

Note Boom

Busdriver

Hey, hey, hey!...

I was in a Hip Hop hair band
When I was watching Yo! MTV Raps
Then I went to the CV shack
And I burned my unpublished books
And invented my young rugged looks
Through an investment of only a CD rack
When I became a star, now girls show me their bikini wax
And shower me in vaginal secretions
For no rational reasons
Whatever happened to the undying purist's fuel to buy the wishful rant?
The rap quiz bowl champ
Now I get invited to afterparties where girls have good snatch and nipple clamps (Yeah right!)
I'm supposed to be protesting at a missile plant
I'm supposed to be casting an unpopular vote
Instead of basking in a sauna in water soaked swim trunks
There's a skin chunk on my salad fork
There's an inconsistancy in my valid retort
You can dig in an underground T-shirt bin
But you're just on the outside looking in
So I poured formaldehyde under your cooking skin
Because I'm from L.A.,
Which means I'm a style snob
I can't imagine the validity of any rapper who can put me out of a job
Cause while they were reading Calvin and Hobbes
We found polyrhythms in their basic loop
But I'm not from your favorite group
Put up your cypher circle's sacred hoop
I'm a hoola-hooper, bazooka shooter, new recruiter of a daisy-dukes-wearing lone groupie
I'll? ask you to play a bit part in my home movie
Because I'm a scene slut
You facetious fucks, if y'all don't make some noise I'll be applying for employment at Pizza Hut
Let's be level-headed, you can probably see through me
I'm the white man's character's nigga friend in the ethnocentric teen movie
Well shut the health nut's mouth, just pay him for the green smoothie

Hold on- I'm still important
I was the clumsy co-author of your celebrated mantra
For your movement, then my felt pen turned into a coke spoon
And I want my love back
So I await a note boom

Want to see my live performance? No!
How about I bump us a verse? No!
What if I made a television appearance? No!
Want to hear some exclusive tracks? No!

Damn, tough crowd
I thought they would always touch clouds when I bust styles, but what now?
What kind of name is Busdriver?
Is it just a wack allegory?
And it can't be justified by any background story?

I heard he sucks live, only appeals to hipsters who
Dress like Russian spies, Who are painfully cool and have button-eyes
A fan will squeeze a pint of fresh juice, and it'll discompose a recluse
But no childhood sex abuse can explain my terrible habits
That is why "Single" is my marital status
And it's why I'll happily take cash advances from charitable half-wits
And being that I'm from the Project Blowed I'm constantly probed
By the weak and the dull
With poor and boring things asked, I'll put a breech in the hole
Of their exploratory space craft with oratory weight mass, bleach their skulls
Because in recent polls, a black rapper's viewed as a voyeuristic dunce
Who doesn't care about the B-Boyer's intrinsic hunch
And now indie music is instant lunch, at industry parties I piss in the punch
And won't take a business card, I have a disregard for life
I'm not on a mission to Mars to leave satellite-dish shards in the night

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Damn, tough crowd
I thought they would always touch clouds when I bust styles, but what now?
I thought they would always go buck wild, but now they want a nigga with a pimpled brow
Wow... tough crowd... the room is fucking loud