

Busdriver, (Bloody Paw On The) Kill Floor

Buy now, I kill for a living
Buy now, I kill for a living

I'm fitted for a heat-resistant sleeve
Keep your distance please
Your persona's in question my phosphorescent skin
makes your heat pistons freeze
I'm a hallucinogen pez-dispenser, led ventures
With a group of umpla-lumpa parachute troopers
Who discredit theories and behead your mentors
Who can radio wave windsurf to invert what is common knowledge
I will insert my solemn promise to style until my limbs burst
Negotiate with marketing consultants, giving me the once-over
Wearing grim smirks
They would like me to convert my gritty edge
To unearth my earning potential
But my face is so sun burnt
Due to all the grassroots grunt work
That I won't be co-opted
And every photo-op needs to be photoshopped cropped and snipped
But I'm a street vendor kinds sir
This style-free is dopamine
It's a meat tenderizer at the gallery opening

You can join my suicide cult
Membership is free
Take these cyanide eye-drops
And peppermint hemlock
This is what you have been billed for
Dancing on the kill floor
To vibrant woofers, clients butchered to a film score
This is what you have been killed for
Dancing on the kill floor
To vibrant woofers, clients butchered to a film score

Contrast bohemia to my workplace
When I'm racing in carpool lane
to sell shit to an art school lame
-Don't you think you're hot shit
Well what do you have to offer-
A dead archetype able to be purchased on a credit card swipe
But they can they pinpoint and nail
My distance between art and commerce
With just an invoice of a sale
I will disappoint an ail
Those who want to deny us the majority rule
When a will jump in my primordial pool
Without knowing where their swim trunks were
But not everyone knows
What they're called on to encumber
You can't know by just logging on with a pin number
Buy now
You pasty Brits
Buy now
You crazy chicks
Buy
Cuz I don't pay attention to rules,
regulations or safety tips
Love us
Eligible bachelors
Love us
Cuz we're the Blowed rappers
Loved
Cuz I tour the country so much

I can do it blindfolded with no road atlas
Unrelated to your three-legged
preachy bootleggers will do away with you
CD duplicators make vegans
Do the salad bar swing-pivot
Wave your valid parking tickets
At the endangered sea-urchin
Tell me the name of your political activist key person
And I'll tell you what's under the blips of the clean version
Of the infamous rap rant
Trickling down the baggy pant leg
of this unhappy class aid
Covered in shell fragments of this
Graffiti tagged glass egg
I can sell anything to a hip-hopper
like it's my cathartic something
But I don't make enough to go apartment hunting

You can dance to death
And for no extra charge
Give me your debit card
So you can have sex with stars
This is what you have been billed for
Dancing on the kill floor
To vibrant woofer, clients butchered to a film score
This is what you have been billed for
Dancing on the kill floor
To vibrant woofer, clients butchered to a film score

Buy now,
I kill for a living
Buy now,
I kill for a living