

Mr Bus Driver

Masta Ace

Take me home, a long way
Ain't no rush to get there
I got time to go and
Make you see the cold world
Don't no ever go now
I'm just glad to be here
Can I come along?
Tell me, can I fly with you?

Looking out the window, it's the world
Keep passin' me by like a Pharcyde song
See this little boy and little girl
Moms screaming at em as the car's ride on
She take off her shoe and you know what she do
She swings as the girl and the boy cries on
I look at this man and he looking at me
We thinking to eachother oh my God, that's wrong
But we don't get involved, cause nothing getting solved
It's plain to see that that lady gotta have it
Six months pregnant, with a third
Whatever's in her blood man that baby's gonna have it
Dreams unattainable so let me explain to you
It's insane and it's so painful when in plain view
Close my eyes, trying to avoid the pain too
I knock out and inner shout, I came to
Now we on a different block, different area
Little leerier and the projects is scarier
Uh unless you come from this part of town
With the people, the paper bags and the water brown
Lotta dudes they do lose when they brought around
It's so steep and so deep and you sure to drown
Man, do you get where I'm going?
Cause I'm just try to get where I'm going, Mr Bus Driver

Mr Bus Driver
Doesn't know a thing of my life
But I know yours well
Holding this line up
Got enough change in my pocket to get around
Wheels keep turning
You stop and you go but you won't slow down
I don't wanna know where I'm going now

Wheels keep turning

Mr Bus Driver
Doesn't know the passenger lost on your route
Making my mind up
One day I'll have enough change to see the whole town
Red light, green light
You stop and you go but you won't slow down
All I ask of you is you hold it down

Mr Bus Driver, I gotta ask you
One question, not tryin' to harass you
Can you please get my nana home safe?
Cause she's 'posed to bring home dinner from White Castle

And it gets dark early in the fall
Wonder if she ran into Shirley at the mall
They got a ride home because the bus be running late
Wait, why am I worrying at all?
The 12 bus, the 14, the 25
The 38 carry your things and many lives
Many guys, street mobs with plenty ties
Sometimes can turn these to shitty rides
It's the New York city vibes
Mass transit, that fish in a can shit
Yeah, another homeless man lit
Cross town or Downtown, the plan trip
You can get more than what you planned for
I'm holding on even though that my hands sore
I'm well aware what it means when a fella stare
I stay ready for whatever, that's for damn sure
I guess my confidence is growing
Or the fact that I lack it isn't showing
I don't know if you get where I'm going
But I'm just try to get where I'm going, Mr Bus Driver

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