

Worlds to Run

Busdriver

This slack-jaw mealy-mouth
I mumble when I'm 'round the house
I'm trying not to do no chores today
Crying in my underwear
I lost my sense of wonder there
No, I'm not Milan Kundera
Though this lightness is unbearable
The feeling is indelible
I'm wishing I could teleport somewhere
Transmolecularize through the secular eye
I remember when Vegeta stomped Bardock's neck in
Two prayer hands to the heavens, good Lord, bless Him
I was a broke slob watching Ghost Dog writing Post Hoc
If I could muster just one good throat chop
And honor my shidoshi, 'cause 'dim mak' means 'death touch'
I been Spock, I been clutch
In thin socks, I'm butthurt
Impervious pervert with niggerish fervour
Crashing Linux server
Who didn't even change his laundry over
Who needs to buy toilet paper
Indie rapper, sorta faker
'Cause I couldn't afford a mortgage or a Studebaker
'Cause I couldn't afford a mortgage or a Studebaker

When you're deep in the raw
Everybody wants to get a piece of your heart
There's only so much truth you can keep in your bowl
Speak your piece, but words are too harsh

Overspoke my piece
I'm known in the streets
When you're deep in the raw
There's only so much truth you can keep in your jaw
(So what you saying?)
I can run the world from my mama's house
I can run the world from my mama's house
I can run the world from my mama's house
I can run the world

Every song responds to a threat
Every laundered dollar is wet
But if a mom's like a song torn breath
But as long as I can ponder the depth
And the king sorta stinks of lunacy
I roam the rinks in sync with the jinx that are having me sink the moon and the sea
Bankers clink drinks as they uplink to the sphinx's coonery
I'm on the brink, I could fill my sink with the king's jewelry
Yeah, who is he? Driver-lion from a dead world
Sole practitioner of his customs and know the RPM of your head twirl
Driver old as fuck
My daughter old enough to vote
Rap songs blowing up on the coast
Loyal subjects rolling up that smoke
As I dictate terms from an ensnarled perch
Yeah, and Leimert Park is Winterfell

Rumors I learn to Splinter Cell and pitches sale from Mike's Citadel
Exact an explicit Hell
Empty the fire and sway
My music on Pirate's Bay as my elusive alliances fray
I collude with a silent clay and infuse a vibrant day
With a soothing eye in decay-putting food on the dining tray
Yeah, I can do this my way
Welcome home

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Everybody wants to get a piece of your heart
There's only so much truth you can keep in your bowl
Speak your piece, but words are too harsh

When I was a younger man
I could feel the entire world
But now that I'm older...

When you're deep in the raw
There's only so much truth you can keep in your jaw
(So what you saying?)
I can run the world from my mama's house
I can run the world from my mama's house
I can run the world from my mama's house
I can run the world

When you're deep in the raw
There's only so much truth you can keep in your jaw
(So what you saying?)
I can run the world from my mama's house
I can run the world from my mama's house
I can run the world from my mama's house
I can run the world