

Pull the Sky Closer

Busdriver

Up high, up high, up high
Up high, up high, up high
Up high, up high, up high
Up high
Light it up, light it up

I crank myself to ten (Light it up, light it up)
And hope that this feeling don't end (Light it up, light it up)
When I pull the sky closer (Light it up, light it up)
I crank myself to ten (Light it up, light it up)
And hope that this feeling don't end (Light it up, light it up)
When I pull the sky closer (Light it up, light it up)

I think our nigga got a gambling problem yeah maybe your homie is sick
To my nigga I'd bet the cards look exactly like a Mobius strip
Copious quips, followed by an intervention
Makes me feel I'm lonely as shit
His phobia's just [?] how money is ripped between his friends and fam and no
w he's throwing a fit
But you're an addict too, your breakfast is a half a keg of Coors Lite
And that fool's a chronic masturbator
With a cache full of porn sites
And a fat J in your ash trays, they support right
I'm being forthright, 'cause back in the day
I was in cabarets with whole scores of whores, tight back pain
But all of my most despicable traits are embedded deep inside of my hemoglobin
Just because you're a twelve stepper in a felt sweater don't make you no the
ologian
For you any medicine denizen will make a suitable dad
As long as they provide mescaline chewable tabs
And jettison the redder skin around those immutable scabs

When you smoke my blunts
You flew over my head
Just one breath ago, so I'm like
So take me with you when you go (Light it up, light it up)

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You buy methamphetamines when they come in expanse couch
(I don't want it unless I can smoke it or fuck it)
You OD'd while listening to deadmau5
(I don't want it unless I can smoke it or fuck it)
That crack whore that you got in your bed don't give a fuck about the thread
count
She just want to do blow in the penthouse, and you're like
(I don't want it unless I can smoke it or fuck it)
With a cherry on top and whipped cream, you say irresponsible

I bet with all the richest kings you'll try'n get all the dishes clean
Without a spliff seam or a nip of lean or dimethyltryptamine
But we're all meant to kiss the ring, for example
I'm addicted to my political recourse
I'm gonna spit it at the lawyer's face in city hall
And my disc jockey hate Mitt Romney at his boiler plate vitriol
But I never get as high as you, you leave footprints on the moon surface
Call your needle up like it's room service
(I don't want it unless I can smoke it or fuck it)
But maybe you're finding yourself at a tablespoon all [?] gunk (Maybe)
From treating [?] the domino crunch (Maybe)
But you're unhealthy man, cocaine breakfast, Popsicle brunch
I used to think it was comical once but
(I don't want it, want it, want it, want it)
In the corner when you're at you're afterparty all the good times have to stop
You suffer from anaphylactic shock
All you hear is screams and classic rock (I don't want it)
Man, you need an MD like the E double, watch your body twitch
Going to H E double hockey sticks full of [?] this is probably it, but
I saved your ass with hip-hop (Maybe)
No, homie, I'm not that smart (Maybe)
Regardless of all let me say it before the turn tables aren't on a crash cart (Maybe)
You should've talked to me
You the only nigga that knows me, player
You know we go back like the OG players
The game ain't single it's multiplayer
So it's me and you

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