my post-coital o-face  
And lecherous sweat musk that I showcased  
But it was heartfelt when I undid her garter belt  
But I watched the love that I harbored melt

They yelled out "bum"  
At the frosted tips of my mullet ducktail  
Walking in the upscale bar and grill  
Where fools tuck tails behind large bills  
And I'm a cynic during wartime  
In an unattractive thrift store find

I yelled out "fascist"  
At the robotic orphan makers  
Running for office in the form of Schwarzeneggers  
They will digitally alter your torture chamber  
To look just like a bath and spa  
Without sanction of international law

My coarse hair means I'm into petty theft, right?  
There's an imbalance of Lord's Prayers to lefty's laments, right?  
But you can't offend me or Of Mexican Descent, right  
We've heard a thousand "fuck you's"

Love is not enough  
So why defrost that frozen kiss?  
Your happy skies are cotton puffs  
Your modest lover's focus shifts

Love is not enough  
So why defrost that frozen kiss  
You toast apathy bottoms up  
And take your reality load it to disc

Why do you hate me?  
Is it my numerous releases on Ninja Tune?  
Or my on going fling with Reese Witherspoon?  
Or is it because I'm the indecent Mr. Coon  
Who occasionally takes trips to the moon?  
I know it's because I made my hip-hop cookies  
And didn't let you lick the spoon  
Or because we make girls throw fits and swoon  
And I'll reduce your club to talcum dust too  
And accompany your thousand "fuck you's"  
With this here lefty's lament

Love is not enough