

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 Manta'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 Whitherspoon?
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