

Sphinx's Coonery

Busdriver

The world cannot be saved, children
Your hero's bloodshed is sponsored by the sphinx's coonery under the monster
eye

Walk like an Egyptian
Keep some pep about your step
The petty thievery
A pet peeve to me
Grief over leaving me
Queasy, easily, measly, freebie Frisbee
Sizzles in cold stream wilderness
Epic, relic, medic, antiseptic tank quarantine
Celtic elfin magic melted in that kiln
Overwhelm your film
Hold the realm by the helm
Put you in a gimp suit plastic pillow case
Pimp loot prostitutes knock boots in duke shoot
Luke cute
Killing off shallow personalities
I rebuke on purpose
I set it, plan, and plot
Puke on planet Earth
If I was a fifth, you'd drink me
If I was a spliff, you'd stink me
If I was a myth, you'd think me
If I was a lift, you'd sink me
If I was a gift, you'd jinx me
Sphinx riddle as taboo
Culture clash bamboo
I'm a damn fool
The baby in your baby momma's belly got my sperm shampoo
If infant was hip-hop and womb of time recording room for rhyme
Leverage your average beverage
Severage causes heritage hemorrhage at a measure which the feathers itch
Gathers rich overages whether its reverence is togetherness
I never miss a chance to tether twist a stance
Fake independents take advantage of a zephyr kiss
The sound of their soul is tainted with devilness

Dying, we did it well
We put diving boards on the mouth of forever and ever
And MTVs reenact our martyrdom with marginal liberals but we're the artful p
it bulls

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Get the fuck out of my genre
It's my alma mater
Styles from my mama who do these piles of towels from a Ramada
Who think Illuminati but drink limonada
Persona non grata
Think there zoning on strata
Got a lot of Erik Estrada but not a lot of Akuma Matata
In and out of water like a piranha on a Prada or Dolce and Gabbana piñata

Waiting to Mexhale
Your girls in a Hyundai Excel
One lie away from writing me letters on Microsoft Excel
Cause and effect sales
Rhymes is ice in effect
Hail to the thief
Mail order some new teeth
Impailed through the Mexperiment
Underneath the burial reef
Carry a note and not a leaf
I'm an a anomaly
You're Amelie and you've got to leave
The dichotomy of your dye job is not godly
But oddly more runaway modelly

I'm mistaken for the next Kool Keith
Because I interbreed indie rap acts and groom them at the pet boutique
But I'm stupid
I turn down test tube freak bleach blondes
Offering sex on a nude beach
To read palms for prep school geeks
Cause they sing along to each song
Why only do I appreciate the therapeutic properties of a sexy whore?
Is it because my vacant heart is a messy sore
Encased in an unrefined heavy ore?
It's exactly why jet fuel leaks out of my every pore
And rhymers can't even ingest the food I eat anymore
They would need six stomachs, a big budget and crisp hundreds
To bribe hand-picked judges
To share the winnings of the post-rap whiz kid
I'm a steaming blue baby
Hovering over a bigwigs business grid
My ideas go down smoothly
When you guzzle an Odwalla
My speech is littered with double entendres
And sharp sarcasm
I'm coupled with top sponsors
My tame ideas are on the wall of a chain of Ikeas

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