

Split Seconds (Between Nannies And Swamis)

Busdriver

Be real; conscious rap failed us
And in saying that, you know, welcome to my rap jam

The top-hatted Abrahams are shoveling the raisin bran
In eyeballs their bitchlaws are leaping off the laser scan
Into your genotype telling you to deepthroat pipe
If you don't do it well, these hoes might
The red carpenter's quota fills the deficit in motor skills
Of on-lookers raw sugars register at overkill
Within your colon wall so a candied bowling ball
You squeeze out at the open call but what if you could
Inundate the open hearing with your shrewd barbs
That perforates the sloganeering on the cue cards
Would you prize that fine cut or just apply blush
As besquelched sea-kelp nibbling on pie crust
The job offers for Albany's count Dracula
And calorie-count spatula kitchen staff
Are on the lithograph
Of your Calvin Klein alkaline-enriched gonads
Should I kiss your ass or drown you
In the saffron soy dip
But my Zaxxon joy stick pokes at my
Glitter-spackled tight jumpsuit
Mr. Applewhite grunt pukes
From the candlelight-drunk seldom-sung suit
But you're the fresh-faced unknown
With sophomoric gags and washboard abs
Finding cineplex waste blood stones
Can I be OG Mudbone, go free and unplug the phone

Nannies or swamis undefeated
Screaming "Pansy commies! Love it or leave it,"
Or pumping antibodies in the VP's cleavage;
They split it, split it...

Cool points trump those DIY numerics
(Be yourself) but I'm too embarrassed
(You got to be you)
So that famed crook playbook and diary diarrhea split seconds
Split seconds, they split seconds, split seconds...

The 1-800 dollar guilt trip stamped on my African name book
Proves that behind the cumulus blue, there's a Hubalicious stew
As Dane Cook's table reads, so I yank Butch's anal beads
Out of the clenched bum of PG-rated test runs
Stuffing YouTube viewership up deviated septums
Between two, choose your pick: Rule Zimbabwe
Or improved computer chips become your new Yahweh
Boo-hoo loser bitch, your dope's in the blood and stool
Because most rap careers mirror stints as drug mules
But are you that pickaninny, blackfaced Ren & Stimpy
Our on-screen time is split 50-50, but I've only drawn guns
On the construction paper with the pastel sticks
And I'm a left-of-center loyalist
Who's selling bean pies with a bad sales pitch
This sex offender's foil fixed in utero
On my own dumbass self, yeah I pimp super ho

Whom is me; they liken Driver to Fishbone
Have fire and brimstone misers disowned
But I'm not sure, y'all are too NAACP or NWA on GP
But I straddle the fence every nanosec
Canceled checks line the utorial wall of my music hall

It's like, cool points trump those DIY numerics
(Be yourself,) but I'm too embarrassed
(You got to be you)
So that famed crook playbook and diary diarrhea split seconds
Split seconds, they split seconds, split seconds