

# Map Your Psyche

Busdriver

Personnel Officer: Let me see your chauffeur's license. How's your driving record?

Travis: It's clean. It's real clean, like my conscience

Personnel Officer: You gonna break my chops? I have trouble with guys like you coming in to break my chops all the time. If you're gonna break my chops, you can take it on the arches right now, you understand?

Travis: Sorry, sir. I didn't mean that

I did a record before you

And sure of course it was a tour de force

Now you can afford a Porsche, go to the Source awards

Get some tour support, do all sorts of warped things

Get a smorgasbord with a horde of whores

Snort some more, leave a horrid corpse

You're so corporate endorsed that when I record a chorus

You said you co-wrote the grand corpus

With no if's, and's, or but's

To listen to derivative works of this art-fag

I need to be in arms reach of a barf bag

Using a bland sci-fi lab kit

No fan's hands will go sky-high for that shit

It's too anti-climactic, I'll put my bad reviews on your happy shoes

Well, it's the Busdriver and y'all back in school

With Ellay Khule and I'm Ab Rude, Ripping it

Derivative of creative initiative

Uninhibited in no particular fashion

Indicative of an atypical mic-smashing

Considered the title class of the fiercest survivalist

Paralyzing psychoanalyst, magnetizing soul catalyst

Out of a cocoon a platoon would form and how did it happen

Sprouting like alfalfa poison mushrooms out of the grass

Boys to men of this vast network of allies

That were sent to the rally point for the joint venture

Henchmen with a long-standing friendship

Based on both surviving a lynching from those striving against them

Rise to any length spread through every width, area, and circumference

It's a heavy load to lift but I was never known to quit nothing

I use a dolly, pulley, lever, conveyor belt

On the assembly line where all of the steel melts

I'd weld them a chopper, tap on a chakra to get 'em back in order

And mail them a document to tell 'em retreat back over the border

For his aura's sake to make more, innovate, and record a great album

For our styling cipher out for the Driver

I'm a clocker, as much of an actor as Mekhi Phifer's a rhymer

He's the Busdriver and y'all back in school

And I'm Ab-Rude and with Ellay Khule, rippin' it

Yeah, Project Blowed Collective holds MC's of the future

I read the grid kid, I did every column

We have you mapped out...

We've mapped your psyche

We know what you do before you do

Packaged it nicely

And sold it to who feeds off the style

You couldn't break my chops with an axe  
Take you time, make it fat, talking shit, take it back  
Mad when you kick that crap  
Weak wack raps, where the real writers at?  
Over here, over there, everywhere that I peek  
Follow the elite, every style that I freak  
Beat a nigga down when I'm bound to a beat  
Microphone parts what they found in the street  
Pick 'em up, dust, kick it up, time to rip it up  
Having fun with my tongue, when I'm done give it up  
Time to demonstrate how I penetrate  
Hot incinerate, biting like a dinner date  
It's a twist that I missed, what part of the game is this?  
Where the losers go and the winners wait  
To take the beginner's place  
Keep my face placed on how to win the race  
If they'd run, I would never chase  
Hit 'em with the boom because they set up base  
This ain't Texas but this is the west's Chainsaw Leather Face  
Keep the golden mic in a leather case  
And when it's battle time, I'ma set a pace  
Every line that you find already been mine  
When you rhyme, man, what a waste  
You would think I'd busted a nut in every hip-hop slut  
Because there's too many Mini-Me's  
And some of y'all cats is finicky  
So y'all quickly change to enemies  
Blowing up in the industry so they remember me  
In their memory for original chops  
So you better give spiritual props to your lyrical pops  
Speed seeds, I delivered a flock  
Busdriver, Ellay Khule, and Ab Rude  
A few Goodlife emcees on the prowl  
They get beat up every time they want to eat up  
And try to feed up on my style  
Got your little puny mind  
Your little minuscule thoughts mapped out

We've mapped your psyche  
We know what you do before you do  
Packaged it nicely  
And sold it to who feeds off the style