

# Post Apocalyptic Rap Blues

Busdriver

I'm depressed, yeah

I know you got em, I got em too  
I got them through the night

Well [?] comes a Blowed fanclub  
Asking me all kinds of outlandish questions  
Like if I heard that tape of theirs  
To be quite honest, I haven't so I just give them blank stares  
But one said, "you know busdriver, I think you're an asshole  
And your shit's so weak that it makes my tummy hurt  
And when I heard the sound, I didn't feel like I got my money's worth  
I think I can serve you right where you stand, you're dead"  
Hell man, you didn't harm a hair strand on my head

Cause I got them whack rapper blues  
I got them whack rapper blues  
And I don't know where they came from, I don't know you  
Didn't know me, doing that punk thing by cd  
Via [?]  
Sold of on the Project Blowed  
[?] cool with Southern Cal  
So buy my shirt, don't be stubborn pal

Get on my shit, all of it  
Surprise yourself  
Yeah

I've got them underground hip-hop blues, Yeah  
Something like that

All my money in the world are some pennies in a dresser drawer  
So I made my way to the indy mega store  
And I ain't taking no excuses a CD buyer has to offer  
Cause I'd have made my payments on my TV, dryer and washer  
He looked me in the eye and said "I can't buy it this week"  
I said "what the fuck" and a high pitched shriek  
I said "Are you friends with or do you know Driver?"  
He said I don't care he can hang himself from a blow dryer"  
I got those

I got those CD on consignment blues, Yeah  
And they're charging me every dirty thing that I believe  
And they haven't paid me, it's certainly my big pet peeve

Check it out

Now they call me Driver  
But promoters call me pond scum  
They say "You know you're pretty dope man  
But you ain't going nowhere in the long run"  
Project Blowed was vocoded on the back of a cardboard boxcar menu  
No, my car door is not locked  
I invite you inside of my microsmic bubble

I've taken the advice of a project  
Brought into the league of legends but I'm still here

With those janky-ass promoters blues (janky-ass promoters)  
And when I perform, I stage my death  
To collect my money, so that I can pay my rent

I got some early hip-hop blues  
I'm performing in the L ring  
I'm performing in your girl's house  
I'll be performing in your town soon

What was that?

Hi, may I take your order?

Yes, um, well actually  
I would like a rubber shoe, branded with a number 2

You want number 2?

Actually, give me number 25

Excuse me?

You know what, it was a beautiful day