

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