

Werner Herzog

Busdriver

How could you call yourself the best rapper
You in a cover band that's playing Sledgehammer
In your cupped hands is pet hamster
Your genitals are sitting on wet pampers
Holdup while I test this red snapper
Militant like a pledged Panther
I hunt big name nigga, I collect antlers
And you got bitch problems, breast cancer
Hellfyre Club we the wrong set to slander
We'll make you eat a crepe filled with Chia pet dander
And I always stay on the set with cameras
I go Herzog, nigga you dead like Dirt Dog
All you movie-making lames in the booty-shaking vein
On the moving gravy train are left in excruciating pain
Because I'm in the house, you be like "which house?"
I make Witch-House up at your bitch's house
Wearing nothing but a Speedo and a pig snout
Y'all must have pricks and ovums
Jocking me like I'm Chris Nolan
My scathing critique of your shit leaves your script molten
Because you want to drive porches through the Waterloos
Have a home like the Fortress of Solitude
So on-set to snort shit through a hollow tube
But at the end you're just gorgeous piranha food

He's Herzog, I'm P.T. Anderson
At your premiere I snuck 3-D cameras in
I bootlegged your shit for the downtrodden
Cause you got your film degree at a clown college
You use brown polish, like a white racist
And shoot titles in Sans Serif typefaces
Take ten paces, and yell "Fire!"
I nail you to a big board like Mel Kiper
No secret, I'll tell you why I smell wiser
I got a bunch of girls pregnant cause I sell diapers
And I'm a God-damned genius
The Marc Maron a dark-skinned art baron
Smart like lucky kids who get born to smart parents
Who feed them locally-grown farmer's market carrots
I eat fair trade cheese and fart fairness

I.... go... Werner... Herzog
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I.... go... Herzog
Which means I get large spread art cred smart heads are fed

Skip the introduction, buddy I'm not mingling
Hoes on my dick cause I look like John Singleton
Cut like Tarantino with his big-ass machete
Once I read my notebook, word to Nick Cassavetes
Twelve frames, half a second, Clockwork, Stanley Kubrick
A rap session I'll put my nose in, I can't be Buddhist
I learned my lesson, I'm really a savvy student
But dark like Tim Burton, and look fit like a thin person
But I'm just a happy human
Before I see a stupid rom-com with a nice chick
I might get, the right grip, to set up a light rig

Attach a GoPro to the po-po's nightstick
And assault him with an icepick - and ask him how he likes it
Excuse me - unhhh - my swag sharted
I feel like Shaft with a shag on shag carpet
These rappers aren't factors they're actors with no SAG cards in
They think they're the truth but they that gossip rag garbage
Written shit or freestyle, homie I'm that murderous
Remember me? I used to enter them rap tournaments
Breaking niggas' spirits like a bag full of glass ornaments
Well bitch it's time to eat now, show me where craft service is
Thinking out loud like an introspective extrovert
If I play the background I'm directing, not that extra work
Bust that 16 but I decided to put in extra work
To make them strippers drop it super mega-low and extra twerk
Rappers say they don't hate, but most of 'em do
I feed off it like Vigo in Ghostbusters 2
I can roll up your crew, or throat-fuck your boo
Whatever transpires is so up to you
Lights Camera Action
The whip is fully covered so I might have to crash it
Getting southpaw HJ's from a right-handed ratchet
The airbag deploys
The credits start to roll
How anti-climactic

Hellfyre