

Bomb The Bass, Bug Powder Dust

(I think it's time to discuss your ah
Philosophy of drug use as it relates to artistic endeavor)

Check it, yo!

I always hit the tape with a rough road style
You heard the psychedelic and ya came from miles
Keep my rhymes thick like a Danish brew
So you could call me black and tan when I'm a wreckin' a crew
I'm like Bill Lee whacking when he's in Tangiers
And now I'm out on the sole surviving with my Beatnik peers
Analog reel and a little distortion
Smokin' on somethin' s'you could say I'm scorchin'
I never been the type to rap up a well
Make a man burn his draft card like it was hell
Send ya up the river like you lookin' for Kurtz
I got the mugwump jism up in every verse

(Refrain 2x)

Bug powder dust a mugwump jism
And the wild boys runnin' into some trippin'
Led into control about the Big Brothah
Try like hard to not blow my cover

Who's that man in the windowpane
Got somethin' on his tongue and it's startin' to stain
Sho' nuff equip so wop n'get dancester
Butt bond my ladder and you'll get beat down
Hash bond style so I'm singin' day glow
Wakin' up the dead like serpent and the rainbow

Kick off the shoes and relax your feet
Now roll up your sleeves for this lyrical treat
(...)