Bureaucrat Of Flaccostreet

Urban Dance Squad

Speakin' of the brother, and there ain't no other
could be your brother, created by any mother
mr easyway in true perfection
perfectin' each section of life restorin' his action
action wheelin' for feelin', with minute hard pendulum
a fraction of a timetable wheel o' fortune
the clock keeps tickin' 'n tockin', tockin' 'n tickin'
my man is clockin' 'n thinkin', figurin'
ways in the place to boost some adrenaline
pushin' his men to send men on a long trip
long mile, freezin' time with files
taggin'. lady secretaries with ambigeous smiles
gallons of coffee, to blacken the throat
lives in perspective, with a grey raincoat

I'm the epitomy of a perpetual drag
what's sad is the fact there's no turnin' back
I' the bureaucrat, I ain't got time for this and that
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Every now and then mr bureaucrat feels fine
havin' the power - makin' me stand in line
peekin' 'n seekin' in desks
ways 'n plays to stress
up his ass is my gesture
showin' feelings is meaningless, he gets pleasure
lickin' the heels above, tramplin' the heads below
deeds of a pauper are so shallow
mr jones owns a house for submission
throw out chest to the wife, that old sexposition
a brain stained, dipped in frustration
rotation occassion destination coronation street
speedin' tha feet for tha buzz 'n fuzz
sir average bringin' home the bacon, nothin' to discuss

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