

Busdriver, Casting Agents And Cowgirls

HeyHeyHey

You did it, you got it
You wowed the world
Of casting agents and cowgirls
Fess up you're dressed up to kill yourself

Girl, I'm a walking plane-crash to your moms and dads
Ostentations and crass pulling the gauze off your scabs
Bitch, I negate the myth of the great black boyfriend'
In the Polaroid at the get-together
Wearing a corduroy vest-sweater
So Don't get that engagement ring engraved
Cuz before we met you thought that hoodrats laid eggs
And that rappers were just sky-pirates with peg legs
But I kick it with you simply for the shits and giggles, playful innuendos
You thought, "he's just an uber-dred for the federal fiscal cap"
But after brunch, you'll need
2 Sudafed's and a disco nap
After I drain your insides with a crazy straw
You ain't my baby-doll-
"cuz niggaa you reek of coffee-shop blend"
My baby's a lollypop that caters to the miss polyglot's whim"
With addictive agents that outweigh oxycodones
And our phobias perfectly fit
It takes a quirky chick with curvy hips to petrify this working-stiff

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Spilling the contents of a Pepsi can on folded flags

I'll be today's avatar of the prefab
Then end up a child star in rehab
It's like a bed-and-breakfast
I'm sending a text message on my key pad
Saying "I have no more to say to my ex-manager/sea hag divorcee
except eat shit and die"
My daily commute ends with a fender-bender
Cuz no one acknowledges my ten-year tenure
I've got the know-how the thrill your scene
But they want someone lowbrow, a philistine
With iron-on irony for Viacom's white honkies
They'll send you a girl wearing tight thongs under nylon gi's
"let's all hit"

But I'm not for the gaudy gangbang
the thought of it turns my member to a soggy plantain
and s#\$t, I get off on news leads
and your pet mouse meat,
set and poised with sex toys
in your penthouse suite believing you're Lou Reed
I spit used reeds out the wet mouthpiece
Even when sex appeal is taboo,
electric bills are past due
My head is clear of engineered, election year snafu

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I used to say, fuck it
Wouldn't placate the functionaries
To busy making playdates with buxom secretaries
But I hope that my homies don't laugh,
my choreographed dance steps
Are a little effeminate for a sociopath
We've been airbrushed so much we look like a claymation zoo
I'm a voice-over on your Playstation 2
But in my hey-day my ethical fiber
would turn stages into firewood

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