

Unsafe Sextet/ Gilded Hearts Of Booklovers

Busdriver

You get some tap shoes and sheet music with trombones
Unsafe Sextet, It's Unsafe Sextet
You get some piccolos and fashionistas with jumpsuits
Unsafe Sextet, It's Unsafe Sextet

I frown upon the meaning of blitzkrieg
When the sepia tint bleeds out of your sleezy club striptease
You give the cheesy club chick feed
Your reality tv stud misreads his scripted pig oinks
So I disjoint his measly thug prestige
When my wheezing lung is squeezed
Out of the pitiful entrapments of an able bodied squatter
I spew frothy fodder
From the tenuous underpinning of a corroded mind
I can't learn a thing
Yet my creative furnishings are a body of water
So I'm a coffee potter
Yes I'm a barista at starbucks
You can lessen my financial woes
Just swipe your visa card once
Buy this explosive whoopee cushion
My loathsome pussfooting should be put in
Runs with a pizza parlor runts want of arcade tokens
Join the styled fauna of the industry mixer and suffer mild trauma
I need a chemistry kit sir
And not to coddle pistol grips I only need one popsicle stick
For my boyz n the hood diorama
Oh my band sucks shit
Were not first on no bills
We play sand buckets
And eat birth control pills
And my fingertips look like crisp fried ends
I go off
Diss my friends
Looking at the negative balance on my account through a fish eyed lens

You get some tap shoes and snorkles and bandmates
And sheet music with trombones and handguns
And what do you got
Unsafe sextet
We upstage the best yet and tongue bathe cassette decks
Holding unpaid rent checks
You get some piccalos and cutlery and thermoses
And fashionistas with jumpsuits and congos
And what do you got
Unsafe sextet

Gilded hearts of booklovers

And you decided to write the hip hop version of karma sutra
After being fired from your job for uproking to close the water cooler
And you decided to write the hip hop version of karma sutra
After being fired from your job for uproking to close the water cooler

In the regalia of a star prick I measure our genitalia with a yardstick
And dethrone my third person drowning it in sea foam
And drink the blood from its wing nub dipping in it with cheese scone

Exchanging pelvic thrusts while pulling the elephant tusk from my cheekbone
Put my dirty feet in a pair of socks and my bird beak in a swear box
And unfasten my pants
Insure that my mojo crash lands on your happenstance
You're a flash in the pan
Quid pro quo with the newest thing to come out
With me its no go I'm a shooting range cut out
But my woodie's blair underwooden, you should book me with wonder women
I ain't go the suggested footwear but the kids leave the breakfast nook bare
When I prep fixins I'm hedging clipping their reading habits at the book fair
But I'm too pithy and far fetched to compete with your hickeyed guitar neck
I hear the political convictions of your debut EP dwarf isclamfascism
Great news! you get rave reviews 5 out of 5
But this'll leave your noodle full blown this year were touring funeral homes
And that self serving agenda will buckle under the weight of these lengthy diatribes
A
Need you decided to write the hip hop version of karma sutra
After being fired from your job for uproking to close the water cooler
And you decided to write the hip hop version of karma sutra
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Oh your games so tough, it de magnetized my key card
Its so hot and fresh, your merch booth needs a sneeze guard
And I fall off without a tug on the ripchord
I amount to fuzz of the mixboard
But how can I get my game re-charged, tell me

Oh gilded hearts of booklovers
You don't have to be careful let your hinged airhole swing ajar
We have disemboldened the cookie cutters
Who the fuck do they think they are
Oh compromised worldview
Please don't mind me as I kindly scratch my scabs
Our nerve endings curly q
When brushed up against the naps of flags
Or that fascist vag. or that