

# 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-writ 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  
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Packaged it nicely  
And sold it to who feeds off the style