

# Busdriver, Get On The Bus

(feat. Abstract Rude)

All aboard! (Get on the bus)  
Get on the bus (In the driver we trust)  
Hold on now (Hope we're going fast enough)  
You know the Blowed style (Hope we don't pass you up)

[Busdriver]

Yeah  
Welcome aboard now  
Please be seated  
To you knit-wit, rudey poops, and niggas who trip quick  
Unruly brutes  
You're paying to fix you broken stick shift but you want a new Coupe  
So broads will let you hit their clit and poop chute  
And lick your dick like their tooting flutes  
Next stop!  
I picked up a rowdy bunch on an emcee bounty hunt  
They wouldn't speak, they would just loudly grunt  
I couldn't fit the whole crew in the hallway  
At Blowed, they sucked and got booed off stage  
Last week, a fellow G put their styles in the trash heap  
and said their tracks wrecked  
Now these niggas wanted to blast heat  
Damn!  
I told Ben we need a trapdoor on the Blowed stage  
'Cause with these careless drivers I'll set a crash course on road rage  
Next stop!  
I picked up an R&B chick who said I was a gorgeous Adonis  
I said she was a moral less songstress  
Who looked like a tortoise in a prom dress  
You know you shouldn't record this your song list

[Chorus]

(Get on the bus)  
Get on the bus (In the driver we trust)  
Hold on now (Hope we're going fast enough)  
You know the Blowed style (Hope we don't pass you up)  
All aboard! (Get on the bus)  
Get on the bus (In the driver we trust)  
You know we got style (We even taught you how)  
Don't be at the back asleep  
'Bout to miss your stop now

[Abstract Rude]

The rough tough and dangerous, the rollin' trash dump  
It was an open white canvas for Ab to tag on  
The yellow L.A. unified and charters for road trips  
These are the busses and the drivers I've rolled with  
Work the route then back to the base  
They pick you up and drop you off from place to place  
Yup, you came late  
Catching up is a chase  
Time is of the essence, we don't want it to waste  
We know that we gotta make it pop off before they make a mockery of  
They don't take you there like this obviously does  
This bus is bound for the underground rhyme battlin'  
Tell us, is you is or is you ain't traveling?  
Or up for the challenging of crash collision  
Crews step up to get banned from television  
You'll be guided safe by a sober Busdriver  
No liquor for this particular Afterlifer  
Smell the smoke and see the fire  
Not on this bus! he yells

We roll the windows down so he don't smell the smell  
Farewell to all of those who got off first  
It wasn't their passion like it's our thirst  
Leimert, they chopped the trees and changed the bus stops  
Now the park got a tattoo tear drop  
And Dr. Rapp takes the bus to hear hip-hop  
With 'Stract and Bus while the FatJack beat knocks

[Chorus]

[Busdriver]

Get off my bus

You'll be served over beats for your methodical flaws

Sitting in a G's reserved seat is probable cause

For me to crumple your self image followed by applause

Disturb the peace, you'll topple and fall in slurred speech

This fool said, Well girls gobble my balls

Well good for you!

But still wack rhymers don't get to rap so exit in the back

You got too many minor set backs

Next stop!

I threw him off and picked up a fool passing out flyers wearing a head wrap

But he was an undercover agent on special assignment

To serve me and my incredible rhyme clique

Bad move!

Ab Rude show these fools how they get served like fast food

For trying to ride our patterned rhythms

But they never brought a transfer with 'em

[Chorus]