

Busdriver

"Ass to Mouth"

Visit "[Ass to Mouth](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Ass to mouth, ass to mouth (x3)
When I drop shit I'm all that you ask about] x2

Made a big splash on the gossip column
When I hit the rock bottom
In the street, spending electric bills
I'm dumb enough to try to reinvent the wheel

And it's volunteered
Just for the names on the blogosphere (?)
I'm finna give what you want to hear
Ohhhh, YEAH

My outbursts set the bar high
Wildfires set with our supplies
Rotisserie'd and MRI'd
They keep taking shots like bar flies

And I return fire!
I return fire
I return fire
Aroused in the midst of a church choir

All the freaks in the seats need to get engaged (?)
So the intelligentsia acts barely drinking age

It sound like

[Ass to mouth, ass to mouth (x3)
When I drop shit I'm all that you ask about] x2

If you think I've eaten my fill, well you've heard wrong
My stomach's only filled with birdsong
My body's waste is like precious metal
So I walk around thinking I'm extra special

But i'm the Antichrist!
I'm the Antichrist
I'm the Antichrist
So what I say, it can't be blessed

They eat shit sandwiches at the discotheque

And they talk about me to keep their whistles wet

Visit [Busdriver](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.