

Several Friends

Busdriver

And I got several friends
Within that digital hum
Then on the print of my thumb
I got several friends
Resembling identical twins
They study analytical trends
And the elliptical bend
How we get it in with chicken and wings
The original men
[?] issued a thousand lashes

You may think it's outlandish
But it's how they brand us, how they do us
Subjugate your ambassador to mother nature
Through southern [?] fervor

What do your friends know
Do your friends know
I got several friends
And I don't trust any of them
So give me my general cleanse
It's all pencils and pens
Americans fetishize their own dances
Interrupted trans-continental bounce passes
[?] ounce of hash
Be aware the brainstorms landfall
And you mind shackles hacksaw
Has been reported from cerebral sources

Nigga, what type of friends do you got
Uh, what type of friends do you got

[?] warheads
While you doze to the loaf of the shortbread
This folk signals for the broke hymnals
To the crip walking in the [?]
Show us scores are dead
Forge your head
I repeat, scores are dead
Forge your head

What type of friends do you got
Uh, what type of friends do you got
What type of friends do you got
Uh, what type of friends do you got

I got several friends
And I don't trust any of them (Why?)
'Cause he's the chief administrator of that double-speak (Why?)
'Cause I've only known that nigga for about a couple of weeks (Why?)
'Cause I'm them other man's [?] revolutionary puzzle piece
And he can never recognize that
Looking at the climate science, it denies facts

I got several friends