

## plagued\_by\_arte

Busdriver

The words of music get confused sometimes  
(I know what you think of me)  
I know what you think of us  
(I know what you think of me)

We used to have the house aglow  
Outside of the bungalow that's prehistoric  
It can be recorded  
A slutty Philly's down the spinal bracket  
On top of a vinyl jacket so euphoric  
Your entity distorted  
You'd put weed inside the apple pie  
For reading by a candle light and theater groups  
Something is the truth  
You say you can't leave the rap alone  
The reed of the saxophone stays on your tongue  
You stay on one and here's the proof  
My father's slum was like Beirut  
Developed in the ways of life  
Around and round the trade routes  
Sell the microwave set to them whites  
For a knowing odd get accused of a voting fraud  
By that unknowing god

I've seen the best minds ever  
Fight to death over kitchen scraps  
Yeah you can put your roll away  
There ain't no guarantee you'll ever get it back  
No (I know what you think of me)  
(I know what you think of me)

What the fuck is wrong with me  
You know that this song is free  
Nothing can belong to me  
Can you get along with me I-  
Fuck that I'm plagued by art  
I'm writing poems in a Parisian flat  
For freestyling in your house where the TV's stacked

(I know what you think of me)  
(I know what you think of me)