

# The Prodigy, Bug Powder Dust

(Section 2 at 0:00)

[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  
(...)