

# Party Pooper

Busdriver

You see, I'm a party pooper

Yeah, I'm a party pooper

Yes sir, Project Blowed  
What are you?

Huh, I'll have blood oozing out the doll in paint  
Leave the club fuming and you'll file a complaint  
When the next emcees of human style is a faint weapon  
For me to hinder the growth  
Is my civil duty  
I'd rather you find your inner beauty than wiggle your booty  
'Cause there's mercenaries in all the blind spots  
That could get my person buried in a pine box  
Is it because my first person carries on all the time slots  
Or 'cause I won't treat a Virgin Mary like livestock?  
I want a B-girl who praises Islam or Rastafari  
Doesn't hang out with misogynist bar flies  
Not an androgynous tomboy, or a lecturous lush  
With an affectionate bust, who has a fetish to fuck  
She'll give you genital warts full of infected pus  
What'd you expect from Bus?  
Of course I'm a party pooper  
Your girl brings me Kama Sutra while I'm squeezing barley from her juicer

I'm a party pooper, but you just want to squeeze on barbies' hooters  
And try to please the Manarky's ruler  
But the way I serve these emcees is harly a rumor

You see, I'm a party pooper  
Come on, I'm a party pooper

"Yeah man, we gotta get in this club tonight, get my drank on  
Fuck with dem hoes, be on some hot shit"

Now what is hot shit?  
A warm stool from the butt horn of a mule  
Or a globe that conforms to the rules?  
So I take these fools to reform school  
Or go ahead and buy a new pair of pants, we'll do the square dance  
You folks aren't given a fair chance to give the underground a glare or glance  
But I'm certain that a rare chance will earn us shares and grants  
Like I'm certain that you're handicapped and can't hacky sack  
Like I'm certain that your crappy raps won't get no handclaps  
I'm sure!  
Like a breakout of anthrax  
Make you take out your tampax, stand back!  
That's the way that the biters go  
The more decimals on the check, the more special effects  
But it's an inevitable letdown  
Leave styles to make you feel like a vegetable from the neck down  
These drum kicks, sound like several tech rounds being fired  
Shooting in the canopy to stop the hootenanny

"Okay people, exit the club, there's nothing to see here"

See, they bite chunks of info when cypher punks go home driving drunk  
For God's sake, snap out of it!  
You dumb yuppies, Humpty Dumpties and young guppies  
Your pop song's a satire of itself  
Your war machine backfires and melts  
He thought I was just a hired help but

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You see, I'm a party pooper  
You know, I'm a party pooper

I said Project Blowed  
We are party poopers  
I say Afterlife  
We are party poopers  
Yeah, Busdriver  
You know he's a party pooper  
I said Jizzm  
You know he's a party pooper  
I said Mexican Descent  
They're party poopers  
I said Hip Hop Klan  
Party poopers  
I said Chillin Villain Empire  
Party poopers  
I said Cypher 7  
Party poopers  
I said Onomotopoeia  
Party poopers  
Everybody in the Blowed  
Party poopers  
Everybody outside  
Party poopers  
All of the security  
They party poopers  
Everybody that you know  
Party poopers  
Yeah, your uncle and your aunt  
Party poopers  
All these whack emcees  
They should be party poopers  
Wouldn't it be better if we were all party poopers?