

# Retirement Ode

Busdriver

The chef used during the seven days in which Perfect Hair was recorded cost  
roughly  
Everything

Oh shoot (yeah)  
Driver!  
Ohh

Hi, I'm Regan  
I don't rap for free  
And listen I've got a bachelors degree, but you knew that, come on  
And still you never would admit how sick I've become

This year my pigment's bluer  
What am I, a crip from hoover?  
Oh no, It's a malignant tumour!  
Oh, I knew it. Come on!  
And still you never would admit how sick I've become

(Second Interlude)

This is "Perfect Hair" by Busdriver  
It costs 146 million US dollars to make  
The musical accompaniment on tracks 5 through 12, cost 6000 euros each  
The backup singers used on tracks 1 through 3, cost 3500 US dollars per take  
The studio time at our home studios cost half a million Brazilian reals per  
lockout session

I'm a frequent flyer  
And a decent liar  
And that's a lie in itself but you knew that, come on  
And still you never would admit how sick I've become

I eat my food raw  
Grew up bourgeois  
Now I run game like a cue ball  
But you knew that, come on  
And so you'll never admit how sick I've become

I'm not a cool dad  
Nor a new fad  
I'm my daughter's own private enigma, come on  
And still she never could admit how sick I've become

I'm dope as fuck  
I know what's up  
And I did not blow up but you knew that, come on  
And so you never would admit how sick I always was

My clothes are dirty  
And I'm over thirty  
And you can't quit me cold turkey but you knew that, come on  
It's about time we've admitted how sick this has become

I'm no one  
And everywhere I only breathe heavy air  
But you knew that, come on

Why can't we admit how sick this has become?

I used to wake up at noon  
To punch the moon  
And fuck my life in her puncture wound  
Come on

Come on