

# 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