

Mr. Mistake (Bested by the Whisper Chasm)

Busdriver

[Verse 1]

Wielding racy aphorisms I billy club your color line
Refusing to join forces with your indie-thug wunderkind
I rather embrace what your city slum undermines
And encourage the idiom of bump-and-grind
Sickly glum of unbuttoned minds
I prime my condemned shell to excrete
A lithium honey wine for you frowning f*cks
When trend arbitrators present my tortured lore adorned
Gags are soaked in chloroform
You get the same if you're poor in form
With your flip full-tuck and triple-lutz into this icy brook
War is sworn on my forlorned psyche's suit

[Hook]

I've got people to disappoint, I got mistakes to make
How can you believe that I'm not a waste of space
Oh I'm sorry to disappoint, I seldom save face
But how can I speak your language
When I don't know my own
I've got people to disappoint, I got mistakes to make
Your eroded innards is my favorite place
Oh I'm sorry to disappoint, I seldom save face
How can I speak your language?
How can I speak your language?

[Verse 2]

Too self-assured to ever treat her well
(Kiss the off-colored tree frog)
We turn into black Keebler elves
Opposite elephants on sea-saws
Android man-boy befriends the chic, mod tinker bell
Then runs away from home until my knees throb
Sneakers smell
'Til my every tirade activates Jihad sleeper-cells
'Til flag wavers say, 'please God we need your help'
Still I'm precarious and flat-footed
Like you're arrogant at a gun show

I holler at your Marilyn Monroe
With declarative mumbo-jumbo my narrative unfolds
To a housed narcissism
Parented by a bum hole
I cling to pointless ventures
And inveigh buoyant pest verve
I suck

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[Bridge]

It's unfitting but I stay all pensive and meek
In cities where girls dress Greek
And food's too expensive to eat
And niggas gangbang on Sesame Street
I got too many requests to meet

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