

# Somethingness

Busdriver

Now this... this Busdriver name. What exactly are you trying to say? Are you trying to say that you're reaching out to your fellow underclassmen, your fellow proletariat, you're trying to bring them into the light?  
(I'm saying nothing.)

I mean now, when you mean nothing, you don't mean 'nothing'! You mean it in a kind of existential, nihilist, Nietzsche type of way? I mean, tell me what's going on. Explain to me, brother. Explain to me  
(Nothing.)

All I wanted was insurance and a dental plan  
But ladies and gentlemen  
All they do is grow daisies at a mental can  
Get a job!  
Easy for you to say, you're a member in some rap group, but at least I stood for something  
I'm a baby in a trash hoop who's good for nothing

Now, upon buying this album you've done three things:  
Proven that you're a hippie counterculture sun chaser  
And proven that you're unaware of your contribution to my fundraiser  
For me to rule the world, and you want to join the club?  
To get a renewal, you need a referral from a previous employer  
But we know you're a schoolgirl who needs a devious lawyer  
To prove otherwise in a court of law. Get this nigga a sport's bra!  
But that's besides the point  
You've also proven that mundane tasks to you are like slave labor  
So you don't do nothing  
If you were in grave danger  
Your problem wouldn't prove sudden  
And went inside to wake up early you at the alarm clock and the snooze button in  
If you were stranded on a deserted island you would probably farm crops and stew food hunted  
You inspected all the fun and you laugh, thinking if things go according to plan  
In the song, you'll be subordinate in a tanning salon  
Wearing a white shirt, with cold air freezing  
Drinking soft drinks, yet dying of thirst, but for no apparent reason  
Well, what are your plans today? Well, I'm certainly not gonna do any of the house chores  
But I think I'm gonna dabble and do up my dissertation that I'm gonna present to Al Gore  
With an unrepresentable mouth sore  
About 'nothingness'

There's nothing  
Nothing that's better for enhancing the chance of being empty  
And it'll hold a certain mystic freedom  
And freedom is in a hole that people fall and die in

Record full of nothing but a bebop, an amoeba auction, a hummus falafel  
A dick in the H in the Haitian abated  
Graffiti verbatim preventative medicine  
Preventing hip nethers I get up in her venery heaven  
Adam and Eve are having a meeting with a cat so... so  
Soulful with a bowl-full of no, no, no  
Nothing... ever happens, here's a leather napkin

Riding on a killer wildebeest in the wilderness  
Of the Middle East and back to Italy  
To set this scene of nativity in the hills of Mississippi  
With a dollar-fifty and a bottle of whiskey and a woman to bake me some biscuits and a little piece  
Of Feliz Navidad, you never had a dad  
So Tenenbaum or MacDonald after Ramadan  
Fast enough to catch me placing those splashes, vagabond  
Don't be laughing, you David Hasselhoff in a castle box  
Castlevania building pencils in Pennsylvania with the stencil stain you'll love  
End of the verse, so hand me your purse  
I'm the one that you will see at the Italian Hill near you  
See, I like at the opera where a life is a death, and I see that... the death is near  
(And on a basketball court backboard is the head of a deer)

There's something I wanna tell ya  
It's been eating me from inside out  
Let's make it a point to get together sometime soon  
And we'll talk  
Come close enough so I can whisper  
I've been meaning to tell you that  
Oh shit I forgot what I was gonna say  
Never mind

Hear my tummy moan!  
'Cause I spit up all my vom, but you know I gotta get a muddy gnome from puppy cones  
Before they know these songs are full of absolute nothingness  
And contrary to popular belief, our lucrative rate is in grass root cuttingness  
From CD duplicates burning I don't hatch bad news and a money clip  
But I have a tumor, as seen of a baby's mother tit on the mammogram  
A dozen mother ships plan to land, so I could melt the demand with heat-ray gun  
Instead of going to midnight mass with DJ Run  
Or rich white trash sedatives house a plum substance  
In a pipe that announce me and cancer as husband  
And wife, but I think I'm gonna get a second opinion  
(Our blood analysis finds there's nothing wrong!) so I'll get a third opinion  
(There's nothing wrong with you)! It's just that my words are swimming again  
I'm drowning in my swim trunks doing cover songs with Alvin and the Chipmunks  
Holding a thousand pistol grip pumps sounding "get crunk!"  
At your grandmother's house doing nothing

"Go back to Compton, you dirty nigga, we don't sell watermelons here"  
Is what I yell at the white folks on the way to gun show once a year  
Nigga, some of my best friends are white, and I love mud sharks just the same  
Except for the ones that come from Africa and got 'Johnson' for a last name  
Darth Vader, Rhetoric, Earl Jones James, by the way  
What's another name for shit-colored in German? Take a guess  
Melanin, you illiterate knuckle-dragging ethnic thief two-fifths of a person  
Civil servant, welfare undeserving, never own a suburban  
Home, I hope they raise the rent so high  
The crack money you make couldn't buy you better property curbside  
In the game of monopoly you would advance to Run (not Boardwalk)  
You hide as her pitch-white map cause your corn-fed pig wife gave you penis-envy over the pony in the barn  
Fuck you and the horse you rode in on. Bestiality porn (don't watch it)

Defecation porn (don't watch it). Shit-face drunk from cow-tipping last night  
Your version of crackery is reminiscing on an umbilical cord before you had to pay for the rock and hit the glass pipe  
Yeah, let's talk about civil rights. A 'spic straight from the chop-shop put together wrong'  
If ever there was a Mexican Transformer he would be a lowrider named 'Wetbacktron'  
Con artists hit the stopwatch and let's play a barbed wire game  
Of turntable hopscotch in the form of a swastika

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