

# Prodigy, Bug Powder Dust (Bomb The Bass)

[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