

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 lecherous 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 glan ce

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 Onomatopoeia
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?