

# Shael Riley, World's Worst Drum Programmer

I can do a sixteen beat  
but I can't do much else.  
So if I got you shuffling your feet,  
you might have a funk deficiency.

The same as me,  
white as can be.  
I always do my taxes.

The same old song.  
I need some money for a better one.

And people say I'm the world's worst  
drum programmer.  
I'm bad at math but I'm good at grammar.  
And they don't post my remixes anymore.

I can feel the world close in,  
Sundays when I'm restless.  
If you could see the shape I'm in,  
then you might have a hope deficiency.

You're just like me,  
bright as can be.  
I'll let the sun come shining,  
into our heads  
until we're buried, gone and very dead.

And you can tell I'm the world's worst  
drum programmer.  
I sing off key but I've got good \*timbre.  
And they don't post my remixes anymore.

I'll make you dance.  
I'll make you dance.  
I'll make you move your body.  
Into the sun,  
until we're undercover number one.  
And they say "man, you're the world's worst  
drum programmer."  
I effin' hope that they all get cancer.  
Cause they don't post my remixes--  
no, not Disk Mastah Smokabitch--  
no they don't post my remixes  
Anymore.