

# The Imperfect Cinema

Busdriver

Yeah

Lying from the chorus with no fucks to give  
Just storming the Euro buck for hundred quid  
This is not a training camp for niggas  
No, my brain is amped up with an entertainer worker  
Rucked a kiss

Uh, yo

You can trust the port until the dented doubles  
Zombie eye your mausoleum  
Leaning as I stretch muscles  
Reading from the spell book  
Some of us [?] was sensing doubles  
Who you niggas?  
Forget your troubles and hide tent muscles  
I'm so full of whimsy I can carve a fluna  
But I'm in the music venue yanking out a shark tooth  
Bitch niggas tic-tac that clickbait so your art askews  
But man I got a car hood, I'm trying to disarm a nuke  
How'd you get your nutrition from orange juice?  
Like, yea, I'm from the former prison  
Slandering the archduke and pandering to our truth  
My body is the living proof, the financiers are interloop  
While my fam be stirring up that ginger root  
And now I'm Charlie Parker  
Looks like a [?] but that could be my sparring partner  
You know a lefty like me always been the party starter  
The third-party martyr  
A category weird nigga  
A popular threading holding onto a beard trimmer  
A popular threading trying to hold a beer tasting  
But I'm not disgraced by the web  
Cut out all outspoken black faces they encase in metal  
Go to the state argue the case until the case settle  
This magical negro was on the daily special  
I'm with the capital word artists their legs pretzel  
Up on the stage with your heckle men we stay pencil  
Like Open Mike was due to replace Jay Leno  
My nigga

We've always stayed mental

Lying from the chorus with no fucks to give  
Just storming the Euro buck for a hundred quid  
Forget what all the haters say  
Your shriveling on the razor's edge  
Writing letters like you got a month to live

Yea

I'm lying from the chorus with no fucks to give  
Just storming the Euro buck for a hundred quid  
Yea